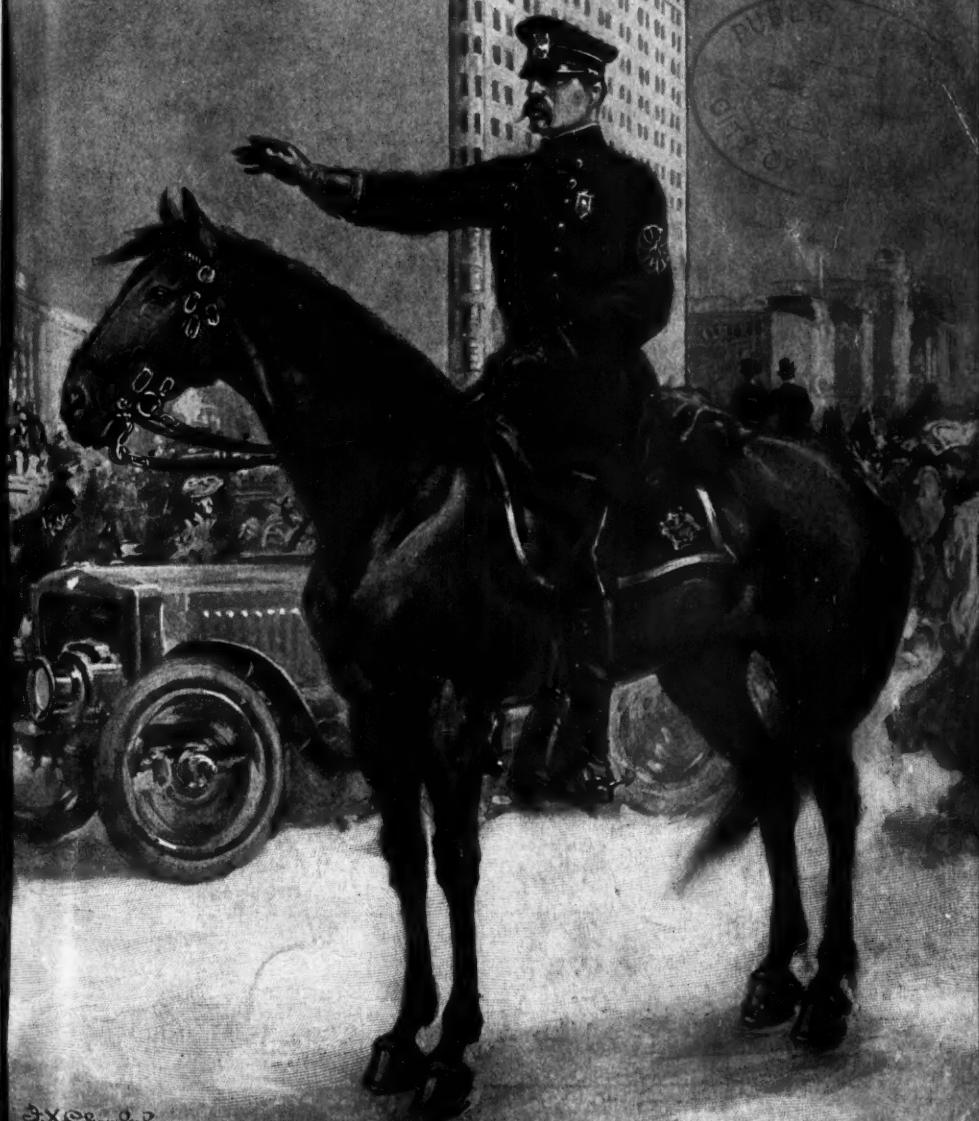


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THE MUNSEY



Pears' Soap

PEARS' SOAP

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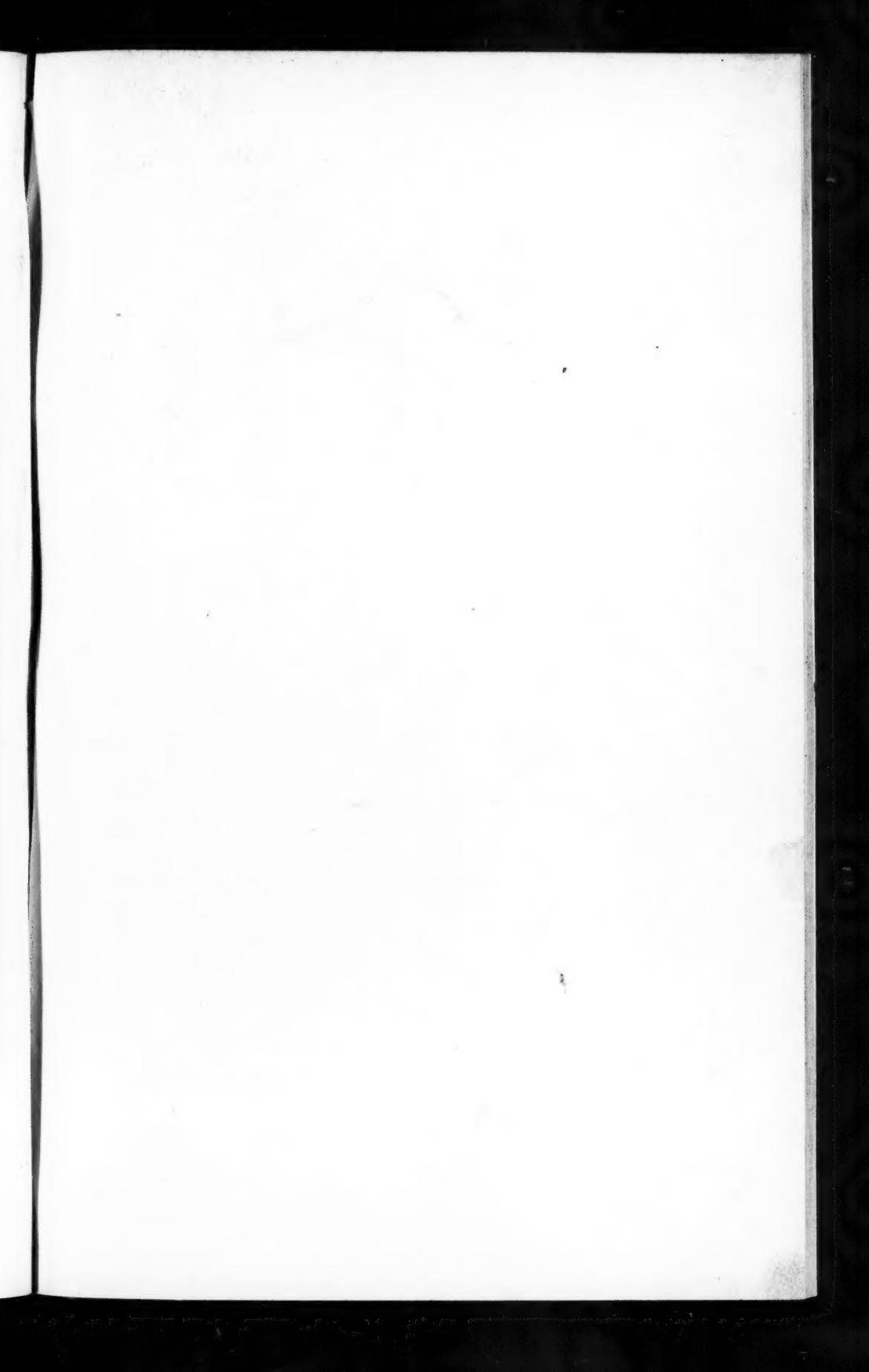


Happy Penny

Matchless for the Complexion

White hands, a pure, clear complexion, and civilization, follow the use of PEARS' SOAP—the only Soap used *all over* the civilized world.

Of all Scented Soaps Pears' Otto of Rose is the best.
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MISS ROOSEVELT.

By courtesy of M. Knoedler & Company, from the painting by Théobald Chartran.

MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

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No. 2.

A L I C E R O O S E V E L T .

BY EMMA B. KAUFMAN.

THE INTERESTING PERSONALITY OF THE PRESIDENT'S ELDEST DAUGHTER, THE HONORS PAID TO HER AT HOME AND ABROAD, AND THE UNIQUE POSITION SHE OCCUPIES IN THE EYES OF THE WORLD AS AN UNOFFICIAL REPRESENTATIVE OF THE GREAT AMERICAN REPUBLIC.

THE remarkable thing about Alice Roosevelt is that she has a personality of her own in spite of the fact that she is a personage by reason of being

the daughter of Theodore Roosevelt. It may be true that but for her parentage she would never have become a personage. As to this you will admit that we



PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S CHILDREN, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN ABOUT FIVE YEARS AGO—MISS ROOSEVELT SITS IN THE CENTER; MISS ETHEL AND THEODORE, JR., ARE ON THE LEFT OF THE PICTURE, WITH QUENTIN, ARCHIBALD, AND KERMIT ON THE RIGHT.

may only conjecture; but about her personality, which asserts itself in spite of celebrity, one may do more.

If this girl of twenty-one—twenty-one on the 11th of last February, according to the chroniclers who take precise note

impressed themselves at all. The name of Nellie Grant, the bride of the White House, is the notable exception that stands out as we call to mind Mollie Garfield, Nellie Arthur, Mabel McKinley, and little Fanny Hayes, who, to



MISS ROOSEVELT AT TWO YEARS OF AGE.

From a photograph taken in 1886.

of her years as they do of those of princesses—had been swamped by her father's greatness, it would have been neither surprising nor contrary to precedent. Since the Civil War and the days of Harriet Lane, who guarded so famously the household of her bachelor uncle, there have been young ladies in the Executive Mansion who have scarcely

do her justice, was too infantile during her father's administration to make much impression upon any but her fond parents. The other young ladies were by common report most charming, and no doubt fulfilled all that was expected of them, for nothing was expected. There was a father or uncle, as the case might be, to absorb the light of publicity.



MISS ROOSEVELT AT HER FATHER'S SUMMER HOUSE, SAGAMORE HILL, OYSTER BAY, LONG ISLAND—
“SHE IS A GIRL WHO DOES NOT STAY IN THE HOUSE AND SIT IN A ROCKING-CHAIR.”

From a photograph—Copyright, 1902, by Frances Benjamin Johnston, Washington.



MISS ROOSEVELT AT EIGHTEEN YEARS OF AGE—"AT EIGHTEEN ALICE ROOSEVELT STEPPED INTO THE GLARE OF NATIONAL IMPORTANCE MORE FULLY EQUIPPED FOR IT, PERHAPS, THAN ANY PRESIDENT'S DAUGHTER BEFORE HER."

From a photograph—Copyright, 1902, by B. M. Clindestin, Washington.



MISS ROOSEVELT AND SECRETARY TAFT IN THE GROUNDS OF THE PALACE AT TOKIO—TO RIGHT AND LEFT OF MR. TAFT ARE MESSRS. NATASAKI AND TERAJIMA, TWO HIGH OFFICIALS OF THE JAPANESE IMPERIAL HOUSEHOLD. THEIR WIVES ARE SEATED ON EACH SIDE OF MISS ROOSEVELT.
From a photograph by Brown Brothers, New York.



MISS ROOSEVELT IN THE DRESS SHE WORE AT THE INAUGURATION BALL ON THE 4TH OF MARCH LAST.

From a photograph—Copyright, 1905, by Frances Benjamin Johnston, Washington.



ONE OF MISS ROOSEVELT'S MOST RECENT PHOTOGRAPHS—"ALICE ROOSEVELT TAKES THE TROUBLE TO PLEASE THE EYE, AND, HAVING TASTE, WEARS CLOTHES THAT ARE NEITHER TOO PLAIN NOR TOO GAUDY."

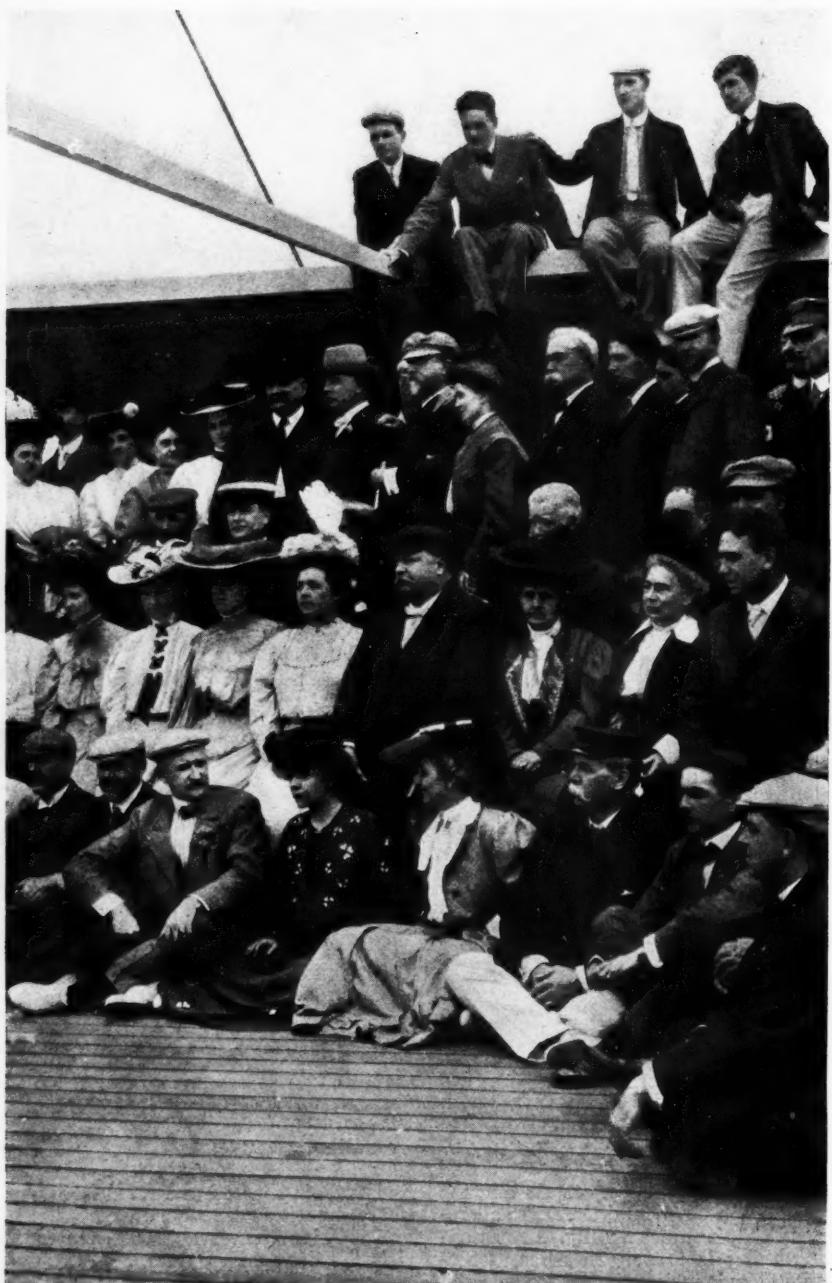
From a photograph—Copyright, 1904, by Pach Brothers, New York.

All great men reflect a certain amount of fame upon their families. Like all reflected light, it shines fitfully. The astonishing thing is that upon Alice Roosevelt its glow is insistent. If one reads in a column of some public print that the President has been congratulated and toasted as "the foremost peacemaker and promoter of peace in the world," in another it is chronicled that Miss Alice

Roosevelt is cheered and feted in Japan, where she sat at dinner with the Mikado, or in China, where she was invited to visit the dowager empress.

ROYAL HONORS TO THE PRESIDENT'S DAUGHTER.

The fame of the President of this republic has spread and grown with the growth and power of the country till



MISS ROOSEVELT AND MEMBERS OF THE TAFT EXPEDITION TO THE EAST.

In the front row, from left to right, are F. H. Woods, Congressman Longworth, Colonel Edwards, Miss Roosevelt, Mrs. Newlands, Senator Warren, Captain Kelly, and Herbert Parsons. Secretary Taft is in the center of the second row, with Mrs. Dubois to the left and Mrs. Scott to the right.

From a stereograph—Copyright, 1903, by Underwood & Underwood, New York.

there can be no doubt that if his daughter were to journey through Europe today she would be received as the daughter of a ruler ranking as high as any king or emperor in the world. Indeed, the renown of this young American girl is such that one hears of her from end to end of the civilized world, while the names of English, German, or Russian princesses are mentioned only in connection with diplomatic events, possible matches that may concern them, or charity bazaars that they may consent to patronize.

One might lay this reticence to the customs of the older countries, did not the older countries overthrow them for Alice Roosevelt. Just across the channel from Paris, an hour or so from shore to shore, there are four or five marriageable princesses of royal blood—a king's daughter one of them, and king's nieces the others—yet a leading French paper, hearing that Alice Roosevelt may go abroad, at once starts a guessing-match as to whom she will marry. Miss Roosevelt's picture in the middle of a page is surrounded by the eligible princes of Europe—Eitel Fritz and Adalbert of Prussia, Michael Alexandrovitch, the Czar's brothers, Prince George of Greece, and others, as if to say:

"Mademoiselle, votre choix!"

When it was announced that she would visit Japan, a postal card was issued in Tokio to emphasize the event—a card bearing her picture and the inscription "An American Princess." Much was said of her by the German papers, both during Prince Henry's tour here and since. Her visit to the historic capital of the Celestial empire was heralded in yards of Chinese print. One half of all this publicity, perhaps, is accounted for by the fact that she is her father's daughter. The other half reveals surely that she has, in spite of that fact, a personality of her own, and therefore an interest of her own that claims attention in these pages.

Even at an age when she may not have appeared cognizant of much more than her physical comfort or discomfort, Alice Roosevelt was the subject of the most intense interest and solicitude. A small world of relatives kowtowed to her slightest wish with that tender, instinctive sympathy that all men and women have for a motherless child. She was three days old when her mother died. This sad circumstance gave her in her very babyhood a sense of importance that many children never have.

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She was destined not to fall in her own estimation, and that, in the light of the events in which she has been set, was a most excellent thing. It is the keynote to Alice Roosevelt's bearing. It makes her hold her head high and her chin up; it stretches her neck till the conventional speak of it as swan-like; it gives her the direct gaze of a woman who has the good opinion of herself and of others. To be thought well of one must first, with honesty, and without too much modesty, think well of oneself. The estimate breeds contagion, like success, than which, proverbially, nothing on the face of the earth is more successful.

A TWENTIETH-CENTURY AMERICAN GIRL.

Alice Roosevelt accentuates her success by belonging essentially to her period, to this period of the twentieth century that permits a girl as much liberty as it is good for her to desire. She shows an appreciation of the value of all the things that make for success—fashion in her wardrobe, amiability in her manner—disregarding the fact that by birth she would be certain of at least a share of it. She is neither timid nor retiring, nor does she stand aloof as if to show a belief that the President's daughter may compel all things, even the admiration of men.

There is a story of her to prove that her anxieties have been those of any girl who hasn't the simplicity to believe that belles are born, not made. She was at that period of life when the most horrible tragedy is to be in a great hall, filled with the sound of dance music and thronged with stalwart, black-coated men and graceful, attractive women, and to sit alone and forsaken in a corner. Alice Roosevelt was a débutante invited to a german. She had the débutante's thrills and the débutante's fears. Some one whom she didn't admire was the first to ask the honor of being her partner. She accepted with eager alacrity, and then confided in her dearest chum.

"But why on earth," cried the confidante, "were you in such a hurry? Why didn't you wait for some one you really like to ask you?"

"Why?" echoed Miss Roosevelt, opening her blue eyes wide. "Why? Because I was so afraid of not being asked at all!"

Since then she has enjoyed to the full her position of first young woman in the land, with all the adulation and attention that it commands. To be ready for the inevitable consequences, the public

prints have allotted her numberless times to one or other of her suitors, or her supposed suitors; but so far the announcements of her engagement lack an important feature—corroborative testimony.

MISS ROOSEVELT AS A FIGURE IN SOCIETY.

Alice Lee Roosevelt—as she was called after her mother, Alice Lee, of Boston—was nearly three years old when her father married again. It may be calculated that when she made her formal débüt in Washington some three years ago she was just eighteen. The glare of publicity was thrown full upon her for the first time in her life. She threw back her head and met it bravely.

The privileged ones among us saw a young, slight girl in white mousseline, with brown hair, a retroussé nose, laughing eyes, and a mouth whose curves inclined by nature upward. The combination is excellent in any woman, for it means amiability, the capacity to get where ambition leads, and the desire to please. Without these externals, keynotes to the interior, Alice Roosevelt might have been careless of the effect she makes upon the public. She might have believed, as, judging from their photographs, many princesses believe, that any old thing, without any hint of slang in the phrase, would do for the President's daughter. There was discrimination, if it lacked discretion, in M. Balzac's remark:

"I have never seen a badly dressed woman who was agreeable and good-humored."

Alice Roosevelt takes the trouble to please the eye, and, having taste, wears clothes that are neither too plain nor too gaudy. She has not the vanity to believe that she can wear anything. Once, to her horror, she was sketched in a hat that she considered old-fashioned. She grieved thereat as the humblest woman might.

"Never, never, never," she cried, "must that picture be published!"

"But does it matter so much?" asked the President, with the innocence of a mere man.

"Really, papa," answered his daughter demurely, "I should have believed you would never question the importance of a proper hat in any one's career!"

Miss Alice got the proper hat and the proper photographer. If representations of her were to be sent broadcast through the land, she at least would see that they did her justice. There we have the true woman, and one reason of her charm.

In fashion she is even a leader. The proof of it is that she has followers. She was the first woman to set upon her head the big, broad-brimmed, rough and ready straw sailor that has since become a vogue. And to her credit be it said that it was becoming, or she would never have set it there.

In Alice Roosevelt the power of the American girl, the character and the force that are her common inheritance, seem to have reached their height. She has not only the capacity to think, but the originality to act as she thinks. She has inherited no small share of the intense energy that is her father's salient characteristic. Like him, she could never, under any circumstances, become one of the so-called idle rich.

It is the lethargic retiring nature that is best beloved by the casual observer. A surplus of energy and courage tends to make for the discomfort of the onlooker, and hence to incur his criticism.

"Why isn't Miss Roosevelt satisfied to stop at home?" ask the conventional, when they hear of her touring across continents and over oceans.

Why? Because Alice Roosevelt is a girl with a mind, a girl with a longing for information. She wants to see, to know, to do. She astounds by her capacity for life and living. This is the keynote of her personality, a personality so impressive that it cannot be displaced or overshadowed.

At eighteen Alice Roosevelt stepped into the glare of national importance, more fully equipped for it, perhaps, than any President's daughter before her. Although her summers, until she came to Washington, had been spent in splendid freedom on the Oyster Bay farm, where she romped with four brothers and a sister, she was in no sense a country-bred girl, nor a newcomer from nowhere, to be dazzled by the splendors of the White House and the glories of her position. Her standing would have been of the best if her father had never been the President of the United States. She might have met just as many distinguished people, and she would have danced just the same at Mrs. Astor's great ball, given to mark the social débüt of her granddaughter, Helen Roosevelt, who is Alice's distant cousin.

Alice Roosevelt was born into the purple, the best purple in the world—the aristocracy of America. The fact may be considered fortunate, when we reflect how she has been called upon to represent her countrymen and countrywomen

at all sorts of functions in many different places. Of course, we all believe that any American girl has the capacity to rise to any position to which destiny may call her. But at least she may have to rise. Alice Roosevelt didn't have to.

INCIDENTS THAT PORTRAY A PERSONALITY.

When it was decided that to this daughter of the United States was to fall the honor of christening the Kaiser's American-built yacht, she became at once world-famous. She was the heroine of an international episode as she cried out, in a clear, girlish voice:

"In the name of his majesty the German Emperor, I christen this yacht Meteor!"

But for one of those little touches of nature, involuntary, unconscious, that make the daughters of all good men kin, she might have passed that day for one of the most composed of human beings. Apparently all self-possession, apparently thinking only of the moment of her triumph, she stood bowing to the applauding throng while the brother of an emperor proposed three cheers for Miss Alice Roosevelt, honored daughter of a great nation. Then Alice Roosevelt, the girl, turned, and her eyes sought not the prince nor the applauding multitude. Her cheeks flushed—one could see she had forgotten them all, and even herself, to remember her father. One could see it by the look she gave him, by the look that he returned in recognition.

A similar incident recalls itself in the early months of her presentation to society. She was at a chafing-dish party where every one cooked. It was as great fun as such things may be. With her sleeves rolled up above her elbows, she was one of the most enthusiastic of the amateur chefs, when suddenly she cried:

"Oh, how I wish the others were here!"

"The others?" asked an amazed guest.

"Yes, the rest of us—you know, Teddy and Ethel and all. It's like playing house!"

Every now and then, in the midst of Washington gaieties, she steals off to Boston to visit Grandmother and Grandfather Lee in the rambling, spacious homestead on Chestnut Hill. Just at the entrance to the estate is the little wooden church where her mother was married. Since then—but the thoughts of Alice Roosevelt, the sacred thoughts of the girl, are not for us. We may guess that she has them, and others may vow that she has them not.

Her father once said of Alice Roosevelt:

"She is a girl who does not stay in the house and sit in a rocking-chair. She can walk as far as I can, and she often takes a tramp of several miles at the pace I set for her. She can ride, drive, skate, and shoot, though she doesn't care much for the shooting. I don't mind that. It isn't necessary for her health, but the outdoor exercise is, and she has plenty of it."

Not the vaguest hint does Alice Roosevelt give of being *blasé*. The assertion wins proof from another. She has her father's smile and her father's way of shaking hands—a way to make you believe she is glad to meet you. Shake hands with her, and you are sure to like her.

She is a true Roosevelt, too, in courage and in her love of adventure. Before ever her father tried it, she took a submarine trip to the bottom of Narragansett Bay. Every one said she would be frightened—except her father, who, knowing her, knew that she wouldn't.

Another story shows her calm in the face of real danger. She was in a coaching-party, speeding along Michigan Boulevard in Chicago, when one of the horses slipped and fell. The coach came to a sudden stop, arousing instant confusion. One of the horses had broken a leg and was kicking desperately with the others, driving the rest of the team wild with terror. From the coach there were as many suggestions as there were excited people who didn't know what to do. Miss Roosevelt sat calm and silent until things had quieted down. Then she remarked:

"After all, the poor horse is the only one to suffer!"

THE PENALTIES OF HER POSITION.

Until she came to the White House, Alice Roosevelt had never been burdened with the responsibility of pleasing the public. The full significance of this responsibility was thrust upon her when, in deference to public protest, it was thought best for her not to attend King Edward's coronation ceremonies. Of course she wanted to go. What healthy, normal girl of seventeen wouldn't? It had been suggested that she would be received with royal honors. She had dreamed of such things, just as you and I have dreamed of them, in her nursery days, when she was a healthy, normal child. We all know those visions of fairy princes and golden thrones.

But now, when the dream had almost come true, the United Irish Societies of Cincinnati passed resolutions of protest and sent a committee to Washington to beg the President to reconsider. Other Irish-American organizations took up the matter. Boer war veterans and Dutch associations followed. A flood of personal letters poured in to the White House, declaring that it was un-American for the daughter of our President to bow her knee and kiss the hand of a king. Congress was addressed on the subject by a Kentucky orator, who referred to it as an unfortunate affair. It was on this occasion that Alice Roosevelt is reported to have said something about the futility of being the President's daughter. Yet never before has a President's daughter been the central figure in so many brilliant scenes.

It is not to be denied that to Miss Roosevelt are presented unusual opportunities, but neither should it be denied that she grasps them in an unusual way. She becomes the feature of the entertainments that she attends and the trips that she takes.

She circles half the globe, and we hear of her triumphant everywhere, both in her own country and on foreign shores. The newspapers report that the Sultan of Sulu seeks to pay her the highest compliment in his power—he invites her to remain forever within the walls of his capital; that in Cuba and Porto Rico the people throng to shake her hand. Continuous public demonstrations and honors mark her progress. She visits the St. Louis Exposition, and a vast assemblage cheers her. She goes to New Orleans at carnival time, and, against all precedent, she is invited to share the mimic king's mimic throne. She visits Newport, and

becomes the center of attention in the summer capital of American society.

She is an extraordinary young woman of an extraordinary era. Furthermore, she is a girl having a splendid time; and it is pleasant to add that she seems to appreciate it.

Yet with the privileges of her position Alice Roosevelt must suffer the penalties. They follow in the trail of the limelight. It is the thing to know her. There are those who, not knowing her, believe that for their fame's sake they must at least know of her; and if they cannot compass that, they feel it their duty to invent a knowledge.

So incidents about Alice Roosevelt top one another and tumble on their insecure foundation. Else how account for those that Miss Roosevelt herself never heard of?

Most of them are pretty tales, so let them pass; and for those that are less to our taste—let them pass, too. They are all tributes to a personality that commands attention. Whether to praise or to criticize, a world of people talk of Alice Roosevelt.

Either way, it is after all her country that is responsible for her. Our institutions have made her. They have banished all sense of inferiority because she is a woman, and given her a consciousness of her superiority because she is an American. We have compelled the admiration of the other nations. We have forced them to recognize our magnitude, our importance, our place in the world. All these things are personified in Alice Roosevelt. The honors accorded to her are accorded to us. We are the greatest of nations represented by the first and best of our daughters—the daughter of our President, Theodore Roosevelt.

THE YOUNG HOSPITAL NURSE.

God gave you the choice of the fairest flowers
That spring in His garden-space—
Lilies and roses to deck your hours,
As He gave them to deck your face.
The lilies of innocent girlish days,
Red roses of life and love and youth ;
And oh, the exquisite violet haze
Of your eyes to soften the world of ruth !

But you have chosen the pale white rose
That droops in the beds of pain,
To search for it, care for it where it grows,
And rear it to life again.
With pity and touch of your finger-tips,
With a soft tear-rain and a mist of hair,
With the breath of life on your fresh young lips,
You carry the gifts of God's garden there !

Cleveland Palmer.

EVELINA'S AUCTION.

BY WILLIAM ASPENWALL BRADLEY.

I.

"EVELINA," cried the Bibliomaniac excitedly, as he looked up from the pamphlet which he had been perusing at his end of the long study-table, "here is a book I must have."

"Yes?" remarked Evelina. She was writing to her best friend, Molly, who had been the bosom companion of her maidenhood, inviting her to go to a recital by the newest Pole, whose interpretation of Chopin was said by the Boston critics to be quite the most remarkable yet. Evelina could not recollect the date. "Two weeks from yesterday. To-day is Wednesday—Tuesday—"

There was no calendar at hand, so she looked up with knit brows and contemplative expression, and then met the look of excitement in her husband's face.

"What did you say about a book?" asked Evelina vaguely. "This is the fifth, is it not?"

"No, the sixth," Richard answered. "I said there was a book here that I simply must have."

"Then you will surely have to have it," returned Evelina positively, writing in the date, signing and sealing the letter, addressing the envelope, and then looking up, all interest. "But what is the book, dear?"

"It is one of the rarest of the rare, and perfect treasure trove, and I don't suppose there are two other men in this country who would recognize the book or its value. You see, it has practically been out of the market for fifty years. Rothschild has one, and one other is buried beyond all recovery in the British Museum. A third was heard of in Italy some years ago. Perhaps this is it."

"What is it likely to cost?" asked Evelina with apprehension.

She thought of what her husband had recently paid for a book at the same auction rooms when he had outbid even the dealers.

"No one can tell," he answered. "In London, where the book is more or less known, it might reach a high figure. Here, I think, the chances are that it will go for a mere song. But no matter what it brings, it must be my bid that brings it," he added with an accent of

ecstatic assurance. "Must it not, Evelina?" he asked, with a sudden recollection of himself, and looking for assent to her, with the deference even at this late moment of one who depends entirely upon your "yes" or "no" for a decision.

Evelina promptly and even enthusiastically acquiesced.

"Shall you need any money just now?" asked Richard inquiringly.

"Oh, no, don't think of me. I shan't need anything," answered Evelina quite cheerfully.

"You certainly can't think I meant that!" cried Richard, seeing the view in which Evelina had understood his question. "I was merely asking to see if there was anything you particularly wanted, so that I could help," he added in an injured voice.

"Well, I'll forgive you," said Evelina, turning the situation with a woman's deftness. And then, to show that she truly forgave, she named, and obtained for the asking, a sum that she thought might offset certain bills even then in the process of contracting in various establishments that provided things dear to the feminine heart.

All this was some two weeks before the date of the auction, which was to fall, as it chanced, upon the very day of Evelina's recital. The intervening time passed without further reference to either event. Meanwhile other things came to claim Evelina's attention, so that when on the evening of the day previous to the concert a telegram came to her from her husband to the effect that he had been called out of town on business and would not return for two days, the first thought which came to the surface of her mind was regret at the prospect of loneliness. The first thing she did, therefore, was to send her maid to the home of her friend Molly, with a note asking her to spend the night and the next day with her.

Molly appeared in person in answer to the summons, and the evening was passed in the music-room, where they played over some of their old four-hand pieces and refreshed their memories of the various numbers on the program that had been arranged for the afternoon recital. From Chopin they passed to

Wagner, and bedtime found them engaged in working over the "Ring" motifs, with the assistance of a complete score and a popular handbook translated by an American woman out of the text of a French enthusiast on the great German composer.

II.

It was after luncheon next day, and they were about to sally forth, when they stepped for a moment into the library, which opened out of the entrance hall, to replace the "Guide to Wagner" on the shelves. Molly glanced about at the array of books that walled the room.

"What a lot of books Dick has," she remarked.

"Yes, and here is the promise of more," said Evelina as she stepped to her husband's desk and fingered lightly a great heap of catalogues on which, as she noted with housewifely displeasure, a slight layer of dust had settled. As she spoke, one book-list, open and lying face downward to mark a place, caught her notice, and led her to look within. A Latin title was underscored, but this aroused only a faint, vague reminiscence which might have passed as casually as it had come if she had not looked without at the covers and noticed there the date, December 14.

Suddenly it flashed upon her. That very day was the fourteenth. This was the book that Dick, two weeks ago, had been so eager to purchase. How was it then, she wondered, that he was not here to attend the auction? He must have forgotten.

"Oh, Molly!" she broke out.

"What have you found?" asked Molly, who wondered what interesting discovery her friend had made.

"Why, to-day is the day they were to sell some important books at Hahn's—one book especially that Dick wanted very badly. But he is away now, and I can't imagine how he could have forgotten about it."

"You think he has forgotten?"

"Why, yes; he wouldn't have missed it for worlds."

"Then he can't have wanted it very much, after all."

"Of course he wanted it. Don't you sometimes forget things that you are very anxious about?" asked Evelina reproachfully. "He will feel terribly when he comes home."

"But what can be done?" asked Molly.

She was anxious to hear the Polish

pianist, and the little clock on the wall already pointed five minutes to the hour. She tapped the floor impatiently with her parasol. Her musical enthusiasm was running a hard race with her sympathy for Evelina.

"Be done! Why, there is only one thing, naturally. We must go to Hahn's now, right away, and buy the book."

"Instead of going to the recital?" Molly exclaimed instantly; then blushed for shame at her selfishness. "Forgive me, dear, of course we shall go to Hahn's. That is, if you are sure you ought to go, and if you know what to do when you get there," she added cautiously.

"But really," Evelina said, "there is no reason in the world why *you* should miss the concert. Here!"

She handed Molly her ticket, but her friend crumpled it without an afterthought.

"Of course I shall go with you. But aren't you just a little bit scared? Have you ever been there alone—I mean without Dick—before?"

Evelina had never been there at all, and said so.

"How much money do you think you'll need?" asked Molly.

This was a practical question, and saved Evelina from a fiasco, since she herself never would have stopped to think of details in her present excitement.

"Why, Richard said he thought the book would be likely to fetch high price in London, but would probably go for a mere song here."

"Well, I guess you'd better take all you've got. I've heard of people having to pay hundreds of dollars for a single book," said the far-seeing Molly.

"I know," responded Evelina, smiling a superior smile as of one who knew. "Richard pays that lots of times. Sometimes he pays more, though. And sometimes he makes mistakes in his calculations. The other day he paid five hundred dollars for a book that he said before the auction he could probably pick up for twenty-five."

Evelina opened her purse and counted out what she had in bills and change in the various compartments—twenty odd dollars. Hardly enough, she thought.

"Wait!" she said to Molly, "I've some more up-stairs."

So up she ran to her private drawer where she had deposited the check with which Richard had provided her. It was for a thousand dollars. She crumpled it and stuffed it into her little English pig-skin purse, and rejoined Molly, who was

drawing on her gloves in the hallway and studying the effect of her hat in a mirror.

III.

EVELINA had already sent out a cab-call, and there was consequently an electric hansom in waiting without.

"To Hahn's, in Fifth Avenue," said Evelina to the chauffeur, and they moved swiftly off down the side street and out into the broad, bright current of the busy avenue with its throng of varied traffic pouring north in a black, swirling current up the smooth ascent to Murray Hill, and south over the glittering asphalt to the Square. At one corner they stopped an instant at a bank to cash Richard's check.

Arrived at the tall office-building in which Hahn's is located, they entered the lift and shot up to the sixth story. Here they found themselves in a great, barren loft dimly filled with the gray light of the winter afternoon. At the back of the loft, gas jets illuminated the scene of the auction. A little group was huddled in a circle of wooden chairs about a yellow rostrum on which stood a little, old man, dry and gray, who gesticulated slightly, and whose droning voice pervaded the whole place with its monotone. The two girls heard the "going, going, gone!" of the auctioneer, and the sharp sound of the gavel as it struck the desk. The auction was in full swing.

The first thing to find out was whether the volume had yet been sold. Evelina had neglected to bring with her the catalogue of the sale, so she was at a loss how to follow the bidding. Involuntarily she let her eyes peer with a furtive glance over the shoulder of the man in front of her, who happened to be so conveniently near-sighted as to hold his list on an easy level with Evelina's eyes. He must have felt her gaze, delicately furtive as it was, for in an instant he recalled Evelina's blushing attention to herself by an offer of the coveted list. Evelina accepted under protest, but still accepted, and then eagerly ran her eye down the page to where her benefactor's thumb had last rested. They were now selling lot four hundred and nineteen. Hers, she remembered, was four hundred and thirty-two.

And now the moment came. There was a rustle of leaves as the pages turned. The auctioneer's hand had scarcely more than a chance to put the book in play, so to speak, before there was a brisk bid for a hundred dollars. Evidently others

knew the value of the volume. Fifty capped the first bid, and fifty followed that. Next three hundred, then fifty, four fifty, five hundred, and then a lull.

This was the highest bidding of the afternoon, and there was a murmur of excitement, but no one seemed anxious to resume the battle which threatened to become formidable. The auctioneer looked about; he had not needed to expatiate upon the merits of the book that he held in his hand—a great dingy folio. Should he add a word now?

"Six hundred!"

It was Evelina who had broken the silence. Heads turned for the first time in her direction, at the sound of a woman's voice; and in the next moment another voice, with a slight note of vexation, raised the bid twenty-five higher. There was no response until Evelina herself added twenty-five more, and then none until the other bidder made it an even seven hundred.

It was now manifestly a duel between these two. Step by step they mounted, each cautiously feeling the other's purse-strings, and then attempting in the next instant by a bold bid to break down the rival's last resistance.

Meanwhile, as they advanced, there arose a new trouble to vex the bosom of Evelina. Her tremulousness at the sound of her own voice had long passed; she felt nothing but exultation and a keen desire to recover the prize for which she was contending. But now her offers were approaching the utmost resources of her purse, and she began to wonder desperately whether her rival's pocket-book was limitless. It was with real dismay that she heard "A thousand bid," and for a moment her heart sank. She had just twenty dollars more.

"One thousand am I bid; one thousand am I bid; do I hear another offer? Does any one raise this bid of a thousand dollars? A thousand dollars going, then; a thousand going—"

Only one more chance, and to bid less than twenty-five was to reveal her weakness and in all probability to lose the prize. She appealed to Molly, who handed her a five-dollar bill.

"Going, going—"

"Twenty-five!"

"A thousand and twenty-five," took up the phonographic man, "a thousand and—"

And now there was no response. Valiant though the opposition had been, its utter collapse had come.

"Going, going!" The little group

hung upon the auctioneer's lips, and even he, dreary old man, relished the sensation he was furnishing and rolled the decisive words upon his tongue. "Gone!"

"Now," said Molly as Evelina nerved herself, stood erect, with parasol in the crook of her arm and eyes straight forward through her dotted veil, and stepped swiftly and lightly to the desk, a dash of bright color and freshness in the dusky, dusty room.

"I will take it," she said with firmness. And so she did; emptying her pocket of its heavy roll of bills, and waiting until the clerk wrapped it up. As she turned, a buzzing murmur and a scattering of applause bore witness to the interest the transaction had awakened. In the midst of the excitement, Evelina, timid though proud, but most of all fearfully exultant, sped swiftly away, Molly joining her at the door.

They stood waiting for the lift, when an excited little man with black eyes and a pointed black beard came up to them.

"Madam, you are to be congratulated. You have a prize, though none of the others knew it. I would have outbid you still; but I had my limits. I bid only on commission. But to have it go! It is worth five hundred more than you paid for it. Yet it has value only to the collector, and there are few from whom you could get your money back on it, in this country at least. If now at the last moment you will take what you paid for it, I will take it on the spot. Here is the money."

Evelina only smiled. What she had paid seemed so little compared with her satisfaction. The man groaned.

"To think of being limited to a thousand dollars with such a book at stake! I actually believe he would think me justified—madam, I offer you fifteen hundred dollars, the full value of the volume; if you will accompany me to my shop, or if you will tell me where I can call—"

Just then the lift stopped at their floor, and the two girls shot down, leaving the disappointed bidder cut from their sight by the sliding door.

IV.

It was one night later. Richard had returned and Evelina saw that something was on his mind. She wondered if it was the late remembrance of the book he had forgotten to buy. She supposed it was, but was in no haste to know. She felt exultant when she thought how quickly she could drive his care from him with

her good news. Feeling her power, she hesitated, playing with the delicious thought of it.

"My dear," broke out Richard at last, "I've lost the book which, you remember, I was so anxious to get. Oh, that fool Murray!"

"Wasn't the sale last Wednesday?" Evelina asked slyly.

"Yes."

"Well, you were away then, and how did you expect to get it? I suppose you forgot."

"Hardly. I was away; but Murray was there, and he stopped at a thousand dollars! Think of it! He let a woman buy it! Offered her more after the sale, he said, but claims that five thousand couldn't have bought it from her. Well, I suppose it's gone. But it's the last time Murray gets my commissions. Just because I casually named a thousand for a limit, thinking it would fetch no price at all!"

Luckily Richard was too agitated to notice the thunder-struck condition of his wife, who had sunk helpless into a chair. The truth was too patent to be overlooked. She had bid against her husband's agent; had paid a thousand dollars for a book he might have bought for five hundred.

Her first impulse was to confess all, and to bring the book there and then to Richard from the drawer in her table where it was resting. Of course this is what she should have done, if only because it would have instantly brought relief to her inconsolable husband. I am sorry to say, however, that she did nothing of the kind. She drew herself bravely together out of her collapse, and became again the woman of discretion, whose folly and weakness were all behind her. There was a way out of her perplexities, and she would take it.

The next morning she called on Mr. Murray, and, to that gentleman's great surprise and delight, announced her intention of selling the book she had bought at the auction.

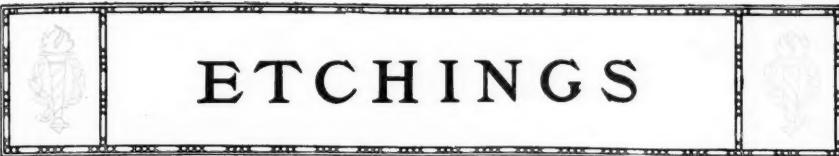
"Well, I suppose my offer of fifteen hundred holds," he remarked grudgingly, now that he had the treasure in his grasp.

"No," replied Evelina curtly, "I want only what I paid for it."

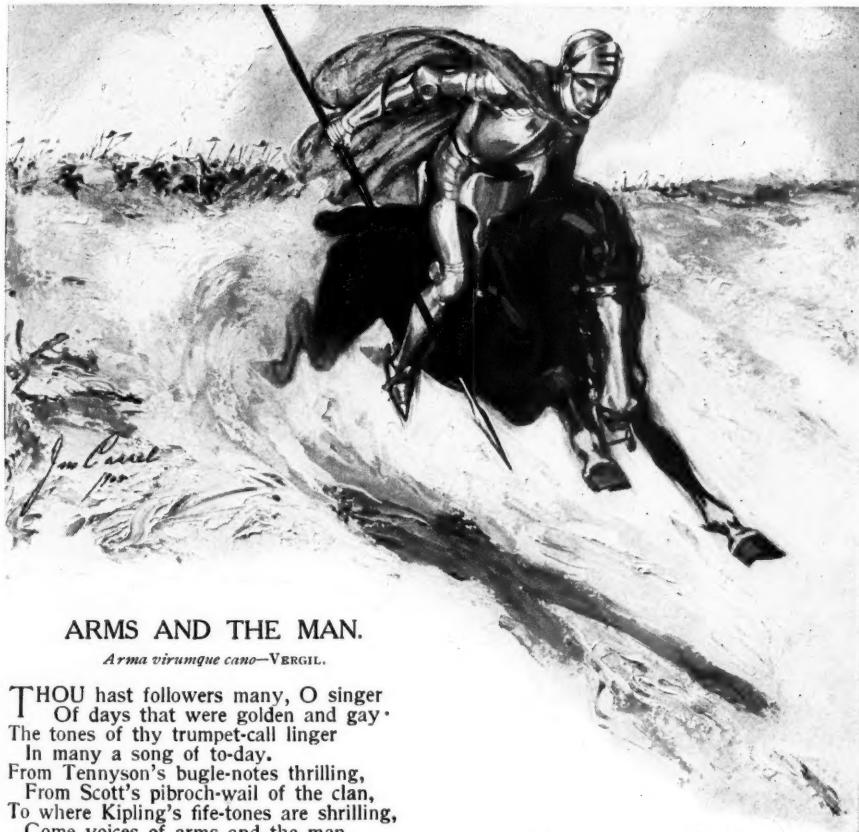
At which the gentleman looked astonished, but paid the money before she could have time to change her mind.

"My client will be pleased," said Mr. Murray, with an accent of relief.

"Yes," replied Evelina, "I hope he will!"



ETCHINGS



ARMS AND THE MAN.

Arma virumque cano—VERGIL.

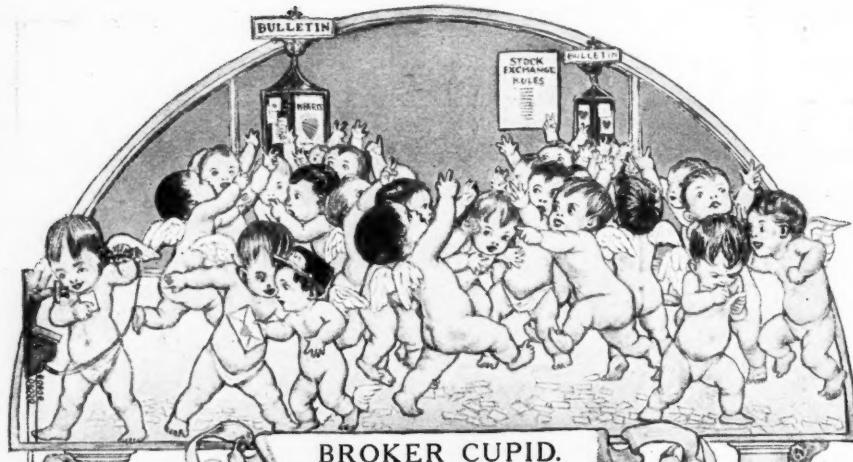
THOU hast followers many, O singer
Of days that were golden and gay.
The tones of thy trumpet-call linger
In many a song of to-day.
From Tennyson's bugle-notes thrilling,
From Scott's pibroch-wail of the clan,
To where Kipling's fife-tones are shrilling,
Come voices of arms and the man.

WE are lulled to the sweetest of slumbers
By ballads of springtime and June;
Our hearts softly thrill to the numbers
That glide to love's sensuous tune;
But our souls love the clash of the lances,
The beat of the gay rataplan,
That swell, as the army advances,
In honor of arms and the man!



YE poets, who wield the typewriter
As erstwhile the pen and the quill,
The primitive joy of the fighter
Is strong in humanity still!
From the days when our youthful blood dances
To the ending of life's earthly span,
There is naught that our spirit entrances
Like ballads of arms and the man!

K. J. Murray.



CUPID is my broker,
So to him I went
When my sweetheart spoke her
Mind on sentiment;
One could not deny it
Straight from Love's red lips;
So I bade him buy it,
On her tips.

IN his office cosy,
With the sign above,
Writ in letters rosy,
"STOCKS AND BONDS OF LOVE"—
Here I watch the ticker
For my stock to climb,
And my heart beats quicker
Every time.

THIRTY, forty, fifty!
Better every day;
I am getting thrifty
In a pleasant way—
Dividends of kisses
Frequently declared,
And abundant blisses
Freely shared.

THREE'S no need to borrow;
Mine's a lucky star!
Cupid says, to-morrow
Love will go to par.
Sweetheart, since you let a
Fellow grow so fond,
I think now I'll get a
Marriage bond!

Felix Carmen



HERMANN HEYER.

MY LADY'S NAME.

I

WHEN o'er the links she lithely trips,
The cry of "Fore!" upon her lips,
A wind-kissed, glowing cheek her badge,
On "bogey" bent, they call her "Madge."



II

BUT when amidst society
She moves, arrayed for all to see,
The queen of waltz or minuet,
Why, then, forsooth, she's "Margaret."



III

YET when in apron, ruffled round,
Now busy-mannered, gingham-gowned,
She plies the duster, one would state
That "Maggie" seems appropriate.



IV

AND when she gently rustles through
And settles raptly in the pew,
An earthly saint, demure and sweet,
She looks the name of "Marguerite."



V

FROM "Madge" to "Marguerite" a choice
I make with but uncertain voice;
The four I equally enshrine;
So, all in one, I'd call her "mine"!

Edwin L. Sabin.



WHEN MAIDEN LANE WAS NEW.

WHEN MAIDEN LANE WAS NEW.

WHEN Maiden Lane was new,
And Wall Street had a wall,
Who strayed beyond was like to rue
At dewy evenfall ;
For there were savage snares,
And pitfalls not a few,
And—so Dame Rumor mentions—bears,
When Maiden Lane was new !

WHEN Maiden Lane was new,
Sooth, 'twas a pleasant trip
Along the lane by River View
To busy Coenties Slip,
If smiling by your side
Priscilla walked, or Prue,
At Easter or at Lammas-tide,
When Maiden Lane was new !

WHEN Maiden Lane was new,
The fallals that they wore,
Some fastened prim and some askew,
Would beggar metaphor ;
Velure and paduasoy,
Raiment of rainbow hue,
To many a maiden heart brought joy
When Maiden Lane was new !

WHEN Maiden Lane was new—
Ah, proper long ago
Of cunning coif and powdered cue,
Of starchèd belle and beau !
Yet life had been as sweet
Had fate, love, granted you
To guide my ever-willing feet
When Maiden Lane was new !

Clinton Scollard.



A MODERN DIANA.

UPON her trusty steed Elise
O'er hill and dale skims like the breeze ;
Diana's self ne'er led the chase
With more divine equestrian grace ;
O'er brook or fence she soars so free,
A joyous sight it is to see !

YET, as I follow o'er the sward,
By one dread thought my joy is marred—
'Tis bliss to watch her exploits, but
A sorry figure I should cut
If, as might happen, at the wall
She takes so gaily I should fall !

Douglas Hemingway.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO.

BY HARRY PRATT JUDSON,

PROFESSOR OF POLITICAL SCIENCE AND DEAN OF THE FACULTIES OF ARTS,
LITERATURE, AND SCIENCE IN THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO.

IN FIFTEEN YEARS THE YOUNG WESTERN INSTITUTION HAS GAINED
A PLACE AMONG THE GREAT UNIVERSITIES OF THE WORLD—THE
SPLENDID BENEFACTIONS THAT HAVE MADE ITS WONDERFUL DEVELO-
PMENT POSSIBLE, AND ITS PLANS FOR A STILL GREATER FUTURE.

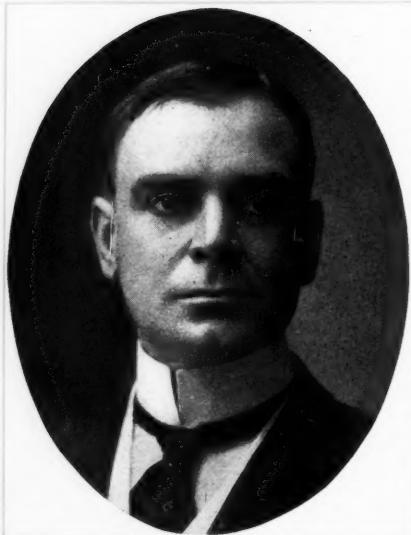
THE present University of Chicago is not the first institution of the name. In 1856 a college was founded by a gift

Baptist auspices, and in the expansive ways of the time it was called the University of Chicago. Good teaching was done for thirty years, and schools of



WILLIAM RAINY HARPER, D.D., LL.D., PRESIDENT OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO.

From a photograph by Gibson, Chicago.



GEORGE EDGAR VINCENT, PH.D., DEAN OF THE JUNIOR COLLEGES.

From a photograph by Rundey, Chicago.



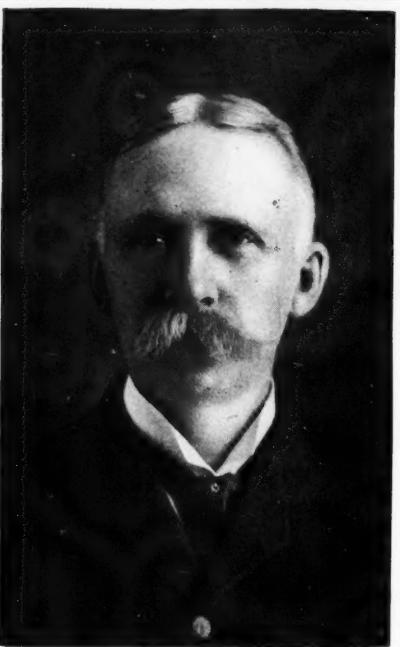
ALBERT A. MICHELSON, PH.D., LL.D., HEAD OF THE DEPARTMENT OF PHYSICS.

From a photograph by Cox, Chicago.



MARION TALBOT, LL.D., PROFESSOR OF HOUSEHOLD ADMINISTRATION AND DEAN OF WOMEN.

From a photograph by Eudean, Cleveland.



HARRY PRATT JUDSON, LL.D., DEAN OF THE FACULTIES OF ARTS, LITERATURE, AND SCIENCE.

From a photograph by Godfrey, Chicago.

theology and law were established in connection with the college. Its endowment, however, was never adequate, and its financial difficulties became so hopeless that in 1886 its affairs were wound up.

Within two years, however, steps were taken to secure funds for the establish-

but a university. The immediate steps suggested involved the transfer from Morgan Park to Chicago of the Baptist Theological Seminary, as the first of the university professional schools, and the beginning of a suitable endowment for graduate work. The buildings vacated at



HUTCHINSON HALL (THE UNIVERSITY COMMONS FOR MEN) AND THE UNIVERSITY TOWER—THE TOWER IS MODELED UPON THAT OF MAGDALEN COLLEGE, OXFORD.

ment of a new college, also under Baptist auspices. It was a layman of that church, John D. Rockefeller, who made the foundation possible. As a beginning Mr. Rockefeller offered six hundred thousand dollars, provided others would subscribe four hundred thousand more. This was soon done, and thus was provided the first million.

But now the plans were enlarged. One of the earliest to become interested in the enterprise was Professor William R. Harper, of Yale. The presidency of the new college was offered to him. He declined, but finally consented to accept in case proper arrangements should be made to establish not a college merely,

Morgan Park Dr. Harper wished to be used for an academy, as a means of pedagogical experiment.

These suggestions were all adopted. Mr. Rockefeller made an additional gift of a million dollars for the endowment of graduate work, and Dr. Harper accepted the presidency.

THE UNIVERSITY IDEA.

Higher education in the United States has had a genesis and development so heterogeneous that names frequently are used with an uncertain connotation.

“University,” especially, is a much tortured term. With some it seems to be merely a sufficiently swelling designation

to denote a large number of students. In this sense it is applied to a large college, to a normal school, or to an academy. One is reminded of Mark Twain's explanation that if a man really prefers to spell cow with a capital K instead of a



A VISTA THROUGH THE HULL COURT GATEWAY.

small one there ought to be no objection, as the capital gives an idea of the magnitude of the beast.

In another sense a university is an aggregation of colleges and professional schools quite irrespective of the grade of their work—the professional standard, indeed, often being lower than that of the ordinary college.

From all this confusion, however, there has gradually been emerging a new university idea. It is this idea on which the University of Chicago was founded and which it is endeavoring to develop.

In this sense the university first of all implies provision for a large number of departments of human knowledge. Theoretically, indeed, all should be represented. The ideal university should be a place to which any one might resort with the confident expectation of finding instruction in any field of intellectual attainment. No doubt this idea will never be fully realized in any one place. There will be forms of knowledge which it will not be thought worth while to teach in

any university, while other fields will be most conveniently treated in some particular institution. But the ideal university is not far from Ezra Cornell's saying:

"I would found an institution to which any one may come and learn anything."

Very likely the Ithaca philanthropist had in mind certain things which we of to-day should not think necessary to include in our curriculum. Still, he had a pretty firm grasp on one phase of the university idea.

Again, in the university each department should cover all that is known on its subject. No achievement anywhere in the world should escape it. It should be possible not only to find instruction in every species of knowledge, but to find each species in its latest and complete development. The sophomore who complacently admitted that it was delightful to know everything no doubt had an inadequate conception of omniscience. But there may be a syndicate in knowledge as well as in capital, and the staff of a university department should, among them, know and be able to impart all that is known anywhere on their subjects.

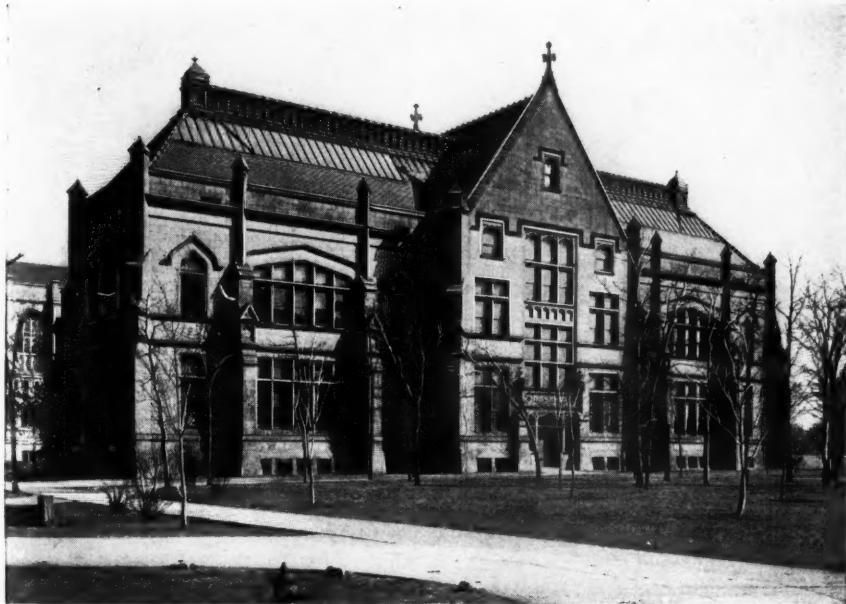
In the next place, each university department, not content with the mastery of all present attainment, is industriously pushing forward the boundaries of knowledge. Investigation is the essential university element, to which learning and teaching, vital as they are, must be secondary. Investigation is a costly process. It takes time. The investigator cannot safely be overburdened with teaching; indeed, at times he should not teach at all, but should be free to put all his strength upon a given piece of work. Even if it be granted that on the whole it is better for the investigator to be also a teacher, still there is always peril that excessive teaching may paralyze research.

Investigation is costly in material equipment, too. It calls for extensive laboratories, for great collections of books and manuscripts, for travel and observation in all parts of the world, for elaborate and expensive publication of results. Garfield's notion of himself on one end of a log and Mark Hopkins on the other may have sufficed very well for a college, but would not by any means answer for a university of scientific research.

Again, the university implies training for the learned professions—training the highest and the most exacting in its standards. There may be preparation for these callings barely sufficient to con-



COBB HALL, A RECITATION BUILDING.



THE HASKELL ORIENTAL MUSEUM — THE BUILDINGS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO ARE OF GRAY SANDSTONE WITH RED TILE ROOFS; THEIR ARCHITECTURE IS OF THE COLLEGIATE GOTHIC TYPE, VARYING WIDELY IN DETAILS.

form to legal requirements, but with such work the university is not concerned. The university professional school is essentially what we call a graduate school. It is not intended as a short cut to the bar or to medical practise. It is not intended to attract students in

are quite distinct. The college aims at a breadth of instruction calculated to give what we call a liberal education—an education which in itself is a proper preparation for a professional course.

The equipment of a university is conveniently adapted to the conduct of a



THE INTERIOR OF HUTCHINSON HALL (THE MEN'S COMMONS)—A ROOM STRONGLY SUGGESTIVE OF A COLLEGE DINING-HALL AT OXFORD OR CAMBRIDGE.

great masses. It is designed for those who are willing to take the time to provide themselves with the best scientific equipment before entering on a chosen profession.

With these standards it is clear that a college cannot accord. A college may exist by itself, or it may be a part of a university, but it is not and never can be a university. The college does not need so many departments of instruction; it does not need to cover the whole field of any department; it does not need to carry on investigation, save as a valuable auxiliary to instruction. On the other hand, the college and the professional school

college as a part of its work. The mere college which tries to be a university incurs danger of the fate of the frog that tried to be an ox.

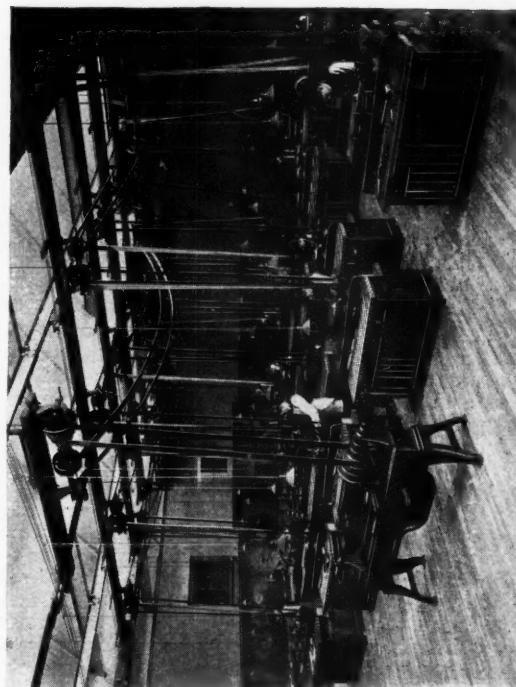
A REMARKABLE STORY OF GROWTH.

Imbued with such ideas, President Harper from the outset aimed to lay the foundations in Chicago of a great university. The undertaking called for large funds, for the formation and execution of plans on a generous scale, for the gathering of men in full sympathy with university ideals. The fifteen years which have passed have seen the institution realize a considerable part of its ambi-

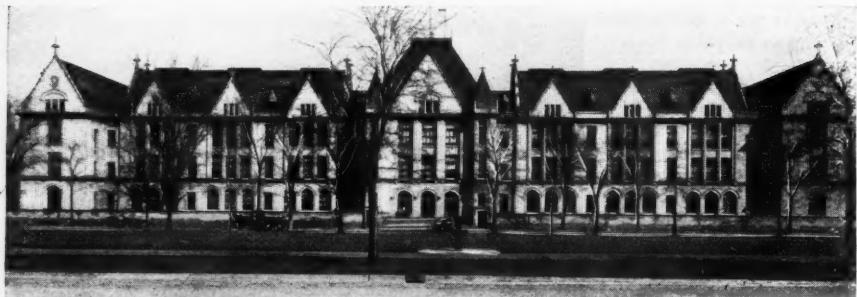
tion, though in many ways much remains to be done.

The first year of instruction began on the 1st of October, 1892. There were in that year thirty-two departments of study, and seven hundred and forty-four students. Of these students about three hundred were in the colleges, two hundred were non-professional graduate students, and two hundred were in the graduate divinity school. Thus from the outset there was the nucleus of a university. The original plant comprised four city squares of land with the intersecting streets, about twenty-four acres, and four buildings, of which one was a lecture-hall and three were dormitories. During the first year there were erected two laboratories, a museum, three dormitories for women, and another dormitory for men. The land and buildings at the end of the first year were valued at a little less than a million and a half of dollars.

Since that time additional land purchases have been made until the university now owns nearly the entire frontage on the north side of the Midway Plaisance between Washington and Jackson Park's, some sixty-six acres. There is besides this a tract of sixty-five acres on the shores of Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, the site of the Yerkes Observatory. The buildings in the quadrangles comprise four residence-halls for women and five for men—one of the latter, the beautiful Hitchcock Hall, being equivalent to several ordinary structures of the sort. Then there are separate laboratories for



THE UNIVERSITY HIGH SCHOOL—CLASSES IN CARPENTERING AND IN LATHE-WORK.
These and most of the illustrations showing the buildings and classrooms of the University of Chicago are from photographs by Fuermann, Chicago.



THE SOUTH FRONT OF THE SCHOOL OF EDUCATION.

the departments of chemistry, physics, physiology, anatomy, zoölogy, and botany; a museum used by the departments of geology and geography; another used by the department of Semitic languages and by the divinity school; a building for the law school; a gymnasium, a commons or dining-hall for men, a clubhouse for men, a building for the university press, an auditorium, and the great quadrangle known as Emmons Blaine Hall, the training-school for teachers. In all there are twenty-seven permanent buildings in use, besides several of a temporary character. The accompanying illustrations will give a good idea of the buildings, which are arranged on the English quadrangle plan, are uniformly of Gothic architecture, varying widely in details, and are built of gray sandstone with red tile roofs—"the city gray" is the appropriate phrase of the university song, the "Alma Mater."

The Yerkes Observatory, at Lake Geneva, contains the forty-inch refracting telescope. All the land and buildings belonging to the university, and used for

educational purposes, are now valued at seven million dollars; books, apparatus, and equipment of all kinds, at twelve hundred thousand. The productive endowment amounts to nine million dollars, and the total assets, including sundry miscellaneous items, are more than eighteen million. The annual budget for 1892-'3 was about two hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars; for 1904-'5 it was twelve hundred thousand.

It should be said that of the capital of the university about eleven millions of dollars have been given by Mr. Rockefeller, and more than eight millions by others, in the main citizens of Chicago. Nearly all the buildings have been given by Chicagoans. Mr. Rockefeller's total gifts to the university have been a little short of fifteen millions.

There are at present thirty-four non-professional departments of instruction, of which thirty-two are doing graduate work. Besides the colleges and the non-professional graduate schools, the fully organized professional schools include the divinity school, the law school, and the school of education. The first two years of medical work are done in the colleges, the last two (graduate) being done in Rush Medical College, which is affiliated with the university.

The school of education includes the college for the training of teachers, with a high school and an elementary school in immediate connection, thus affording adequate practise and observation. The Morgan Park Academy, a school for boys, also belongs to the university, and enables further experiments to be made in secondary education.

The permanent members of the faculties in the university departments number two hundred and thirty-eight, exclusive of lecturers, assistants, and the like. The total number of resident students in the colleges, graduate and professional



A CORRIDOR IN THE TOWER GROUP.

schools of the university, for the year 1904-'5, was 4,598.

SOME INTERESTING COMPARISONS.

Statistics in themselves have little meaning. Perhaps their bearing will be made more evident by a few comparisons. In the report of the United States commissioner of education for 1903 it appears that in the total number of students enrolled the University of Chicago ranked second, with 4,463; Harvard being

In productive invested funds Chicago was third, with \$9,204,196; Leland Stanford, Jr., being first, with \$15,000,000; Columbia second, with \$13,121,364; Cornell fourth, with \$7,472,462; Yale fifth, with \$6,806,752; and Harvard sixth, with \$5,400,000.

For the encouragement of graduate study it may be noted that the University of Chicago was reported as offering sixty fellowships, Harvard fifty-one, Columbia and Pennsylvania each thirty-five,



A GROUP OF DORMITORIES FOR WOMEN STUDENTS AT THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO.

first, with 5,136; and Michigan third, with 3,792.

In resident non-professional graduate students Chicago was first, with 356; Yale second, with 346; and Harvard third, with 301.

In income for the year Chicago was fourth, with \$983,000; Harvard being first, with \$1,509,000; Cornell second, with \$1,214,000; and Columbia third, with \$1,034,000.

In value of buildings and grounds Chicago was third, with \$6,500,378; Columbia being first, with \$8,390,000; Yale second, with \$6,806,752; and Harvard fourth, with \$5,400,000.

In extent of the university library Chicago was second, with 367,000 volumes; Harvard being first, with 639,655; Yale third, with 360,000, and Columbia fourth, with 346,354.

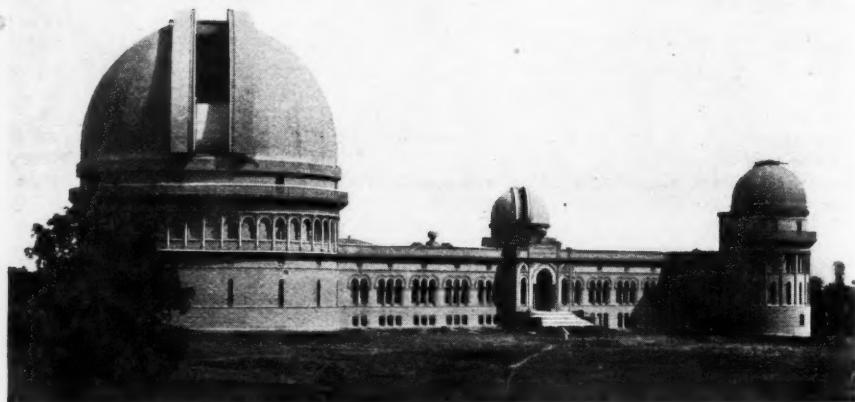
Cornell twenty-six, Yale and Johns Hopkins each twenty-two.

With reference to the standards of professional education, attention may be called to the fact that, for instance, the University of Chicago's law school is the only one west of New York which is strictly graduate in character, the Harvard and Columbia schools being the only ones in the East which make similar requirements.

The bearing of such facts is merely to suggest that in the short space of a dozen years the new university in the middle West has reached a position of generous rivalry with some of the oldest of our most advanced institutions of learning.

THE UNIVERSITY AND THE COMMUNITY.

From the first it has been held at Chicago that the university owes a duty to



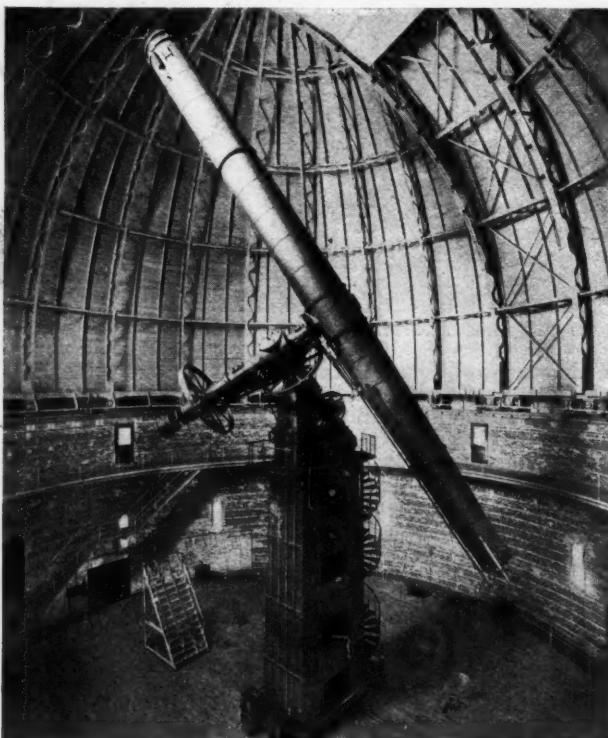
THE YERKES OBSERVATORY AT LAKE GENEVA, WISCONSIN, FOUNDED BY CHARLES T. YERKES, AND NOW FORMING PART OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO.

in every legitimate way to multiply its usefulness. One of the plans to this end

the community at large, and should seek

is the summer quarter. The university year is divided into four quarters of about twelve weeks each. The quarter falling in the summer is by no means a summer school in the usual sense, but is a regular quarter of university work. It is divided into two terms, and students may attend either or both. In this way many teachers in colleges and secondary schools are able to secure a continuation of their studies without sacrificing their positions.

Throughout the autumn and winter, also, college classes are held at a convenient place near the center of the city, at a late hour in the afternoon, in the evening, and on Saturdays, for the benefit of teachers and employees of business houses. Instruction is also carried on in many places at a distance from Chicago, in the



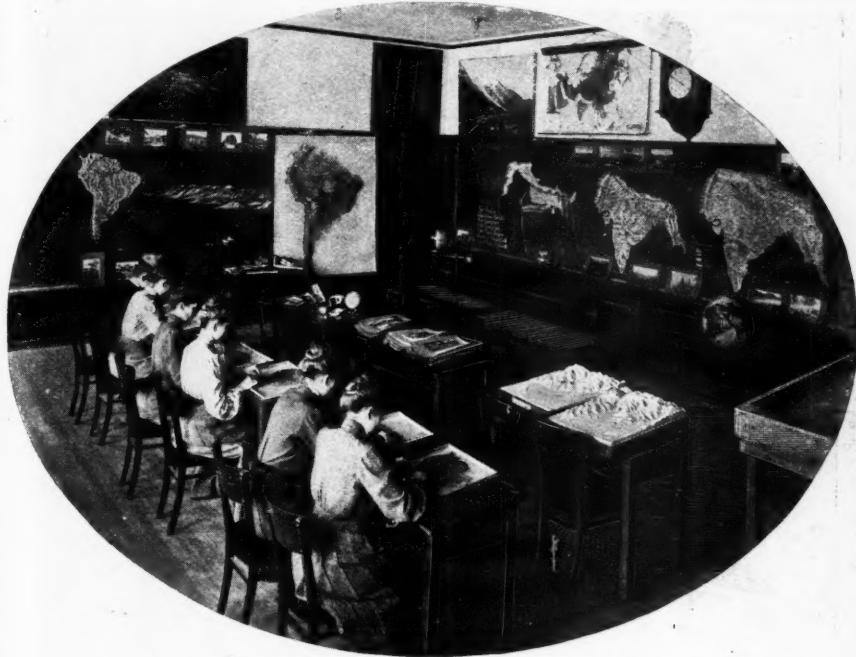
THE INTERIOR OF THE DOME OF THE YERKES OBSERVATORY, SHOWING THE GREAT TELESCOPE, WHICH HAS A LENS FORTY INCHES WIDE AND A TUBE SIXTY-FIVE FEET LONG, WEIGHING SEVEN TONS.

form of university extension lectures and of correspondence courses.

THE JUNIOR AND THE SENIOR COLLEGES.

The college course in the University of Chicago covers four years, but by taking advantage of the summer quarter, and by special excellence of work, this time may be reduced. The traditional four classes do not exist, as students may enter at the beginning of any one of the

A new plan, soon to be set on foot, aims still further to secure some of the benefits which may be found in a small college by bringing faculty and students into more intimate relations. The junior colleges are to be divided into small bodies of from a hundred to a hundred and fifty students, each being under a dean and faculty of its own. Each member of a college faculty will thus be able to have immediate charge of a small



THE SCHOOL OF EDUCATION — A CLASS IN PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY.

four quarters, and may be graduated at the end of any of them. The junior colleges include the first two years and the senior colleges the last two. Required work falls wholly in the junior colleges. The system allows much elasticity in plans of study.

In all its departments the university is open to men and to women on the same terms. In the junior colleges, especially in the first year, in which classes are large, men and women are taught in separate sections and in buildings on different sides of the grounds. In this and in other ways it is made possible, at least to some extent, to realize the advantages of separate colleges without sacrificing the undoubtedly conveniences of co-instruction.

group of students, and hence can be of more specific service to their progress.

UNIVERSITY PUBLICATIONS.

It has been noted that a vital part of the work of university investigation is the publication of results. At Chicago, the university press issues twelve journals, besides departmental studies and monographs. The report of the president for the first ten years of the university showed an extensive series of scientific articles and books produced by members of the faculties within that period. Many scientific researches contain results which have no commercial value as literary matter but which are lost unless put in accessible and permanent form by suitable publication. This is not a

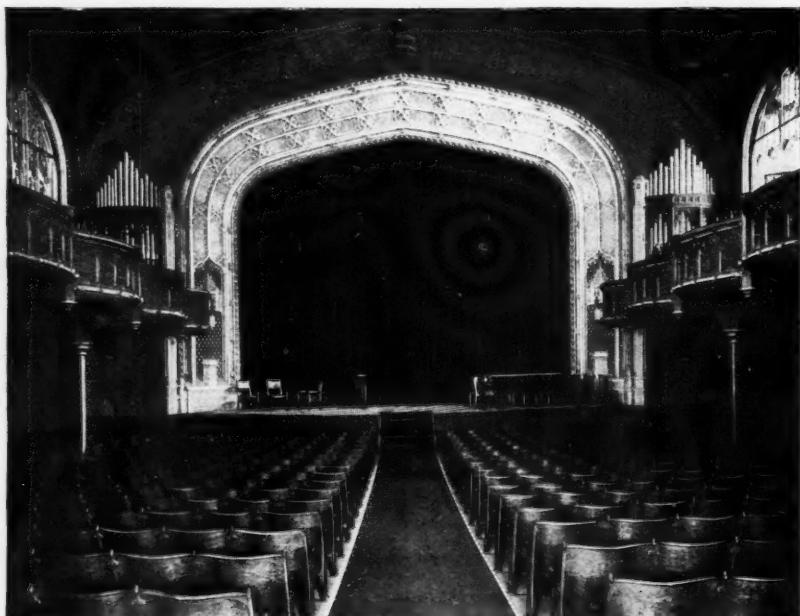
money-making undertaking, but is as legitimate and necessary a use of university endowments as salaries for instruction or apparatus for investigation.

THE FUTURE OF THE UNIVERSITY.

It is believed by the friends of the university that it has only entered on the beginning of its usefulness. Not being under public control, it is limited by no State lines and is hampered by no

energy. Chicago in 1880 had a population of 491,516, in 1890 of 1,099,850, in 1900 of 1,698,575, and in 1905 there are doubtless more than two million people in the city. These figures are indicative of the progress of the middle West, a progress with which the university must keep pace.

Since its foundation, it has accomplished perhaps as much as could be expected in so short a term of years. It



THE MANDEL ASSEMBLY HALL.

possibility of political interference. Founded long after the Union was restored, it has no traditions of sectionalism, and draws its students in increasing numbers from the South as well as from the North and the West. Indeed, every State and Territory in the Union is represented in the university records, as well as Canada and Mexico. Its first doctor's degree was given to a Japanese.

The only institution between the Atlantic and the Pacific seaboard States which is broadly national in character, which aims at the most advanced work of research and at the highest standards for its professional schools, and which has an endowment from private benefactors in some degree commensurate with its large purposes, the university thus has an opportunity which calls for sleepless

has grown in number of faculty and students, in the organization of schools and departments, and in material resources. But its plans have been laid on a broad scale, and much remains to be done for their completion. Important buildings—the general library, the chapel, an administration building, museums—are yet to be constructed in order to provide suitably for existing departments.

In some of these departments the full development has not yet been reached. The school of medicine is only partly organized. A school of technology and a school of fine arts, both contemplated in the original plans and both on a full university basis, are not yet established. A multitude of details, as yet but sketched out, are to be perfected; and



THE RYERSON PHYSICAL LABORATORY.

many more millions of dollars will be needed to attain all these purposes.

It is the dream of those interested in the university's future that in time the grounds will be covered with gray quadrangles, that all departments and all schools will be fully equipped, that the

endowment will be adequate to the varied needs of a great university, and, above all, that the intellectual and moral life of the republic will be well served by a great body of scholars using the university resources for the discovery and dissemination of truth.

A SIREN NOTE.

Across the sands, when day had flown
On twilight wings beyond the sea,
I heard a dulcet voice make moan
And wail in sobbing melody.
With flood of wo it filled the air,
And echoed through the lonely caves ;
The rhythm of the seas was there,
And all the cadence of the waves.
The ebb and flow of time and tide
Arose and fell in sad refrain—
The burthen of all things denied,
The song of life enwrought with pain.
Like some lost soul through siren lips
It seemed to urge the spirit where
Beyond the waves the water dips
Below the billows of despair !
And oft o'er memory's sleeping seas,
Across its sands and sounding bar,
There floats adown the winged breeze
That siren music from afar.
To lure, to tempt to bitter things,
To mock the heart whence strength has fled,
Until it fain, the while it sings,
Would count the soul among its dead.

Margaret Ridgely Schott.

HENRY D. THURSTON, REFORMER.

BY HARTLEY DAVIS.

YOUNG THURSTON had asked Hiram Benson for the hand of his daughter, and Hiram Benson, who was rich and aggressively successful, had said things not pleasing for one in young Thurston's position to hear.

Mr. Benson had observed that Mr. Thurston was chiefly distinguished as a member of the bar who devoted the greater part of his time to baseball. It was fortunate for Mr. Thurston that he had a thousand dollars a year apart from his practise, but the income was, in Mr. Benson's opinion, insufficient to support a wife. Mr. Thurston's purpose to devote himself seriously to his profession was commendable, and his project of entering politics was almost entertaining, but Mr. Benson could see in them no promise of an increased income. Mr. Benson begged to assure Mr. Thurston that this opposition to him as a son-in-law was purely negative; Mr. Benson considered him one of the pleasantest and least objectionable failures he had ever known.

Hiram Benson was confident that such plain speaking would provoke an outbreak, for young Thurston was accustomed to consideration. His father had been one of the leading jurists of the State, one of those who had "worked hard, lived well, and died poor," a familiar phrase among lawyers. The son was the sole survivor of a family which had been locally important. As a matter of fact, Mr. Benson's frank criticism made the young man boil inwardly, but he was determined not to quarrel, though he felt that he had to strike back.

"Most of us have had our failures," he said. "There's that trolley franchise, for instance. You promised great things, but you seem to be helpless unless you pay a hundred and fifty thousand dollars in blackmail to the political gang that rules this town. It seems to me that a man who is really a success could beat out a proposition like that."

"Perhaps you think you could," observed Mr. Benson.

"Oh, I don't know. I should think that intelligence and energy could accomplish it."

"With the hand of my daughter as a reward?"

"Oh, dear, no. I shouldn't make a fool bargain like that; it would be too small a price for such a service." A faint exclamation that did not come from Mr. Benson made young Thurston groan inwardly, but he pulled himself together and went on. "Neither am I going to make a boodle deal with you, but I think that franchise should be granted, under proper conditions, and I think I can clear the way for it."

"May I venture to inquire how you expect to accomplish this marvel?"

"It would not be expedient for me to reveal my plans at present," returned young Thurston with dignity.

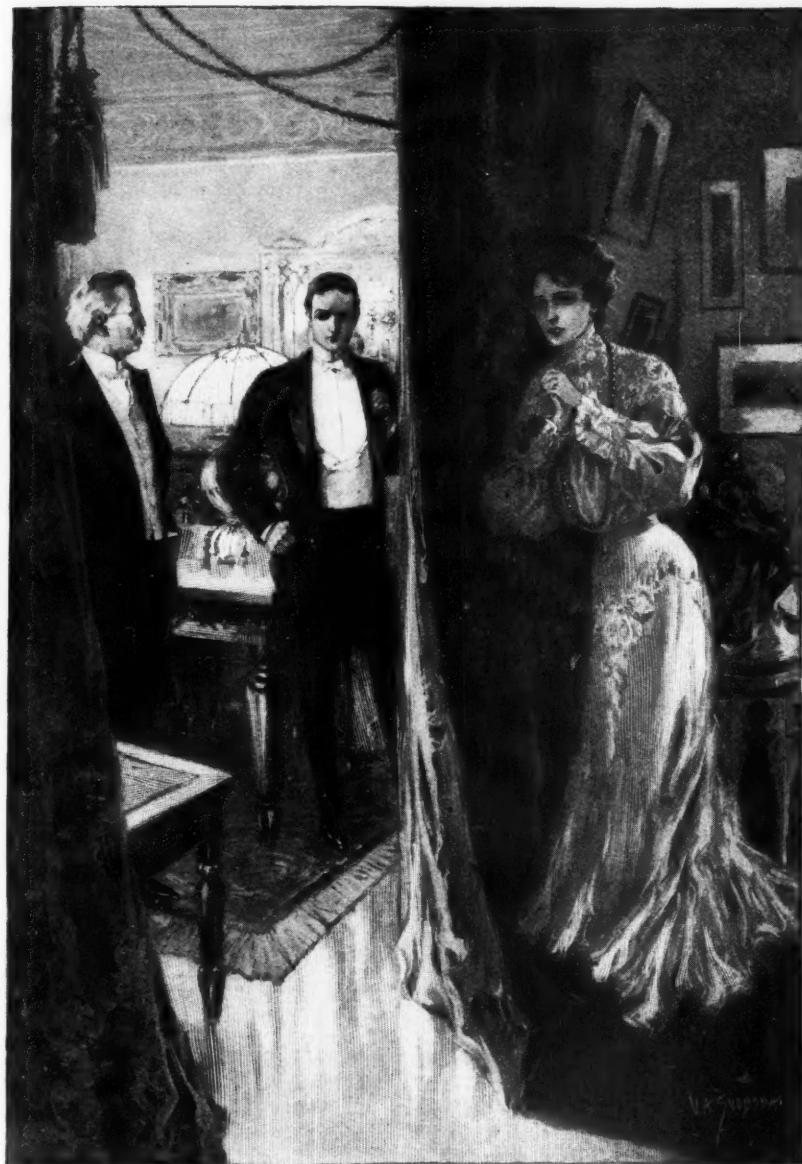
He maintained the dignity until he was well clear of the house, and it was an effort.

"Great Scott!" he exclaimed. "Was there ever such a fool? Just because old Benson irritated me I must make a stupendous bluff without the wobbliest, weak-kneed ghost of an idea to support it! And I am in for an awful row with Gwen. I might have known that she would be listening behind those curtains!"

After the first ebullition had subsided, he reconsidered conditions rationally and logically.

"See here, you," he said to himself. "here is where you resign from the ornamental physical culture class and prove that you have real works in your head. You have been an imitation long enough. Here is where you take up the college man's burden and prove the value of an eight-thousand-dollar education. For one thing, you must make good that fool bluff of yours. Of course you don't know how, but you must find a way, you mullet-headed idiot. Get busy, Henry Demorest Thurston; you have the chance of your life! The odds are only about a hundred to one against you."

For two whole days he studied the problem, to the exclusion of even Miss Gwendoline Benson. Early in his deliberations he determined that polities offered him the best opportunity. The city was ruled by a thoroughly corrupt but highly organized ring, and young Thurston had long felt that he would like to fight it. He had also felt that he would like to take a place at the bar which he believed be-



"WITH THE HAND OF MY DAUGHTER AS A REWARD?"

longed to him; but life had hitherto flowed along so pleasantly and comfortably that he had easily postponed the day of serious things. It dawned upon the young man that he had absorbed much general knowledge of polities in the days when his father was one of the chief advisers of his party in the State.

"You want to think about winning if you go into this thing," he reflected, again addressing himself. "Make your peace with Gwen and then get to work."

He found Miss Benson in a state of furious anger. Any normal, right-minded young woman will admit that her indignation was justified. But she

was not averse to being petted and wheedled into good humor, after her sweetheart had been properly punished. She thought the process would last a delightful week, but young Thurston refused to follow precedent. He bullied her with such vigor that she collapsed within half an hour, chiefly because he made her believe that he depended on her assistance in carrying out his plans. She was a sensible girl at heart, and a mighty fine one always.

Young Thurston's first step was to go to New York, to see Phil Henderson, who had been as successful in politics as in coaching the 'varsity baseball team. Henderson had discovered that Thurston—then a freshman—was a phenomenal pitcher, and the bond between them was not to be measured by ordinary standards.

"The most important thing is to have a thorough organization," said Henderson. "Effect one in each ward. Make sure of getting the balance of power, and when you cannot elect your own man, make one of the older parties select a nominee who is reasonably honest and indorse him. Play politics on the level, but never in the open. You want to be as mysterious as a bilious owl—wink, blink, look wise, and say nothing. Work and scheme day and night. Remember that an honest politician can work as many good schemes as a crooked one, if he has the right kind of brains. Your town is daft on baseball, and you are the biggest man in the game there, so your nucleus is waiting for you. Get the young fellows together and arouse their enthusiasm at the start—that's half the battle. If you can get a newspaper on your side it will help you a lot."

Many other things Henderson told out of the ripeness of his experience and observation, and on the way home young Thurston's brain worked faster than the train traveled. He worked out his first move.

"Henry D. Thurston, reformer and boss—that's me!" he said with ungrammatical directness, as he strode along to his office. "This town is going to be stirred up next fall, and I am going to handle the ladle."

He next sought Brand, who had just secured control of the *Sentinel*.

"Sure we'll support you—good business," said Brand promptly. "Dude in politics—always interesting—adds to gaiety of nations—and to circulation. Cut loose!"

An adroit announcement of the pro-

jected Civic Union, in which Henry D. Thurston was interested, was almost coincident with a petition to the city council asking for a municipal recreation park where the people could play croquet, lawn-tennis, and other outdoor games in summer and have a skating-rink in winter. Young Thurston's name was signed to the petition, but the leading names were those of young men distinguished chiefly for wearing good clothes and spending money furnished by their fathers.

The ring's chief orator in the council, seeing opportunity to appeal to the "pee-pul," said scandalous things about that petition and its signers. Even the baseball enthusiasts, whom young Thurston had consulted, were mystified.

"See here," they demanded, "what kind of a fool game are you working? You said you were going to try and get us a permanent baseball park, but you've asked the council to give us a place to play girl's games."

"I was just fishing," said young Thurston, "and did the combine bite? Did they swallow it, hook, line, and sinker? Are we a lot of cigarette-smoking dudes who want the city to give us a park where we can wear white flannel clothes and look pretty and flirt with the girls while the honest worker toils to pay the bills? Watch us!"

He had already begun work for a mass-meeting, for he had learned from Henderson that all political mass-meetings that are really successful are carefully organized. There was no difficulty in attracting an audience when it was announced that the meeting was in the interest of a permanent recreation park, where the local ball team would have its own home. There were strong speeches, popular music, and a fine hurrah-time generally.

Young Thurston made some lively talk, in which he bitterly assailed the political combine for insulting the national game in general and the local nine in particular. Not a word was said about croquet or tennis, but a good deal about giving the poorer people of the city a place where they could enjoy healthful outdoor sports. Thurston emphasized the point that the rich could have their own private recreation grounds. He had something to say about the new Civic Union, and when the lists were opened at the close of the meeting hundreds of voters signed them.

The next day, when the combine's chief representative in the council sought

James Hunter, the "boss," he found the astute leader plucking the wisp of whisker on his lower lip.

"You let that young Thurston put it all over you," Hunter said gruffly. "He has us squarely on record against that recreation park scheme, and the whole

When the reformers learned that the youthful leader had announced that Buckley Morris, Hunter's nominee in the Seventh, was to be indorsed, they were furious. Brand voiced the general indignation.

"Gone daft?" he demanded. "Buck



THERE WERE STRONG SPEECHES, POPULAR MUSIC, AND A FINE HURRAH-TIME GENERALLY.

town wants it. What's more, they are bound to have it."

"There wasn't a word about base-ball in that petition," protested the accused.

"You haven't sense enough to know a croquet mallet from a home run!" retorted the boss.

Young Thurston hastened to take advantage of his fine beginning. He organized the wards, and then drove his lieutenants until their zeal equaled his. He made things hum.

"How does it look?" inquired Brand a fortnight after the mass-meeting.

"We haven't a chance in the First and Third wards," replied young Thurston; "Hunter could elect wooden Indians there. The Democrats will nominate a good man in the Fifth, and we'll indorse him. I can carry my own ward, the Ninth, with John Kinney. We must elect a man from the Seventh, and the alderman at large to control the council."

"Seventh is Hunter's own ward—you lose," commented Brand.

"Oh, I don't know," said young Thurston. "I've a little scheme."

Morris! Stupider than a hitching-post—nephew of Mace Morris, the worst grafter in the combine. Looks crooked—double-distilled idiocy if it's straight!"

"Billy, kindly go out and jump up and down," directed young Thurston. "Shake your gray matter so that it can digest the words of wisdom. Hunter nominated Buck Morris at my suggestion, but Hunter doesn't know it, although Buck does. Having Buck's name brought to his attention, the wily Hunter reasons that Buck belongs to the baseball crowd—he was on the team last year, but we had to make him a substitute, because he couldn't think fast enough in emergencies; that he is popular, that he can split our vote, and that as he's Mace Morris' nephew he ought to be wise. Good politices, crafty politices, to nominate him, thinks the wily Hunter. But, man dear, Buck Morris is honest! Let the gorgeous significance of that sink into your mushy intellect—stupidly, obstinately honest. He only needs some one to think for him."

Young Thurston grasped Brand by the

shoulders and began hustling him about the room. It was his first victory in practical politics, and he had to celebrate it as he had celebrated triumphs in his college days.

"Let it sink in, Billy. Buck Morris is honest, and I will be his guide, philosopher and friend. Hunter doesn't know that. Dancee, Billy, and let it sink in. Buck will feel that he owes his election to me, and he will be my man. Dance, Billy, and let it sink in!"

They shouted and danced until men came rushing in from adjoining offices with sarcastic inquiries.

"Good! Serumptious good!" gurgled Brand as he plumped himself on the floor and brushed the tears from his eyes. "Thurston had real idea—awful shock."

Young Thurston's elation didn't last long. The alderman-at-large problem asserted itself oppressively, as he explained to Miss Benson that evening.

"I would give a lot to know whom Hunter will nominate," he added.

"I heard Gladys Wyman say that her father and Mr. Hunter had a long talk last night," Miss Benson told him.

Young Thurston whistled.

"Shows Hunter is getting scared. That is mighty important news, Gwen, and it compels me to forego the pleasure of your society the rest of the evening. I want to consult Judge Williams."

The more he thought of Wyman as an opponent the more uneasy the young leader became. Judge Williams agreed with him that George Wyman was about the most popular man in the city, and went on to assert that his nomination was practically equivalent to an election.

"I should think that Hunter would be afraid to elect Wyman," observed young Thurston.

"Well, I don't know," said the judge judicially. "I never wholly trusted Wyman."

"Do you know anything against him?"

"Not a thing—that's the rub. I've known George Wyman ever since he came here from Canada with his father, who died soon after. George was only twelve then, and he has made his own way in the world. He has been very successful. I fear you are beaten, my boy, but you have made a good fight."

"Where did you say he came from?" questioned Young Thurston idly.

"From Canada—from some place near Montreal; and the way that boy—"

The thread of Judge Williams' reminiscences was lost to young Thurston at

that point. Soon after he went away, feeling painfully blue. He was grateful that the darkness hid his dejection. Suddenly he stopped.

"Great Scott!" he exclaimed. "Oh, no, it's too good to be possible. But it's worth looking into."

Early next morning he sought Miss Benson, and she straightway began to make him feel uncomfortable for his desecration the evening before.

"Not to-day, Gwen," he interrupted with an assumption of cheerfulness. "Just make a note of it and take it out of me another time. I need all your wits to help me now. It is the biggest thing in the campaign."

He explained, and she swiftly forgot her resentment in her eagerness to help him. Has it been made plain that Miss Benson was really the finest kind of a girl? Young Thurston's difficulty in controlling his impatience while waiting for her report was nothing compared with the effort he had to make to restrain his delight after he received it.

"Gwen, you're a brick!" he exclaimed. "The nicest, brightest, cleverest sweetheart that ever was! You have won the fight. Now I am off to take advantage of your discovery."

"I don't believe you love me a bit," pouted Miss Benson. "You care more for your old politics."

"Sh-h-h! That's treason, dear! Wait till this cruel war is over, and you'll see."

In the next few days young Thurston made unexplained trips out of town, wrote letters behind locked doors, and otherwise gathered so much mystery about himself that Brand said a burglar couldn't break through it. It happened that when the editor sought Thurston he followed a messenger boy into the office. The young politician fairly pounced on the note. Then he hustled the boy out of the room, locked the door, pulled down the blinds, and danced about like a wild man.

"Dotty!" said Brand, wagging his head. "Big strain—little brain—tragic end!"

"Dancee, Billy; let it sink in," whispered young Thurston hoarsely. "Chortle and dance! No, Billy, I can't tell you what it is; your feeble brain couldn't stand it just now. You must work, Billy! Make the boys accept Smith Harmon as our candidate for alderman-at-large, while I persuade him to run. You may need an ax, Billy."

Young Thurston felt like a man who is running the length of the field for a

touchdown as he sped to Harmon's office, where he demanded admittance.

"See here, Harmon," he began, "you must run for alderman-at-large on the reform ticket. You must furnish a lot of money and work day and night."

"Huh!" grunted Harmon. "I like your cold assurance. Do you think I am going to let a lot of idiotic kids playing the game of politics make fool of me?"

"I haven't time to argue with you, and you might as well accept at once. Any man who has growled and blustered about this rotten city government as long and as hard as you have, can't refuse to work when he has a chance to do something. Dig down into your bank account and hustle!"

"And what do I get—licked?"

"You get elected. I've something up my sleeve. As a vote-getter, a respectable mummy would beat you out, but as the reform leader in the city council you can do great things for this town. Make your arrangements."

Harmon was nominated in the reformers' city convention—young Thurston didn't bother about the other candidates, for he thought one big fight was enough; and then he made his end of the campaign fairly sizzle. A week before the election he sent for Henderson, ostensibly to make speeches, really for advice. After studying the situation for forty-eight hours the New Yorker said:

"You are deceiving yourself, Thurston. You have made a good fight; no one could have done better; but Wyman is too strong for you. You can't beat him."

Young Thurston slowly shook his head and smiled.

"When is the best time to explode a bomb in the enemy's camp?"

"If it is a canard, the day before election, and it will not do much good. If it is a real exposure, two or three days earlier; if the other side cannot refute it, you have them nailed."

"There's going to be something doing in this town in about twenty-four hours," said young Thurston, "and I'm off to fix the fuse."

On the street he ran into Hunter, who greeted him with a patronizing air.

"Well, sonny," he remarked, "you've

made a nice fight—a good fight for an amaeoor. You may be able to do something in politics in ten or twenty years. You've danced about right lively."

"Oh, I don't know," returned young Thurston. "We're not licked yet. You may have to do a little dancing while I fiddle!"

All that night mysterious sounds of work and excitement came from the *Sentinel* office. Brand was fairly hysterical with joy.

"Oh, whopping! Superlatively stupendous! Talk about your *coop-de-tatts!*" he gurgled at intervals.

And there was reason, for politically it was the greatest sensation that the city had ever known. Everywhere great red and black posters announced that George Wyman was not eligible to election to the city council because he was not a citizen of the United States. Young Thurston presented the legal proofs that Wyman's father was an Englishman, that the candidate had been born in Canada, and that neither had ever been naturalized. Hunter was raging, Wyman was frantic, and both were helpless.

"Can this be true?" demanded Henderson of young Thurston. "It's immense! You have them beaten! The ballots are printed, and under the law they cannot substitute another name except in case of death. Why didn't you tell me?"

"Be like the owl—wink, blink, look wise, and say nothing," quoted his political pupil.

The victory of the reform ticket was overwhelming. The day after the election, Thurston met the defeated boss.

"Hello, Hunter!" he called out cheerfully. "How did you like my fiddling?"

"Sonny," the boss said impressively, "you're good!" He went on, muttering under his breath: "Beaten, me beaten, by a kid and a reformer!"

Which pleased Thurston more than the speeches at the banquet in his honor, even that of Hiram Benson, who spoke of him as "our foremost citizen, one of our most brilliant and successful lawyers and political leaders, and, I may add, gentlemen, my prospective son-in-law."

LIFE, THE HUNTSMAN.

I SAW fame, eagle-breasted, far above,
And made its great-winged loveliness my aim:
Then to my heart there flew the lone bird, love—
I held it close, and longed no more for fame!

Margaret Ashmun.

The New Way of Getting Money Out of the Ground.

BY GARRETT P. SERVISS.

A NEW ERA OF AGRICULTURE—THE NOVEL AND INTERESTING POSSIBILITIES OPENED UP BY SCIENTIFIC TREATMENT OF PLANTS, SOILS, AND ANIMALS.

THE ideal farmer of the future is to be a man of science. The slouching figure of the comic rural sketch, wearing a torn straw hat and carrying a broken rake over his shoulder, must give place to the semblance of a college professor seated in his laboratory and surrounded with microscopes, test-tubes, and an atmosphere of learning. Hereafter, scientific farming will cease to be regarded, as it was in the days of Horace Greeley, as a sure means of getting rid of a bank account, and will be looked upon as the only way for a cultivator of the land to get into the financial swim.

More than that, if the present brilliant promises are fulfilled, the farmer of the future will actually transform the face of the earth, imparting to much of the soil several times its present degree of fertility, turning deserts into garden places, making tropical fruits ripen and flourish in the lands of frost, and astonishing all eyes and delighting all palates with hundreds of new flowers, fruits, grains, and vegetables. Thus, by stimulating and aiding nature to a productivity far beyond her normal course, the globe's capacity to sustain inhabitants may be increased, while at the same time the character of its products is brought into closer accord with human needs and tastes.

This may seem a very imaginative forecast. Let us examine the facts on which it is based.

The scientific discoveries of the past few years relating to agriculture have been truly marvelous. They may be divided into two principal classes—those concerned with the fertilization of the soil, and those that deal with the unfolding of hidden life-tendencies in plants.

NITRATES, THE FOOD OF PLANTS.

Now, with regard to the soil, there is a curious relation between it and the atmosphere to be taken into account. Four-fifths of the gaseous mixture that we breathe and call air consists of nitrogen, and nitrogen is as mother's

milk to plant life. At first sight, then, it would seem as if all that plants had to do was to draw in nitrogen from the air. But this, except in a case hereafter to be described, they cannot do. Great fields of wheat and rye and oats, waving in the summer wind and bathed with nitrogen from bearded head to base of stem, would perish through lack of that very element in their composition but for the fact that the roots of the grain are able to draw nitrogen from the soil, not in its pure state, but in the form of soluble compounds called nitrates. In order, therefore, that the life of the grain may be maintained, nitrogen must pass from the air to the soil and there be formed into nitrates. If this were a continuous process, if the ground could simply drink in nitrogen from the atmosphere, all would go well. But, as every practical farmer knows, a crop of wheat, for instance, tends to exhaust the soil. The grain draws the nitrates from the ground, and, having ripened, is carted away. This is like taking gold from a hoard to which no additions are made. The soil, like the growing wheat, cannot absorb pure nitrogen direct from the air. When the ripened grain is carried away the soil is left sterile, and another crop can be raised upon it only after it has been artificially fertilized with manures, to supply the missing nitrates.

There is, however, another way to fertilize an exhausted soil, and in this method lay hidden the secret whose discovery has opened up so splendid a vision of the agriculture of the future. It is known under the homely name of "rotation of crops."

From time immemorial farmers have known that when successive crops of grain have completely exhausted the soil of a particular field, a crop of clover will not only grow upon that same land, but will even fertilize it and leave it richer, so that afterward it will support grain again. This property of growing upon an exhausted soil and supplying it with nitrates belongs to a particular

group of plants called leguminous plants, to which clover, peas, and beans belong.

Now, the puzzling question had always been: "How in the world does the clover manage to do what the grain cannot do—to take its supply of nitrogen not from the soil (for when exhausted it has none), but from the air?"

A MARVEL OF AGRICULTURAL CHEMISTRY.

The finding of the answer to that question was the keynote of the now famous experiments of the Department of Agriculture in the "inoculation of the ground." The answer is that bacteria are the agents that give to clover and other leguminous plants the power to take nitrogen from the air. Even now it is not known exactly how this power is imparted, or exercised, but that is practically unimportant, since the agents have been recognized and can be set to work at the will of man.

These bacteria are found in the roots of leguminous plants, where, in response to the irritation that they cause, little nodules, or tubercles, are formed which swarm with the micro-organisms. Plants that possess such bacteria-filled tubercles or their roots are able to live in sterile soil, drawing all the nitrogen they need, and more too, from the exhaustless store of the atmosphere. The surplus they leave in the ground, and thus make the soil rich with nitrates.

Manifestly, when these facts had become known, a critical point was reached. It was time for man to interfere with nature and cause her to do more than she would do if left to herself. The attempt, as first made in Germany, was not a practical success. But Dr. George T. Moore, lately of our Department of Agriculture, has done better. How well he really has done will not be known, perhaps, until the experiments have been tried on a larger scale, during a longer time, and amid a greater variety of circumstances. But enough has already been established to justify expectations which must seem to the uninitiated very extravagant.

Let us try to state in a few words what has been accomplished. By means of cultivation Dr. Moore produced a type of nitrogen-fixing bacteria far more powerful and vigorous than their nature-bred ancestors. Then he prepared these micro-organisms *alive in a dried condition*, so that they retain their vitality for months until they are aroused to activity by being moistened. This is somewhat as if one could revive dried herrings by throw-

ing them into a pail of water! The organisms are dried in bits of cotton, which can be sent through the mails, and the Department of Agriculture does thus send them, together with directions for reviving and using them, to farmers who choose to ask for them.

And what do the farmers do with them? They soak them in water containing sugar, potassium phosphate, and magnesium sulphate, and then inoculate seeds that are about to be planted by dipping them in the solution. Or else they inoculate the soil itself by moistening a little earth with the solution and then spreading it upon a field as they would spread manure. And the millions of wonderful little bacteria, too small to be seen without the aid of a microscope, survive all these strange experiences, and, upon finding themselves in the soil, in the presence of the seeds, begin their work of assisting the latter to absorb nitrogen from the air, and thus to grow up into lusty plants.

It is to be observed that the seeds of leguminous plants should be chosen for this experiment. The inoculation has no direct effect upon other plants, although indirectly they, too, can be enormously benefited. The process is as follows. Say that clover seeds are chosen for the inoculation. The treated seeds are planted in sterile or worn-out soil, where no grain, or corn, or cotton, or potatoes will grow. The clover springs up with extraordinary luxuriance, ten or even twenty times as abundantly as it would have grown from ordinary seeds. The reason is that the prepared bacteria possess extraordinary potency, and not only is the crop of clover grown under their influence enormously increased, but so abundant is the supply of nitrogen drawn from the air that the surplus, which remains in the ground in the form of nitrates, is far greater than that left by an ordinary clover crop.

The soil having thus been fertilized, the next step is to sow it with grain, and the results, as reported, are astonishing. Wheat, rye, oats, cotton, potatoes, grown upon soil fertilized by inoculated clover or some other leguminous plant, show an increase of from forty to four hundred per cent above their ordinary yield! If these statements did not come backed by the authority of a great government department, few would believe them. Accepting them as true, who shall set a limit to the increase of fertility which the farmer may impart to his fields?

In addition to the tubercle-forming

bacteria that inhabit the roots of leguminous plants, another micro-organism has been discovered which is able to take nitrogen from the air and turn it into nitrates in the soil independent of the presence of any plants. If these organisms can be cultivated on a large scale, worn-out ground may be directly fertilized for crops of grain without the assistance of preceding crops of clover.

CREATING NEW PLANTS AND FRUITS.

So much for the aid which science now offers to the farmer in fertilizing his fields; let us turn next to the experiments that have recently been made for his benefit in the development of new and varied forms of plants and fruits. The greatest name in this branch of discovery is Luther Burbank. Mr. Burbank has enjoyed a great deal of public attention lately, but he deserves it all. On his California farm he has done things that theoretical science had pronounced impossible, thereby demonstrating anew that no science which does not rest upon experiment can be permanent.

Mr. Burbank's special work is the development of new forms and varieties. His theme is heredity. Plants carry hidden within them innumerable undeveloped tendencies which, when they find a favorable opportunity, give rise to variations of form. The most effective means of setting free these latent tendencies of plants is by crossing various strains and species. The crossing seems to shake up the life forces and to bring concealed traits to the surface, and then the experimenter selects such new forms as suit his purpose and develops them by cultivation. Nature frequently gives the hint by some "sport," or variation, which only a trained eye detects. Thus the famous fruit-bearing spineless cactus, which may hereafter serve to reclaim vast wastes of desert, was developed by selection and cultivation from cactus "sports" which, obeying some half-forgotten hereditary trait, left off their spiny armor. Now Mr. Burbank can grow acres of such plants.

A splash of unwanted color on a blossom, a whiff of strange perfume from a flower-bed, an "accidental" fruit of unusual size, shape, or flavor—all these glimpses of the under-world of undeveloped forms are followed up, and sometimes the resulting revelations make one pause in amazement.

"So much has recently been printed about Mr. Burbank's new fruits and flowers that they need not be again enumerated. For the average farmer his most interesting

achievements, perhaps, are the development of improved varieties of apples, plums, cherries, potatoes, garden vegetables, and berries, and the hardiness which he has imparted to some delicate fruits and grains, enabling them to withstand the effects of frosts and droughts. The absolutely new forms produced by crossing, such as the already famous "plumcot," the offspring of a plum and an apricot, and the "pomato," which is a potato that has been taught to produce a delicious fruit on its vines, appeal more to the imagination, but have less real importance than some of the other results attained.

While Mr. Burbank is the acknowledged leader in this field, he is not alone. At the various agricultural experiment stations, under government auspices, much has been achieved along similar lines, and experimenters abroad have also done good work. Then, too, the agricultural departments of the colleges and universities are eagerly at work to make farming a branch of practical science.

IMPROVING THE MAIZE-PLANT.

Among the striking results achieved may be mentioned the increase in the yield of corn-lands through a scientific selection of seed, an increase so great that it has been said that the farmers of the State of Iowa last year gained enough in this way to pay all the bills of the United States navy for new battleships. One extra golden bushel added to every three bushels of the farmer's autumn crop—by what magic has this been brought about? By no magic whatever, but by a method so simple that one wonders why it should have been necessary to point it out to men whose whole lives are spent in raising crops.

Corn is known as a "wind-pollinated" plant, which means that the fertilizing pollen from one flower is usually borne to the stigmas of another flower by the wind. Now, nature is continually producing variations, some of which result in plants of exceptional excellence from the farmer's point of view. But the constant crossing from wind-borne pollen quickly obliterates special varieties and tends to keep down the plants to an average of excellence. By selecting the best plants, however, and pollinating them by artificial means from the best only, a superior variety may be developed and perpetuated.

For this purpose it is necessary to protect the flowers of the plants to be experimented with from wind-blown pollen or

the pollen conveyed by honey-seeking insects—a thing easily done by covering the flowers during the fertilization period with paper bags. In the case of corn, the stigmas—the so-called female organs from which the seeds are developed—are the "silks" of the corn-tops, while the staminate or male flowers, bearing the anthers covered with pollen, are the "tassels." The pollen from the tassels of a selected plant is conveyed to the silks of another selected plant, and the resulting seed bears the latent characters of both parents. Similar methods apply in the case of other grains.

BETTER HORSES, COWS, SHEEP, AND FOWLS.

Science also gives invaluable assistance to the farmer by showing him the best ways to improve the quality of his domestic animals. No practical farmer is without knowledge of methods of stock-breeding whereby better horses, better cows, better sheep, and better fowls may be developed. Some of these methods have been known for generations—indeed, for ages—but the facilities for experimentation afforded by recent advances in the science of agriculture and the science of animal-breeding have vastly increased their effectiveness. The principle in every case is analogous to that described in speaking of the improvement of corn. It is based upon the effects of crossing and selection.

Take, for example, the very interesting and important business of poultry-raising. The scientific experiments conducted by the government and by the agricultural colleges relate to every possible thing that can affect the growth, health, productiveness, and improvement of fowls. It is averred that the number of eggs produced by a given number of hens may be doubled simply by selecting and breeding from fowls which possess noteworthy laying powers. But it is a process requiring at the start much experimentation, and afterward the exercise of expert judgment. The Department of Agriculture freely furnishes elaborate advice on this and similar subjects to poultry-breeders desiring it.

In these things, just as in Mr. Burbank's experiments with fruits and flowers, the selection and cultivation of latent tendencies to variation are at the bottom of the discoveries. In the animal as in the vegetable kingdom, the forms now visible and flourishing are but a small part of the forms that lie hidden and sleeping, but ready to awake and come forth when their opportunity ar-

rives; and man is learning in many cases to furnish the opportunity, and so to make the living world over to suit himself. Seedless oranges, pitless plums, coreless apples, thornless briars, cotton that will resist frost, and wheat that will withstand drought; cattle, fowls, horses, and other domestic animals bred to do and to endure things that were utterly beyond the capacities of their ancestors—these are tokens of the transformation that has begun.

IRRIGATION AND FORESTRY.

Much has likewise been achieved in correcting the imperfect arrangements of nature in the distribution of arable land. The investigation of what might well be picturesquely denominated the "underground ocean" underlying the vast lava-beds of the Rocky Mountain region and the semi-arid plains of the Southwest has tended directly to the advantage of agriculture by showing where and how the artesian system can be applied to draw supplies from the water that flows underground from the mountains toward the sea. Then there are places in Southern California, and elsewhere, where irrigation from rivers has added many square miles to the cultivated area. Botanical students have begun to solve the problem of reclothing the treeless prairies with forests by selecting species specially suited for growth amid the conditions there imposed.

There is one broad field of scientific inquiry, of fundamental importance to the farmer, in which progress has been slow, and that is meteorology. Something more far-reaching, as well as more uniformly dependable, than the present Weather Bureau prognostications is needed. At present, efforts are directed toward a system of "long-distance weather prediction," which shall apply rather to the character of an approaching season than to the atmospheric accidents of the next twenty-four hours. This is, in part, an astronomical problem, for the opinion is gaining strength that variations in the radiation of the sun have an important influence upon terrestrial meteorology, and so upon the productiveness of the land.

But here a great deal of careful investigation is required before definite conclusions can be reached. If the time ever comes when the farmer can read on the face of the sun the probable fate of particular crops, agriculture may then, perhaps, be called a perfected science.

WHEN EILEEN CHANGED HER MIND.

BY H. T. GEORGE.

I.

ALWAYS, upon Laddie's birthdays, there had swept across the path of his monotonous existence a glorious but quickly fading vision which they called his father. Each year it left him new ideals of muscular strength and manly prowess, and usually, in the reckless generosity of unthinking fatherhood, a five-dollar gold piece to add to the chinking treasure of the red tin bank.

Upon this birthday, which was his fifth, and so important because it was the next before his sixth, there had come the gold piece and many new and fascinating toys, and sweet stuff that was mightily good, if indigestible, but no father. Wherefore Laddie wept inconsolably.

It was not toys that a man child needed. It was the great and comforting sense that he, too, like his cousins, possessed a father; and a bigger and lustier father even than Uncle Hal, who on more ordinary occasions did well enough as the god of Laddie's manly admiration.

And his aunt understood, as is the way of aunts who endeavor honestly to fill the place of a mother-love gone out.

His father would come soon, she assured him. And if he didn't—why, Laddie should go himself on the cars with Uncle Hal to find him. And in the great city his father would be waiting, and they would go away and away and away, and buy drums, and horns that tooted, and Laddie would be a man like his father.

That suggestion on the part of his aunt was unwise. When one has an even half dozen of one's own to watch, it is not strange if one overlooks, for a brief ten minutes or so, the actions of an apparently comforted five-year-old whom one has left counting the gold pieces through the slit in his red tin bank.

There was only one in that he could shake out, he found; but one was a great deal of money. He slipped out of the house tortuously, and with the conventional stratagem of his elder cousins' heroes, unnoticed by the hostile tribes of his cousins or the unsleeping eye of that great chief, his aunt—he heard them laughing and talking in the after-dinner peace of the front veranda.

And his eyes were very bright, and his breast, under all the bravery of the scarlet sweater, heaved a little tempestuously, as he faced the conductor fifteen minutes later.

"I've got my ticket!" He extracted it with difficulty from a very tight hip pocket, and presented it with dignity. "I paid the man my gold piece for it. I've seen my uncle do it, and that's quite enough."

"Yes," said the conductor gravely, and regarding the ticket judiciously. He put his next question delicately, cautious of offending that beautiful and cherubic dignity in the scarlet sweater.

"Does your uncle know you are going up to New York alone?"

Laddie did not hesitate. His morals were founded upon the solid rock of example and precept, and at the eluding of satanic traps to fib he was more skilful than any of his cousins.

"I'm going to see my favver," he pronounced bravely.

"Oh, yes—yes, certainly," acquiesced the conductor. He punched Laddie's ticket mysteriously, and stuck it in the little holder above his seat. "Well, you'll get there in about five hours," he said.

Then he went away. He was a very busy conductor. Not even Laddie in his red sweater interested him particularly.

But Laddie sat up very straight, his eyes big with seeing new things. He forgot the imminent peril of discovery.

As the train shook itself free, he forgot even to congratulate himself upon accomplished escape.

He turned to the lady opposite him with a smile of bland comradeship.

"Do you feel it wiggle?" he asked. "I feel the wiggles right up through all of me, don't you?"

The lady, who had been watching him with drowsy and somewhat indifferent admiration, had eyes that understood. They smiled at Laddie, a little apprehensively perhaps, since the lady had no desire for conversation.

"Yes, I feel them, too," she said.

"Why does it wiggle?" demanded Laddie, leaning far over the arm of his seat so that his strained little voice reached her clearly. "When I push my train of cars it goes zoop!—right

straight and smoov', most half way across the room, only 'most always it hits Aunt Myra's work-table and falls over. But it doesn't wiggle bit!"

"The man who made your train of cars knew how," the lady said, smiling.

She had very white teeth. Laddie approved of them. He slid down from his seat and slipped swayingly into hers.

"I guess I'll sit wiv you," he announced sweetly. "I can talk better and not hurt my froat so. I've got quite a few questions to ask."

He asked them. The lady sighed. But she was a lady whose heart was much warmer than her principles, and she answered the questions almost to his satisfaction. But she hoped that in years to come he would not recall the marvels of her knowledge of mechanics.

When at last he had lapsed into silence, his round eyes studying the faces about him with a child's shrewd estimate, the lady's turn came. It was hard to remain long indifferent with Laddie.

"Are you going far alone?" she asked curiously—for it was such a very small blot of scarlet curled in the seat beside her.

"As far as my favver," he answered, politely definite. "It takes me five hours."

"But who put you on the train?" she persisted. "Have you been visiting?"

"I—I've been visiting my uncle," he said bravely still, though her words brought a sudden tightening in the small throat. The marvel of it all was growing old quickly, as marvels do for children, and Laddie was growing tired. "Nobody put me on. You see, I've often seen my uncle buy his tickets—only I never went before."

"But to let you come alone!" the lady cried aghast. "They shouldn't! A mite like you!"

Laddie stretched his short legs to the limit of their elasticity.

"I'm six—nearly," he said with dignity. "At least I'm five."

The lady laughed, but checked the laugh decorously. Then swift suspicion caught her.

"They knew you were coming, didn't they?" she demanded sternly. "You're surely not running away?"

Laddie swallowed hard.

"My—my aunt said I should go," he explained; "and—and my favver will meet me, and—"

(It was Laddie's bedtime. Outside, the homesick twilight was pressing, ghostly and gray, against the windows. At home

his aunt was tucking Martin and Ned into bed, and his own bed, white and soft and waiting, stood empty against the pink and green wall.) He looked up at the lamps which the brakeman had just lighted, and the white flames blurred into a misty line before his eyes. He turned sidewise in his seat, and, burying his yellow head in the lady's lap, wept lustily.

"I want to go back!" he wailed. "I want to wait for Uncle Hal!"

The lady looked a little dismayed, a little shamefaced, as she gathered the child in her strong young arms and held him close.

"Never mind, dear," she crooned. Forgotten nursery lore came back to her. "You see, now they're expecting you. Your mother is waiting for you!"

Laddie threw back his head to regard her with lugubrious amaze.

"I haven't any muvver," he exclaimed, quite steadily, in his surprise at her ignorance. "And favvers can't keep boys alone!"

The full force of this oft-repeated explanation of his aunt's came to him now for the first time. His arms about the lady's neck tightened convulsively.

"Suppose my favver can't keep me!" he moaned.

In his tone were hopeless visions of a world-wide loneliness—of an infinity of utter darkness wherein one small boy in a red sweater wandered blindly forever and forever.

The pity of it all surged over the lady. She held the little figure closer, and a woman facing them further down the aisle smiled at the pretty picture she made—the slender, black-gowned young thing with the scarlet little form so close against her heart. But Laddie flung himself out of the embracing arms.

"I want to go back!" he shrieked. "Oh, I want to go back!"

For a moment the lady looked about her helplessly. She was a capable young woman, in the habit of settling problems for herself, but her problems had never included an errant small boy who had worked himself into a hysteria of tired excitement and grief. They had never included small boys at all.

"Hush, dearest!" she implored. "We will find your father, you and I. He will keep you, never fear! He will want you!"

Against her heart, Laddie's sobs were lulled slowly. His small brain, drowsily active, found suddenly a clear solution of his baby problem. He put up a grimy

little paw and smoothed the gracious lady's cheek insinuatingly.

"If he can't keep me," he asked with sublime assurance, "if my favver can't keep little boys, you'll keep me, won't you?"

The lady gasped and laughed, and then, because she was a woman who acted upon impulse, she stooped and kissed the round, brown cheek.

"Yes, I'll keep you, sweetheart!" she said.

And as the train lurched on in the soft summer darkness, Laddie slept.

II.

AFTER a while the lady rose cautiously—with that mother caution which women learn so soon—and made a pillow of her Raglan for him. She laid the rough, little head gently upon it, and straightened the cramped little legs with a touch so tender that to the onlooker it might have seemed practised. Lifting the hand that hung over the edge of the seat, she laid it softly on the red breast.

Then she stood and looked down at the child, and a variety of emotions were in her face—quizzical self-mockery, a new gentleness, a certain sadness, too, which she was farthest from understanding. After a moment she shrugged her shoulders, laughed softly—since laughter was all her philosophy—and settled herself in the seat across the aisle—the seat that had been Laddie's before the "wiggles" of the train had invited him to her side.

With her head against the cushions behind her, she meditated. Her thoughts irritated her with their uncertainty, their vagueness. She had always been so sure of herself, so sure of her own wishes! She sat up very straight at last, brushing away her indecision with a brisk little gesture.

"What nonsense!" she told herself sternly. "As if all children were desirable because this one has touched you! As if, just because of this one with his dear little graceful ways, that other—*his* boy—wouldn't irritate you the more with his awkwardness and his freckles and his noise! No, you were right last year when you told him first—you were right when you wrote that letter to-day—you will be right when you post it on your way home!"

She looked across at her charge, and shook her head, smiling a bit uncertainly.

"The only thing you weren't right in was in saying that you hated *all* children.

But this is probably nothing more than the exception proving the rule."

She drew the letter from her suit-case and read it over with obvious satisfaction.

DEAR BILLY :

The flowers and the letter reached me here. Both were a comfort in this forsaken little country hotel where a woman reporter is stared at as if she were a two-headed monster, and a woman who—quite inadvertently, for she has no desire to shock the natives—leaves cigarette stumps on her washstand is ostracized by the chambermaids and ogled boldly and badly by the bell-boy (there is one).

To know, when you are nearly mad with gazing at the weeds in the front dooryard, that somewhere hot-house roses blow—for you; and when your very soul aches for weariness, that somewhere one man would have you leave off work forever—Billy, dear, it's good!

And I don't want you to think I'm ungrateful. I'm not. The case I'm on is over to-day. To-night I go back to the city. To-morrow I shall see you. See you, Billy, after two weeks of stuffy courtroom! And you are so gloriously big and airy. I wish you weren't—I shouldn't have to love you then.

And I do love you. What's the use of hedging? Simply and madly I adore you! But that doesn't change me—not one bit. I am writing this to-day so that you may read it to-morrow before you hear I'm in town. Then, if you mean to be very angry, you needn't come to me right away. I'm awfully tired. I'd really rather not see you than quarrel with you as dreadfully as we can quarrel.

Billy, I can't marry you while there's the boy.

I wish—I wish I could make you understand. It hurts me that you must think me unwomanly and hard. I suppose I am all that, but think, dear!

I have told you all this so many times before—forgive me if I tell you only once again. You say he need never live with us. Oh, I know how that would be! Those people would tire of him, when they knew you had a wife to comb his hair and wash his face. And you—his father—couldn't turn him out when they sent him back to you. I, your wife, who had taken the place of that other woman, couldn't let you turn her child away. No, we should have to take him, and all our happiness—except for the child, we should be horribly happy, Billy!—would end there.

For I hate children! They don't even interest me scientifically, as it's the fad to be interested nowadays. They bore me when they are quiet and unnatural; they drive me wild when they are natural, and little demons. I suppose if I had to have them of my own, I'd get used to them, but I couldn't endure another woman's—a dead woman's—a woman's who belonged to *you*! Don't you see? Oh, Billy, don't you understand? I should be jealous of that dead woman when I saw her child beside you.

And then, again, what sort of mother should I make? I haven't been brought up to be a mother any more than you were to be a father—your being one was just a bad mistake of destiny. Of course I'm a good woman, in a way, but mothers are made of better stuff than I—gentler and purer and holier. Look at my friends, who are likewise yours. Could we set a little child among them? Why, they laugh at children as unlucky accidents. Could

Stephanie sing her songs before him? Could Brookline tell his stories? There's nothing bad about any of us, but we're careless, we're vulgar and common, Billy—in contrast with a child. There are so many things—harmless in themselves—we should have to give up.

You, perhaps, would love the child—but not wisely. Aren't you ashamed of him now? Do you ever mention him? Did I know he existed until Brook jeered at you for being a father in Israel that night, and you confessed as shamefacedly as if you were owning to a class in Sunday school? Oh, Billy, you're a mighty poor excuse for a father, and I should be a poorer one for a mother.

Of course there is always the way you suggest. If you give the child up legally, so that those people could never send him back to us—but there, the thing I call my conscience stirs. Poor little wretch! I suppose he has a right to say he has a father somewhere, even if it's a poor one.

No. I've chosen wisely, dear. There is no other way.

EILEEN.

She folded the letter slowly, and as slowly put it back in the envelope. She sighed a little. The vision of Billy, big and tender, and full of boyish laughter, blinded her. Then she shook her head defiantly and sealed the letter.

"You haven't lost your mind entirely, Eileen dear," she told herself, "just because one baby has made violent love to you, and you to him. Billy's boy would have big feet, and would stamp them all at once. Fancy Billy and me with a boy clumping between us when we walked in the park o' Sundays! Always between us!"

She sobbed surreptitiously. She was very tired, and it would be good to be able to rest in Billy's strong arms!

"Always between us!" she said again. "That boy, I—I hate him!" she ended passionately.

Then she looked across at Laddie. His face was tear-stained, it was dirty, there was a scratch across one temple, and it possessed the general indecision of five years. But she drew a startled little breath of discovery. She remembered how Billy's lashes lay against his cheek when he threw his head back with closed eyes while she sang. But she remembered, too, how straight and generally adorable was the outline of Billy's patrician nose. Laddie's nose seemed to be an only partially completed feature.

"Eileen," she told herself warningly, "if you wake that child, he'll cry again, probably. And then think how absurd, to wake the poor baby to ask him his name! It is undoubtedly Jones—Tommy Jones!"

She sat down with decision in her seat opposite, and gripped the arms of it.

"I think I'll just send Billy that letter

to-night, and I won't see him to-morrow. My intellect seems to be a little unseated. I'd better wait until it's quite in the saddle again before I risk those eyes of his."

"N'Yawk! N'Yawk!"

The words shook her out of her dreaming and into a realization of her responsibilities. Laddie rolled over, in perilous nearness to the edge of the seat, and slept on sweetly. Midnight is a foolish hour for waking, and Laddie's habits were grounded upon the bedrock of common sense and wisdom.

Eileen shook him gently. Then she bent and kissed the bit of forehead visible. Then she shook him again, more vigorously. Finally she lifted the dead weight of him, and set it upright. The stout little legs crumpled straightway, and with a stertorous sigh Laddie fell limply against her.

Eileen looked about her desperately. The conductor had evidently forgotten his charge. A man with a pleasantly amused face—a man who bore the hallmark of a father in Israel—came up to her.

"May I carry your little boy, madam?" he asked. "If he's like my own he won't wake up to-night."

"Oh, if you would," Eileen began. Then sudden caution seized her. Had she not had a case of kidnapping to report only three weeks before? The man looked honest, but Laddie—why, Laddie was a temptation even to her. "I wonder if you'll take my suit-case instead?" she asked sweetly. "It's really heavier than the child. And he might be frightened if he waked up."

The contingency seemed a remote one. Eileen, blinded by the sudden glare and bustle of the great station—it had never seemed so vast to her before—thanked the man vaguely as he set her suit-case at her feet, and darted away toward his car. The crowd brushed against her, porters besieged her, cabmen deafened her. And Laddie, heavily breathing, hung heavily in her unaccustomed arms.

She followed one of the cabmen with dazed acquiescence. To get the child home—then, in the morning—what? Advertise him in the lost-and-found columns? Hand him over to the police? Telegraph to his uncle? Try to find his father?

Beside Eileen a policeman loomed blackly. He was listening sympathetically to a man's story. The man was a tall fellow in a careless ulster, and his back was toward Eileen; but his voice

reached her clearly, insistently—a worried, exigent voice that offered rewards and threatened punishments in the very tone of it.

"Yes! A little fellow, I've told you! Just a kid—four, five, six years old, perhaps. Yes, *all* alone—I could miss him easily in the *crev'd*—my God, such a crowd for a baby to be alone in! Watch them get off? I tell you I did watch—but I couldn't be at every platform! I had some of you chaps watching, too. Just a little kid, haven't I told you? Just a little bit of a fellow!"

His voice broke sharply. Billy the insouciant! Billy the languid, the hater of scenes!

Eileen stumbled wearily against him.

"Oh, Billy, take this child!" she gasped. "He's so heavy!"

III.

It was very late in Eileen's little parlor. That is, for Eileen's new sense of propriety it was late. Bill would have said, laughing, that two o'clock was early. Billy was still largely a Bohemian, since men cannot so easily adjust themselves to a new order of things as women; but Eileen, gazing at him with glorified eyes, saw in him potential elements of respectable householding and dignified fatherhood.

"And then, Billy?" she demanded excitedly. "Go on! And then?"

"Well, after Hal telegraphed me I went down to meet the train, of course. It seems they had looked the whole countryside over before the fool agent woke up to the fact that he'd sold the kid the ticket—and there was only just time for me to get to the station. And when I didn't see him, and all the men I'd set to help me missed him—well, I did a lot of thinking quick, Eileen!"

"And a lot of talking," she laughed gaily. "But what did you think, Billy? Tell me, what did you think?"

The man looked at her, and in his eyes was the great desire of her which had

lain in them so long. And he looked at Laddie, still in the red sweater, still with the tear-stains, slumbering peacefully on the couch among Eileen's choicest pillows. It had not occurred to either of them that Laddie would be better off in bed in his father's rooms. But then, obviously, it had not occurred to Laddie, either.

"Why, I thought," said Billy slowly, "I thought that if I ever got hold of the boy again—if he wasn't run over, or stolen, or any of those things—I thought I'd never let him go again while my hands were alive to hold him. I thought I'd keep him, and I'd brace up to be worthy of him, all my life long! My boy! My little boy!"

His voice shook reverently, and Eileen leaned forward breathlessly. Why, Billy was a man—a man! Not simply a god-like boy with eyelashes and a laugh like Pan's in springtime!

"You thought you would keep him?" she asked with a curious little catch in her throat. "Even if—even if it meant giving up—me, Billy?"

His eyes darkened with pain, with defiance, with pleading.

"I shan't consider giving up you Eileen—I've told you that before. I'll pray to you, I'll beg of you, I'll bully you, I'll bore you—and after a while you'll go quite mad and take me—me and the boy! I'll tell you now, Eileen, that I had asked them if they'd legally adopt him, and they had consented. And I meant to let them do it—think of it! My own little fellow! My very own son! But after tonight—Eileen, look at him! You've seen him, you've held him in your arms. Eileen, you wouldn't make me choose between you and him?"

He leaned to her, persuasive, eloquent, boyishly dramatic. And she thrust her warm young hands suddenly into his.

"I wouldn't dare!" she cried happily. "You would choose the boy. And so would I—and so would I! Why, Billy, you goose! I want the boy worse than I want you!"

THE NIGHT AND THEE.

SEE the night come creeping to the turning in the lane!
It passes a clump of daisies, and their light begins to wane;
I watch the pinks to violet turn, the greens to sepia brown,
While through the drowsy duskness gleam the light-specks of the town.

I stood with the night upon me at the turning in life's lane,
Where the darkness deep had gathered, with the storm-clouds and the rain;
But a ray came softly gleaming like a bright star's path above,
Turning my night to rose-blush, dear—the beacon of thy love!

Jean W. Clark.

MISTAKES IN BANKING.

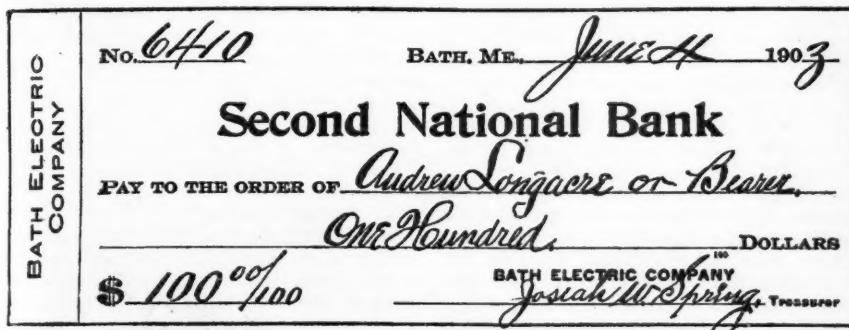
BY SAMUEL WOODS,

MEMBER OF THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE OF BANK CLERKS.

INSTANCES, TAKEN FROM COURT RECORDS, OF COSTLY ERRORS IN CONNECTION WITH CHECKS, NOTES, AND CERTIFICATES OF DEPOSIT—TRAPS INTO WHICH ANY ONE WHO HAS A BANK ACCOUNT MAY FALL.

MANY a man or woman has lost heavily by not knowing the A B C of the banking business. One wrong word, or figure, or letter—the right thing in the wrong way or the wrong place—the scratch of an eraser or the alteration of a word—any one of these things, in the making or cashing of a check, is

for new dangers as well as old ones. The cleverest crooks in the country are putting their brains against his. After he has learned the proper guard for all the well-known tricks and forgeries, it is still possible that an entirely new combination may leave him minus cash and plus experience.

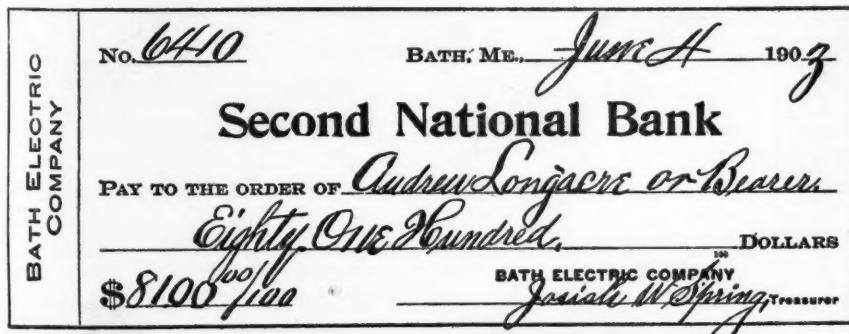


A CARELESSLY DRAWN CHECK THAT WAS THE BASIS OF A RECENT LAWSUIT—THE AMOUNT BEING WRITTEN IN THE CENTER OF THE CHECK, IT WAS EASY TO WRITE IN ANOTHER WORD AND FIGURE.

liable to become as expensive as a racing automobile.

The paying teller of a bank, like a Mississippi pilot, must keep his eyes open

But it is not the unique and novel swindle that is most dangerous, either to a bank or an individual. It is the simple, ordinary mistake or the time-worn



THE SAME CHECK WITH THE AMOUNT RAISED—THE BANK PAID IT, AND THE COURTS DECIDED THAT THE ELECTRIC COMPANY, NOT THE BANK, SHOULD LOSE THE EIGHT THOUSAND DOLLARS, ON ACCOUNT OF "GROSS CARELESSNESS" IN DRAWING THE CHECK.

<small>MCCABE BROS. COMPANY</small>	<u>NO. 410</u> <u>SAN FRANCISCO.</u> <u>April 18th</u> <u>1903</u>
\$2800♦ First National Bank <u>PAY TO THE ORDER OF Thomas De Winter Jr or Cmer</u> <u>Two Thousand Eight Hundred.</u> <u>\$2800.00</u> <u>DOLLARS</u> <u>McCabe Bros Co</u>	

A BUSINESS MAN LEFT THIS CHECK WITH HIS BOOKKEEPER, DATED APRIL 18, TO MEET A NOTE DUE THAT DAY. THE BOOKKEEPER ERASED THE FIRST FIGURE OF THE DATE, CASHED THE CHECK ON APRIL 8, AND ABSCONDED. THE BANK HAD TO REFUND THE MONEY.

trick that makes continuous trouble. Apparently, every new generation contains a number of dishonest people who lay the same traps, and a number of careless people who fall into these traps in the same old way.

CHECK-RAISING MADE EASY.

One of the first lessons, for instance, that a depositor should learn before he is qualified to own a check-book, is to commence writing the amount as near as possible to the extreme left of the check. Those who forget this are often reminded of it in a costly way. Some one "raises" their check by writing another figure in front of the proper amount. "Five hundred" might be "raised" to "twenty-five hundred" in this way even by an unskilled forger.

At one bank of which I was cashier there was an old lady who gave us more annoyance than all the rest of our depositors put together. She had invented an odd rule never to write a check for

more than one hundred dollars. If she owed three thousand, she would send a little bundle of thirty checks in payment. And in spite of all our warnings, she persisted in writing the amount in the exact center of the check.

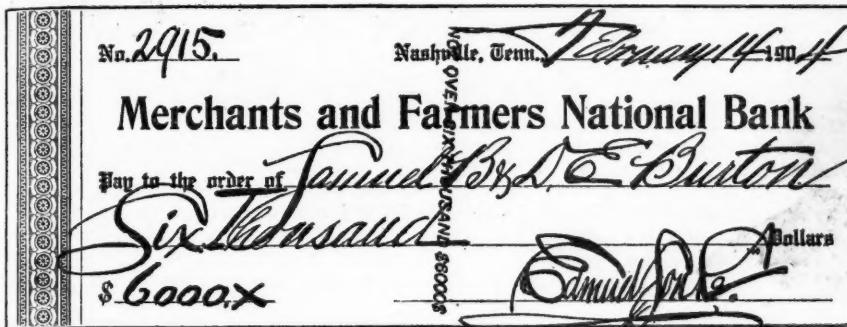
"All you have to do," she would retort sharply, "is to remember that I never draw a check for more than one hundred dollars."

The highest court has recently decided that a bank cannot be held responsible when it pays a "raised" check, if the maker of the check failed to write it out correctly in the first place. The treasurer of the Bath Electric Company, of Bath, Maine, had written a check for one hundred dollars, which was raised to eighty-one hundred dollars and cashed. The court held that the company, and not the bank, should lose the eight thousand dollars because of the treasurer's "gross carelessness" in drawing up the check.

We had another lady depositor whose

<small>Morris & Brown Beaumont Texas</small>	<u>No. _____</u> <u>Beaumont</u> <u>First National Bank</u> <u>H. C. Turner</u> <u>Two hundred</u> <u>\$200</u> <u>DOLLARS</u> <u>H. J. Morrissey</u>
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A CHECK THAT FIGURED IN A PECULIAR DISPUTE—IT WAS ORIGINALLY DRAWN ON THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK, BUT TO PREVENT ITS PAYMENT MORRISS TRANSFERRED HIS ACCOUNT TO THE BEAUMONT NATIONAL. TURNER CHANGED THE CHECK ACCORDINGLY, AND CASHED IT; AND WHEN MORRISS SUED THE BANK HE LOST.



WHEN THIS CHECK, PAYABLE TO SAMUEL B. BURTON AND D. E. BURTON, WAS INDORSED AND PRESENTED BY SAMUEL B. BURTON, IT WAS PAID IN FULL. THE BANK SUBSEQUENTLY HAD TO PAY THREE THOUSAND DOLLARS TO D. E. BURTON.

account gave us more trouble than profit. Her balance was usually a small one, but it was her habit to come to the bank every Monday morning, as soon as the doors were opened, draw out the entire amount, count it, and then deposit it again at the receiving teller's window. We christened her "the bank examiner."

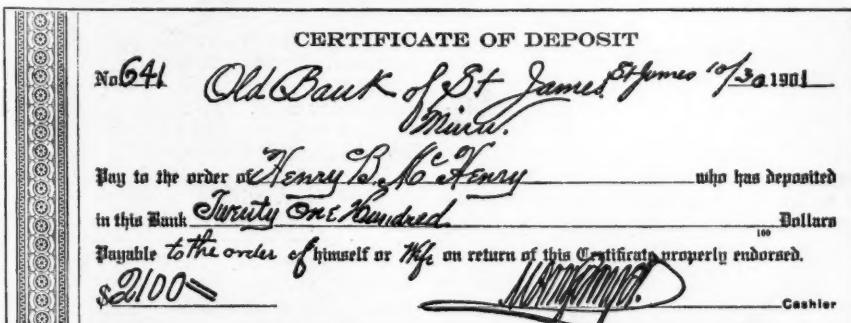
ALTERED WORDS AND FIGURES IN CHECKS.

Much loss and litigation has been caused by alterations in the wording of notes or checks. The altered check is the bane of the paying teller's profession. Sometimes a change is made so cleverly that a hawk's eye might not detect the forgery. A "1" may be developed into a "9," or a "6" into an "8."

The First National Bank of San Francisco lost twenty-eight hundred dollars in 1903 because its cashier failed to notice a change that had been made in the date of a check. A business man had

a note for twenty-eight hundred dollars coming due on April 18, and as he was called out of the city at the beginning of the month, he wrote a check for that amount, dating it the 18th, and left it with his bookkeeper. The bookkeeper waited until April 8, then scratched out the figure "1" from the date, cashed the check, and absconded. The court compelled the bank to refund the money, holding that the paying teller should have noticed the erasure.

A bank in Beaumont, Texas, involved itself in a costly and wrangling lawsuit because its cashier accepted a check on which the name of the bank had been altered. This case was so unusual that for weeks it transformed the town into a debating society. H. J. Morris had bought two hundred dollars' worth of oil stock from H. M. Turner, and paid for it with a check on the First National Bank. An hour afterward he changed



THE USE OF THE WORD "WIFE" IN THIS CERTIFICATE OF DEPOSIT CAUSED A PECULIAR COMPLICATION. MRS. MCHENRY INDORSED IT AND PRESENTED IT A FEW DAYS AFTER HER HUSBAND'S DEATH, AND THE BANK PAID IT—IMPROPERLY, AS THE COURTS RULED, SHE BEING HIS WIDOW, NOT HIS WIFE.

his mind about his purchase, and to prevent Turner from cashing the check he drew all his money out of the First National. Learning that Morris had transferred his account to the Beaumont National Bank, Turner scratched out the word "First" on his check and wrote "Beaumont." The Beaumont Bank paid the check, whereupon it was sued by Morris. On the first trial of the case Morris won, but the Court of Appeals decided in favor of the bank.

In Newark, New Jersey, a bank presi-

had been made payable to Samuel B. and D. E. Burton, although it was indorsed by Samuel B. Burton only. For this mistake it was obliged to pay three thousand dollars to the wronged half-owner of the check.

The habit of writing the word "wife" on a certificate of deposit, instead of the woman's name, has caused all manner of legal complications. A bank in St. James, Minnesota, cashed a two-thousand-dollar certificate of deposit for a widow who was not mentioned in the

Omaha, Nebr., June 11, 1904.

One year after date, I promise to pay to Francis Wilson or bearer Fifteen Dollars when I sell by order Five Hundred and Seventy-five Dollars (\$575.00) worth of seeds and plants for value received, with interest at seven per cent. Said Fifteen Dollars when due is payable at Omaha, Nebr.

Signed,

John Mallack,

Agent for Francis Wilson.

AN INGENIOUS SWINDLE BY WHICH MANY FARMERS HAVE BEEN VICTIMIZED—BY CUTTING IT AT THE DOTTED LINE, WHICH OF COURSE DOES NOT APPEAR IN THE ORIGINAL, AN APPARENTLY HARMLESS DOCUMENT IS TRANSFORMED INTO A NOTE.

dent not long ago paid three hundred dollars to learn that a note is worthless if any alteration has been made in its date. A borrower presented a note for renewal. It was drawn for four months, but the president said:

"I will renew it for two months only."

As he spoke, he drew his pen through the word "four" and wrote "two" above it. The note was not paid, either after two months or after four months. The bank sued. In defense, the borrower's lawyer pointed out that the document had been altered, since it was signed, by the president of the bank; and the court decided in favor of the borrower.

TRAPS FOR PAYING TELLERS.

Another short-cut to bankruptcy is to cash checks that are not properly indorsed. Even a check that is made payable to bearer should be indorsed by the payee, so that the check may become a complete voucher for the money that has been paid. When two names appear in the body of the check, it must be indorsed by both, otherwise the person whose name has not been signed may collect his half from the bank.

This last point was recently decided in Nashville, Tennessee, in the case of D. E. Burton *versus* the Merchants & Farmers National Bank. The bank had cashed a six-thousand-dollar check which

paper by name, but merely designated under the title of wife. The executor of her husband's estate brought suit against the bank and compelled it to pay the certificate a second time, as it rightfully belonged to the estate, and was not properly indorsed when signed by the widow.

In matters of finance, unfortunately, it is always necessary to be on guard against strangers. Especially will a banker be suspicious of unknown men who rush into his bank about five minutes before closing time and want their business hurried through. Generally, when a man says "Be quick!" to a banker, the banker says to himself "Go slow!"

Perhaps the most dangerous fraud perpetrated upon farmers is a form of contract which can be turned into a promissory note. On the face of it, the contract appears to be a highly profitable bargain for the farmer, who is invited to act as agent for the sale of plants, seeds, or machinery, with a small commission payable to the man who secures him the agency when a certain amount of sales have been secured. The farmer signs his name to a document like that on this page. The swindler goes off with the contract, cuts it into two pieces, and one piece proves to be a perfectly worded note against the farmer. He cashes the note at the local bank and travels on for new prey.

ROBERT BACON.

BY FRANK A. MUNSEY.

OUR RECENTLY APPOINTED ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF STATE,
A MAN OF THE TYPE THAT ADDS QUALITY TO THE PERSONNEL
OF THE GOVERNMENT SERVICE.

THE appointment of Robert Bacon as First Assistant Secretary of State marks the beginning of the entrance into government service of a new type of man. It has not required great persuasion to induce first-grade men to become Cabinet officers or United States Senators, or even members of the lower House. The ambassadorships have proved equally attractive. London, Paris, Berlin, St. Petersburg, and Rome are places that would strongly appeal to almost any one. But these, like Cabinet portfolios and a seat in the Senate, are positions of great honor.

In the diplomatic service, the smaller posts have not attracted, and naturally would not attract, men of broad business experience, of means and culture. There are many things that one can do right here at home which are far more amusing and far more satisfying to the average American taste. Business with us is the great absorbing game, the one game of all others, of which, when it runs smoothly, an American never tires. The honor attached to the smaller posts is not a sufficient inducement to first-rate men when there is no certainty of anything better ahead. And so, too, in the detail work of the government at Washington. A position like that of Assistant Secretary of State is emphatically a detail position, and one of much hard work with little honor.

HOW THE GOVERNMENT SHOULD GET ITS MEN.

Hitherto our diplomatic service has unwisely been recruited from the men who have made places for themselves outside of the government service, and not from the development within, as is the case in other countries. The system of filling important posts as a reward for political service or campaign contributions is pernicious and unsound. It is a pretty well established fact in the business world, and especially with the big concerns and great trusts, that they must make their own men. That is to say,

they must grow up their men, starting them in as either boys or young men fresh from college, and training them to the requirements of the institutions. And the atmosphere of a business house, like the atmosphere of a university, means more, vastly more than is commonly realized.

Men become strong and able where they fit the place and the place fits them, and by beginning with a house at a plastic age, they fit themselves to the house. Transfer them to another house, in a similar line of business, it may be, and they are too frequently failures; their supposed strength is not innate strength, but the strength of surroundings and intimate knowledge of the particular work of their particular house.

The Pennsylvania Railroad, which, in the training of its force and its management, is doubtless the best-organized railroad in the world, and one of the best organizations of any kind in the world, if not *the* best, always makes its own men, and is therefore able to maintain, year in and year out, throughout the change of administrations in its higher executive offices, the same general characteristics of management and the same atmosphere of management. This great railroad, very great in its wisdom, begins at the beginning of things with its training-school at Altoona, where boys and young college men are taken in to learn the railroad business from the bottom up, to learn it theoretically, scientifically, and practically. And what this railroad does the government could do and should do.

It may seem that I am wandering a good way from my subject, but I am not sure that I am. I am not particularly interested in treating the petticoat period of Mr. Bacon, and I cannot fancy that the public would have any special interest in such treatment. One of the best ways to emphasize a point is by reflection or example. The Pennsylvania Railroad, or any other organization, as

such, has no place in this little article; but as an example of what our great big government, with its enormous number of employees, could do, it is highly suggestive. We as a nation have grown big enough to break away from effete and pernicious systems of doing business. We should make our men in our own business, governmentally speaking, instead of raiding the law offices and business institutions and political job-shops for our Cabinet officers and ambassadors.

The ambassadorships and Cabinet positions should stand out clear on the mountaintops as the chief rewards for well-earned promotion in the government service. And such rewards properly belong to the men who give their lives to the service, and who, by reason of giving their lives to the service, are equipped as only such men can be equipped to do the work of these posts in the most workmanlike manner.

A NEW TYPE OF UNDER-SECRETARY.

Mr. Bacon's acceptance of an under-secretaryship is unique for a man of his opportunities, his great wealth, his culture and position in the business and social world. Such men hitherto, so far as I recall, have not been satisfied to take up the detail drudgery of the government in positions that bring little or no special honor. And the detail positions of the government are in fact positions of drudgery, with little of the excitement and interest and zest of great business enterprises, but instead with an atmosphere of red tape and snail-like pace to sicken the heart of an active temperament. Yet Mr. Bacon, who, as a partner of J. P. Morgan & Company, had years of the most exciting and dramatic business experiences in dealing with railroad reorganizations, with the formation of great trusts, and with enormous banking problems, deliberately steps aside from all this, and at forty-five enters upon a new career in the government service.

Whether he is doing this out of a sense of patriotism, or whether such a career, with the possibilities ahead of the honors that well-earned recognition may bring to him, appealed to him as a fuller and more satisfactory rounding out of his life than that of clinging, as our American men are wont to do, to the money-making game to the very end, is irrelevant. Be it either of these motives, or some other, that has induced him to take up his new line of duty, his example is one that may well be followed by other

men of first-rate grade; and the better the grade of men that the government can bring to its service, the more efficiently its work will be handled. In our present method of recruiting our public service, it is possible for mature men like Mr. Bacon to begin a new career with the government. With a system such as we shall doubtless have one day, and such as we should have, where men enter the service in boyhood or young manhood and are advanced from post to post, there will be no opportunity for older men, as at the present time, to enter the government service.

It seems to me that we have now reached a point in our development, and with our great wealth, where places in the government service should be looked upon as positions of great honor, and of such security that they would be sought as desirable life careers.

ROBERT BACON'S CAREER.

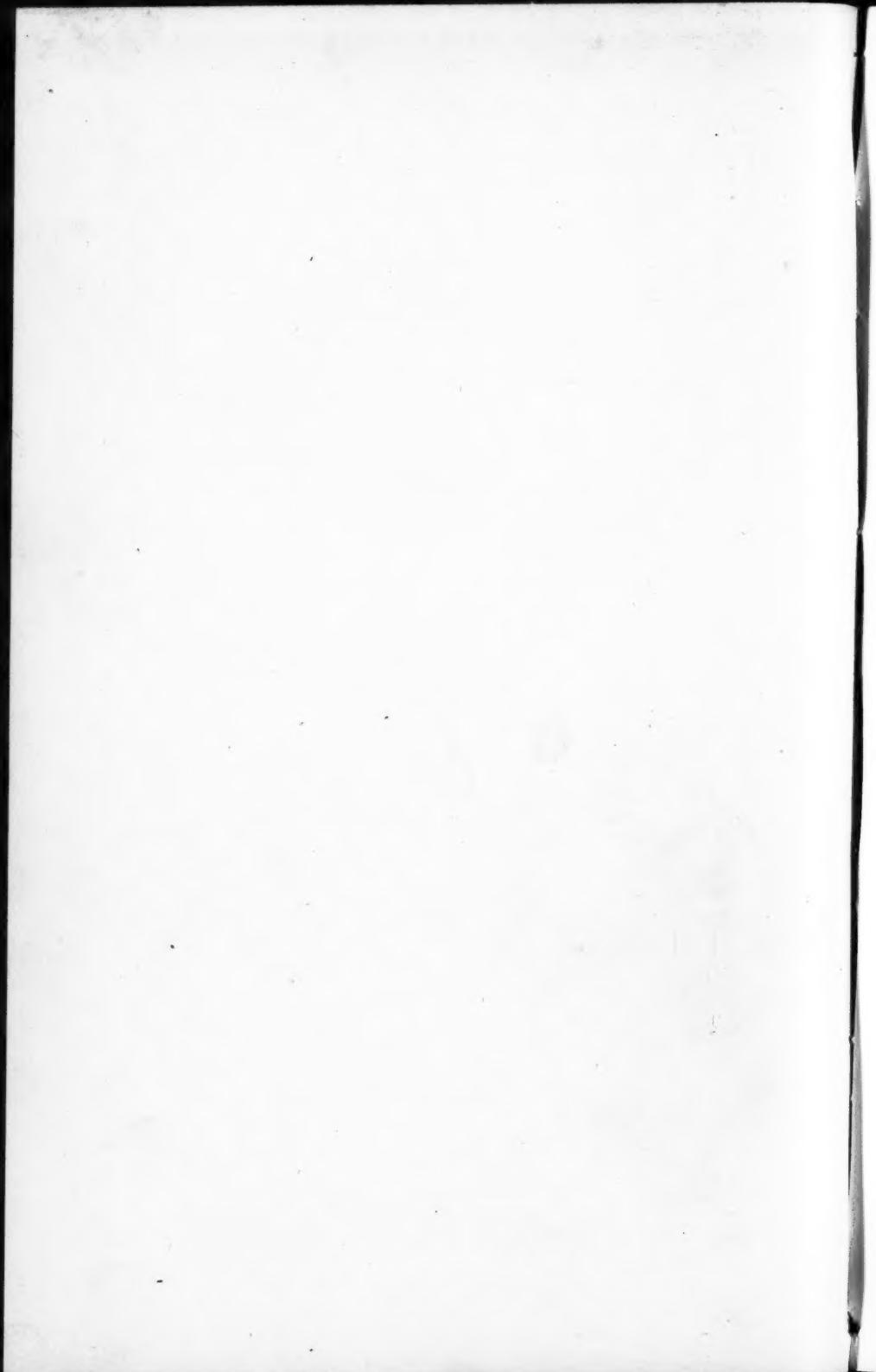
As to Mr. Bacon himself, there has already been so much written and printed about him, and he is so well known from having been long before the public that there is little to be said in this article. In a word, he is a very superior type of man, a man of splendid physique, six feet or more, well proportioned and a well trained athlete. He has a strong, kindly face that portrays a man of high grade—the first-rate human fellow that he is, the first-rate good fellow that he is. Mr. Bacon is a New Englander, from old New England stock, and, as every one knows, is a Harvard man of the same class with President Roosevelt. After leaving Harvard he entered into the banking business in Boston, and rapidly rose to be a member of the firm. While thus occupied he made the acquaintance of Mr. Morgan, who invited him to join him in New York as a partner in his great banking-house. And in this association he had the broad experience in affairs, among men who are great factors in the world, that should be of use to him, very great use, in fact, in the new career he has taken up. He is the type of man who will not only bring the highest grade of ability to the government service, but who will in more important posts, and particularly that of ambassador, later on, when he shall have earned promotion, do honor to the country as a very able and highly representative man—an all-around man equipped not only in personal ability, but in business experience, in government experience, and in social attainments.



ROBERT BACON, OF NEW YORK, THE NEWLY APPOINTED ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF STATE.

From a photograph by Sands & Brady, Providence.

[See page 185.]



ROYAL INCOMES AND EXPENDITURES.

BY WALTER LITTLEFIELD.

THE OFFICIAL ALLOWANCES AND THE PRIVATE FORTUNES OF THE LEADING MONARCHS OF EUROPE, AND THE EXPENSES THEY HAVE TO MEET—THE CZAR IS THE WEALTHIEST, AND THE ONLY ONE WHO RETAINS PERSONAL OWNERSHIP OF THE ANCIENT ESTATES OF THE CROWN.

THE average American looks upon a crowned head as an expensive luxury. If his ideas are anti-plutocratic, he views with indignation the expensive amusements and fêtes of royal indulgence, the lavish entertainments provided for royal reception, and the great sums paid to the members of royal families. He mentally arranges a sort of balance-sheet, and sets on the credit side nothing but the pride of patriotic subjects and a certain international prestige.

Such an accounting, however, is unfair. With the exception of the Czar of Russia, the Sultan of Turkey, and certain Asiatic potentates, it is safe to say that royalties are not only cheap luxuries, if regarded from purely sentimental points of view, but are, in most cases, potent forces for national advancement and valuable guarantees of international peace.

The spread of education and the development of democratic ideas have not merely curtailed royal prerogatives and royal stipends; they have forced the former within moral and family limitations, and have so diminished the latter that, in several cases, they are hardly an adequate return for actual work performed and risks incurred. For example, how would the average American of anti-plutocratic ideas reckon in dollars and cents the value of Edward VII's achievements in bringing the South African War to a close, and in uniting England and France by an *entente cordiale*, the consummation of which has recently been so vociferously acclaimed by the people of both countries?

Would England, France, and Spain be now in such happy accord in regard to Germany's ambitions in Morocco if the young Spanish monarch had not recently made social calls in Paris and London and received popular ovations in each city?

It is a far cry, to-day, from the feudal times when the monarch owned the territory of his realm and pocketed all the

revenues thereof. Had what is known as crown lands—the royal real estate—been administered like private property, parliaments would not now be called upon to support royal families, for these same families would be the richest in the world. There would be no civil lists, but royal plutocrats would rule supreme where now monarchs reign.

England was first to perceive the growing power of royal wealth, and to force the surrender of the monarch's capital by guaranteeing him an allowance. Russia has perceived it, but has as yet no power to negotiate a similar bargain with her sovereign. Consequently, Nicholas II is the wealthiest monarch alive, if not the wealthiest that ever lived. His annual income goes far into the hundreds of millions, while his expenses, of course, are also colossal.

KING EDWARD'S CIVIL LIST.

With the succession of every new British monarch, the formality of surrendering to the people the revenue of crown lands and certain traditional crown taxes is gone through before the civil list is granted. On July 2, 1901, King Edward VII made the usual surrender. His civil list was then fixed at four hundred and seventy thousand pounds, of which one hundred and ten thousand is appropriated to the privy purse of the king and queen, one hundred and twenty-five thousand for salaries and pensions of the royal household, one hundred and ninety-three thousand for household expenses, twenty thousand for repairs to royal abodes, thirteen thousand for charity, rewards, and so forth. By this same Civil List Act, the Prince of Wales receives twenty thousand pounds annually, and the Princess of Wales ten thousand during the present reign. From what is known as the Consolidated Fund, sums ranging from twenty-five thousand pounds a year for the Duke of Connaught, to three thousand for the Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, are al-



NICHOLAS II, CZAR OF RUSSIA, THE RICHEST MONARCH OF TO-DAY— HIS YEARLY INCOME IS ABOUT FOUR HUNDRED MILLION DOLLARS, BUT HE HAS TO BEAR THE ENTIRE EXPENSES OF HIS PALACES AND HIS VAST CROWN ESTATES.

lowed to other members of the royal family. The Prince of Wales has also a lien on the revenues of the Duchy of Cornwall, and the king on those of the Duchy of Lancaster, but the latter are paid into the Consolidated Fund.

In all it costs the people of Great Britain about nine hundred thousand pounds, or four and a half millions of dollars, annually, to support their royalties. That is a large sum, but it sinks into insignificance when we compare it to the seven hundred million dollars given as an estimate of the present revenue of the property and property rights

—some of which are identified with the most valuable real estate in London—once owned by British monarchs. Britons may provide for many more princelings and still have made an exceptionally fine bargain.

Queen Victoria's civil list amounted to three hundred and eighty-five thousand pounds. After the death of the Prince Consort, when she lived very quietly, her late majesty managed to put aside a large yearly sum, though she several times had to draw upon her savings in order to reestablish the credit of the then Prince of Wales. Since his accession, the pres-

ent king has kept strictly within the limits of the civil list. He still has his yachts, his stables, and his game preserves, but he dispenses less money upon

the Russias may be obtained by an examination of the "Journal of Financial Statistics" which is every year issued by the Muscovite government. The reason



EDWARD VII, KING OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND, WHOSE "PRIVY PURSE" ALLOWANCE IS ABOUT FIVE HUNDRED AND THIRTY THOUSAND DOLLARS ANNUALLY, HIS TOTAL CIVIL LIST BEING ABOUT TWO MILLION THREE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS.

Drawn from a photograph by Lafayette, London.

the pleasures of life than he spent before coming to the throne.

THE VAST WEALTH OF THE CZAR.

Little detailed information concerning the financial standing of the Czar of All

is that the national and the imperial revenues and expenses may be made to overlap according to the will of the monarch or the exigencies of state to which he is pleased to bow. Nevertheless, the fact is discernible that, for the fiscal year

of 1904, Nicholas II received in round figures eight hundred million rubles, or about four hundred million dollars. This enormous personal income represents the revenue of landed property covering more than a million square miles, of buildings in various cities, and of gold and other mines in the Urals and in Siberia.

Details as to the disposition of this vast sum are as hard to gather as those concerning its source. One thing is certain. The present Czar, who is noted for his love of home life and its simple pleasures, and for economy in household ex-

penses, does not personally spend anything like four hundred million dollars a year. It should be remembered, however, that in Russia many of the imperial expenses which elsewhere are assumed by constitutional governments must be met by the private purse of the autocrat. The various palaces with their personnel, including even whole regiments of guards, are supported by the emperor alone. The journeys that he makes are entirely at his own cost. The politico-economic position of Russia takes brief account of charity and education. Hospitals and asylums, schools and colleges—



FRANCIS JOSEPH, EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA AND KING OF HUNGARY, WHOSE OFFICIAL REVENUE IS ABOUT FOUR AND A HALF MILLIONS OF DOLLARS A YEAR, BUT WHO HAS MANY HEAVY CLAIMS UPON HIS PURSE.

which now appear like so many crystal drops in the dark, heaving sea of revolutionary Russia—have been established with lavish hand by Nicholas II.

make a display commensurate with his wealth. At the close of the last visit he paid to Queen Victoria at Windsor Castle he is said to have left twenty



WILLIAM II, WHOSE ALLOWANCES AS GERMAN EMPEROR ARE EXTREMELY MEAGER, BUT WHO HAS AN ANNUAL REVENUE OF ABOUT FOUR MILLION DOLLARS AS KING OF PRUSSIA
—IT IS UNDERSTOOD THAT HE IS USUALLY SHORT OF MONEY.

As at home, so it is abroad, the Czar is responsible for his expenditure solely to his personal exchequer. On his travels, he has always shown a disposition to

thousand pounds—twice the annual salary of the president of the United States—to be distributed among the retainers attached to that palace.

Let us now turn to a monarch who plays a leading part upon the stage of international politics, but whose financial standing, if judged by the excess of ex-

twenty-six hundred thousand marks—about six hundred and fifty thousand dollars—voted every year by the Reichstag for the support of the office of *Deutscher*



VICTOR EMMANUEL III, KING OF ITALY, WHO HAS ABOUT TWO AND A HALF MILLIONS OF DOLLARS A YEAR TO MAINTAIN THE QUIRINAL AND HALF A DOZEN OTHER PALACES—HE IS A MONARCH OF VERY FRUGAL TASTES.

penditure over revenue, marks him as the poorest in Europe.

THE KAISER'S SMALL ALLOWANCE.

As German Emperor, William II not only has no civil list, but practically no state revenue, with the exception of the

Kaiser; and of that sum, the emperor can lay his hands on only about one hundred thousand marks. Fortunately, he has other resources. As King of Prussia he receives an annual salary of nearly sixteen million marks. Nominally, he is the owner of the Prussian crown lands, but

his revenue from them is fixed by law, the balance being paid into the state treasury. There are further items of royal revenue, but these are applied, for the

land in various parts of Germany. These estates to-day produce a very handsome income. But all this does not obliterate the fact that the sum provided by the



ALFONSO XIII, KING OF SPAIN, WHOSE CIVIL LIST IS ABOUT FOURTEEN HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS ANNUALLY—IF HE MAKES A POPULAR MARRIAGE HIS ALLOWANCES WILL PROBABLY BE INCREASED.

most part, to the support of the minor princes of his house.

The present emperor's grandfather, William I, was a very saving man, and did much to improve and develop the private property that he inherited, consisting of castles, forests, and farming

German Empire, as such, for the support of its sovereign is absolutely inadequate to his imperial prestige and activity. Moreover, since the empire was established, thirty-four years ago, the expenses of the court have been enormously increased; but until the Reichstag is

moved to view the situation in a proper commercial light, William II will probably remain what is proverbially known as "hard up."

With the exception of yachting, the German Kaiser has no expensive pas-

waters of the little South American republic may not have been entirely unconnected with the imperial interests there. The emperor is also said to own a large block of Russian bonds, and his fortune has more than once been aug-



LEOPOLD II, KING OF THE BELGIANS, WHOSE CIVIL LIST IS LESS THAN SEVEN HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS, BUT WHO HAS LARGE AND PROFITABLE PRIVATE BUSINESS INTERESTS—HE IS KNOWN AS A GREAT "SPENDER" FOR THE GRATIFICATION OF HIS FANCIES.

times, and he is said to have a keen eye for a good investment. His financial operations, however, are not always fortunate. It is understood that some years ago certain banking-houses in Hamburg purchased on his account a large quantity of "Venezuelans." The subsequent appearance of German war-ships in the

mented by bequests. Baroness Cohn-Oppenheim, who died in Berlin three years ago, left him several million marks.

The expenses of the Kaiser's household are most carefully calculated and adjusted. The empress has her stipulated annuity of one hundred thousand marks, which may not be overdrawn. Each of

the princes and the princess has a definite allowance, and the amount to be spent for Christmas presents is made out with careful view to the character and station of the recipients.

THE AUSTRIAN EMPEROR'S GENEROSITY.

The income of the Emperor-King of Austria-Hungary is represented by a civil list of twenty-two million crowns, or about four and a half millions of dollars, of which nine million crowns is paid him as Emperor of Austria, and the rest as King of Hungary out of the revenues of that state. In his youth he was a good "spender," and liberal, not to say prodigal, in gratifying his personal tastes and fancies. Since he has reached the age of royal discretion he has had little opportunity to save, for the archdukes and archduchesses of his family—his daughters, nephews, and nieces—have been a constant drain upon his financial resources. He has even been obliged to enter the field of industry, and to market the product of the royal vineyards.

Besides the claims of members of his family who have made unfortunate marriages with impecunious royalties—and even with adventurers, royal or otherwise—the resources of the emperor-king have been still further depleted through his generosity toward his wife's sister, the dethroned Queen of Naples, and, until recently, toward another sister-in-law, the Duchesse d'Alençon, who was burned to death in the gruesome charity bazaar fire at Paris. He has also been extremely liberal in his dealings with his subjects.

KING LEOPOLD'S BUSINESS INTERESTS.

Probably the King of the Belgians has the best business head of all the European monarchs. At the same time, he is the most magnificent spender for the gratification of his own desires and the accomplishment of his own purposes. Not that he is personally ostentatious. He goes about Europe incognito and with very few attendants. In Paris he is taken for an English millionaire, in Berlin for a wealthy German manufacturer, and in Constantinople for an Eastern potentate who wishes to see and indulge in Mohammedan pastimes, no matter at what cost.

Leopold II has a civil list of three and a half millions of francs, or a little less than seven hundred thousand dollars, out of which forty thousand dollars must be paid to the Count of Flanders, as heir presumptive. This official stipend would hardly furnish the money he once ex-

pended on a single visit to Paris, when he presented a diamond necklace worth twenty-five thousand dollars to the since famous Cléo de Mérode, then a "rat" in the Opéra ballet.

There is, by the way, a characteristic sequel to the story of that Parisian excursion. It is said that after making the magnificent gift to the dancer, the business instincts of the man asserted themselves. On a subsequent visit to Mlle. de Mérode's abode in the Rue des Capucines, Leopold suggested that some of the diamonds needed resetting, and asked the privilege of having his jeweler perform the work. In due time the necklace was returned, shining more brilliantly than ever. A couple of years passed, when Mlle. de Mérode, being temporarily pressed for funds, thought that she might easily raise something on the royal gift. The expert appraiser who examined it informed her that the jewels were paste.

But whence came the magnificent sums which Leopold is understood to have thrown to the dogs in half the capitals of Europe? The answer is simple. He is the chief stockholder in the syndicate which controls the Congo Free State, and as such has all the privileges and emoluments of a trust king. His income from the African rubber output alone goes far into the millions.

The royal establishment in Brussels is on a modest scale, and the king spends no great amount of money for household expenses. His fad for horticulture, however, is quite a costly one. The magnificence of his private greenhouses, the rarity and beauty of the plants and flowers he cultivates, are unequaled. Two years ago he paid a hundred thousand francs for what is said to be the only specimen of a rare variety of orchid ever brought from the tropical morasses of the upper Amazon.

THE FRUGAL KING OF ITALY.

Like Edward VII, the King of Italy receives an allowance from his government which is utterly disproportionate to the revenues, now enjoyed by the state, of the lands and palaces once owned by his house. These crown possessions have in the last forty years been greatly enhanced by the incorporation of the properties that belonged to the minor rulers of former independent fragments of the now united kingdom.

The civil list of Victor Emmanuel III is an annual stipend of fifteen million lire, or about three million dollars. From

this amount must be subtracted four hundred thousand lire to the children of the late Duke of Aosta; a similar amount to the Duke of Genoa; and a million lire to the king's mother, Queen Margherita. His majesty is left with about two and a half millions of dollars, with which he is expected to keep up the dignity of the court of the Quirinal, and to maintain half a dozen royal palaces and villas which the state munificently lends him.

It was a good thing for the finances of the Quirinal when Victor Emmanuel III, then Prince of Naples, married the daughter of the impecunious but hard-working and frugal Prince of Montenegro. The late King Humbert, like his father before him, had neither time nor inclination to study domestic economy. He borrowed right and left, and was always in debt. Like Leopold II, he enjoyed expensive amusements, and he might have rivaled the Belgian monarch as a pleasure-seeker had his credit been as limitless. On the other hand, Princess Helena of Montenegro had behind her, in the court of Nicholas her father, many generations of princes who pushed bourgeois frugality to the highest point. When she wedded, nine years ago, she brought into her husband's household the ideas of thrift and saving which had been implanted in her during her youth; and he has eagerly emulated her.

Italians have a way of sneering at the economy practised by their monarch and his spouse, and at the simplicity and innocence of his pleasures, which form a striking contrast to those of his Piedmontese ancestors. With the exception of one grand court ball in February, and a brief series of smaller ones, the entertainments of the Quirinal are insignificant, and not to be compared with the social functions organized by American multi-millionaires. In summer the king and queen spend most of their time in the country, where they may frequently be seen flying along the roads in their motor-car, or picnicking under the trees in a most unconventional manner, practically without attendants.

ALFONSO'S FONDNESS FOR MOTOR-CARS.

Another young royalty who has the motor-car mania is the King of Spain, who has even less to support it on than his cousin of Italy. His civil list is fixed at seven million pesetas, or about fourteen hundred thousand dollars, exclusive, however, of provision made for members of his family. It is fortunate that he was carefully and frugally reared by his

Austrian mother, the Queen Regent Maria Christina.

Most of Spain's hopes of prosperity and power lie in the direction of commercial and industrial development, and not in any display which her monarch may make before the courts of Europe. At the same time, the Cortes willingly expends large sums for the entertainment of royal guests and for the transportation of the young king when he goes visiting. Should he make a popular and important matrimonial alliance with a princess of some great royal house, the Cortes may be expected to open the nation's purse a little wider.

But some of the king's peregrinations, now that he has a motor-car, make no demand on the national treasury, or even upon ministerial attention. One day, not long ago, it was found that Alfonso had disappeared from Madrid. He had started out on his automobile without warning, and all trace of him had been lost. Valladolid, Pampeluna, Saragossa, were called up by telephone, all to no purpose. At a late hour a message from San Sebastian, transmitted by the Governor of Navarre, gave the news that the young king was proceeding across the Pyrenees to Pau, to visit the celebrated castle of Henry IV.

Soon other messages began to come in. The king was at Pau; at Tarbes; at Lourdes, visiting the famous grotto. Here a despatch from Madrid was handed his majesty. This, however, did not prevent him from taking his place in the crowd lined up before the shrine. He was recognized and beset by beggars, and crippled pilgrims even asked him to touch their wounds. Alfonso reached Madrid at ten o'clock that night, having distanced a cavalry squadron which had been sent out to escort him from the frontier. General Martinegui, who happened to be present when the royal motor-car whirled into the palace yard, stepped forward to administer some advice, recommended by the king's mother, who had had alarming visions of accidents and anarchist attacks.

Alfonso smiled in his usual boyish fashion and said:

"General, may I also make a suggestion?"

"Certainly, your majesty."

"Then, for the sake of Spain, let your cavalrymen have better mounts. As it is, they have no chance with motor-cars, which some day may come over the Pyrenees, filled with infantry — *quien sabe?*"

SOME GREAT OLD PLAYS.

II—"THE BANKER'S DAUGHTER."

BY JAMES L. FORD.

THE FAMOUS PLAY BY BRONSON HOWARD WHICH, PRODUCED IN 1878 BY THE LATE A. M. PALMER, MAY BE SAID TO HAVE OPENED UP FOR THE AMERICAN DRAMA ITS MODERN ERA OF SUCCESS AND PROSPERITY.

THE night of September 30, 1878, is one that all historians of the American drama will mark with a bright red letter as that on which a play, whose invigorating influence on our stage can scarcely be overestimated, received its first representation at the hands of the Union Square stock company.

It was not alone that this play made an instantaneous hit with its audience, or that the press of the following day generously indorsed the favorable verdict of the night before; nor was it because of the admirable performance given by Mr. Palmer's players. At that time successes were the rule rather than the exception on the stage of his famous New York theater, and the public had learned to expect, as a matter of course, a thoroughly good performance when such names as Charles Thorne, W. J. Le Moigne, Sara Jewett, J. B. Polk, J. H. Stoddart, and Matt Lingham were on the bill.

Apart from these considerations, the occasion had a special significance which no one, not even the author of the play or the manager of the theater, could have dreamed of at the time; for with the production of Bronson Howard's "Banker's Daughter" the American drama entered upon an entirely new era in its history, an era that has brought to its craftsmen higher honors and greater profits than even the most sanguine of their well-wishers would have dared to predict a quarter of a century ago.

The whole history of this drama, the manner in which it came to be written, produced, rewritten, and reproduced before its final triumph at the Union Square Theater, is well worth telling. And it has seemed to me also that, apart from the healthy stimulus which this most notable production gave to the entire craft of playwriting in this country, its story is one that carries with it a lesson from which every embryo drama-

tist may derive hope, comfort, and instruction.

I am not one of the optimists who believe that there are hundreds of unacted dramas reposing in managerial pigeon-holes which would set the world afame could they but have a hearing, but I am quite certain that there are many plays thus stalled which could be made over into popular successes if their authors were not too vain or too ignorant to accept assistance from acknowledged experts. The heaven-born dramatic genius like Sheridan or Boucicault is too great a rarity to be reckoned with; but there are plenty of ambitious young writers who are gifted with talent and a certain dramatic instinct, and who might succeed under an experienced guiding hand.

To these I commend the example of the gifted and modest Bronson Howard, who knew enough to take advice and to submit his manuscript to alteration at the crucial moment of his career.

LESTER WALLACK'S ANGLOMANIA.

It should be remembered that at this time Wallack's Theater, the leading stock house in New York and the principal rival of the Union Square, was as English in every respect as if it had been situated on the Strand instead of Broadway. Lester Wallack himself imitated the English swell, as he understood him, in his bearing, voice, dress, and personal tastes. With a few notable exceptions his company was composed entirely of English players, and his repertoire contained scarcely an American play. When he produced anything new it was from the pen of some dramatist like Boucicault or Tom Robertson, and when there were no new plays available he was wont to fall back on such classics as "She Stoops to Conquer," "The Rivals," and "The School for Scandal," in the presentation of which his company was at that time unexcelled.

Wallack's native prejudice against plays of all descriptions save those that bore the London brand was intensified by the failure of a piece called "Twins," written for him by the late A. C. Wheeler, better known through his pen name of Nym Crinkle, under which he wrote caustic dramatic criticisms. Wallack always claimed that the play failed because it was American, but the author asserted that it had been purposely ruined by the chief members of the cast, in revenge for the criticisms that they had previously received at his hands.

Even when Wallack did a French play, he always used a London adaptation, with the scenes laid in England instead of America. Bronson Howard discovered this in connection with one of his early efforts called "Drum Taps," which dealt with certain episodes in our Civil War. Wallack read it through and then said to the author:

"Couldn't you make it over with the scene laid in the Crimean War?"

Howard made it over without changing its locale, and under the title of "Shenandoah" it ultimately did a great deal to help along the cause of the native play, but under another and more progressive manager.

Even in its decline, Wallack's Theater continued to be hopelessly bound in the fetters of British art. Just before the production of "The Banker's Daughter," at the Union Square, Wallack exclaimed sadly to a friend:

"I don't seem to know what the public want any longer. In the old days we used to take the latest London successes, and then with a play of Dion's"—Boucicault's—"or John's"—Brougham's—"and an old comedy or two, we contrived to finish out the season."

THE PIONEERS OF AMERICAN DRAMA.

As the Wallack star was going down, that of Augustin Daly was coming up, though at the time of which I write Mr. Daly was undergoing many serious vicissitudes in his efforts to establish himself as a stock manager. He had shown a disposition to consider the works of American dramatists, a spirit gratifying indeed to a generation of embryo playwrights who had long since grown weary in their attempts to storm the closed doors of the Wallack playhouse. But he seldom went beyond considering native plays, and on the whole it may be said that so far as Messrs. Palmer, Wallack, and Daly were concerned, the guerrilla band that constituted the guild of

American dramatists in the late seventies lived and worked under conditions that were almost hopeless. Their chief reliance was placed on traveling stars and combinations, but even these as a rule preferred the imported article.

A few dramatists there were in those days to whom the craft yielded a good living, and some who even made money and laid the foundations of subsequent fame and prosperity, by tinkering over French dramas so as to give them the appearance of American work. Two of these, Julian Magnus and A. E. Lancaster, had already amazed their contemporaries by disposing of their joint effort, "Conscience," a play which was afterward produced with Clara Morris in the chief part. Magnus was also associated with the late H. C. Bunner in the authorship of "The Tower of Babel," which ran a whole week in Philadelphia, and they had narrowly missed "landing" an up-to-date version of Jerrold's "Beau Brummel" on Mr. Palmer. Sydney Rosenfeld, to this day an active and picturesque figure in the theatrical world, had disposed of his version of "Dr. Klaus," called by him "Dr. Clyde," and was burlesquing the Union Square successes for the variety stage. Charles Gaylor had just broken the "hoodoo" of the Brooklyn Theater fire with "Our Boarding House" at the Park Theater. George H. Jessup, who is still in the ring, was trying to sell the manuscript of "Sam'l of Posen," from which an obscure actor named M. B. Curtis afterward made a fortune. Edgar Fawcett was devoting such time as he could spare from his magazine poetry and *Fireside Companion* fiction to "The False Friend" and "Our First Families," the first of which was eventually produced by Mr. Palmer and the latter by Mr. Daly. Brander Matthews was engaged in an exhaustive study of the drama—a study which was destined to bear fruit in later years in the form of various popular plays.

Another dramatist who became an important factor in the good work of strengthening the managerial and popular faith in the native drama was Bartley Campbell, a tall, raw-boned Westerner whose marked facial resemblance to Artemus Ward gained for him in London the nickname of "Bartemus Campbell." Campbell was a virile and distinctively American craftsman, although he was fond of laying the scenes of his plays in foreign countries. He will always be remembered for "My Partner," which was

given at the Union Square Theater not long after the successful production of "The Banker's Daughter." He wrote also "The Galley Slave," "The White Slave," "Siberia," "A Heroine in Rags," "Fate," "Separation," "Fairfax," and "Van the Virginian." Campbell produced many of his plays at his own expense, and personally directed their tours. For a time his profits were large, but in the end he broke down in health, mind, and pocket, and the last days of his life were sad ones.

THE CAREER OF BRONSON HOWARD.

Bronson Howard came originally from Detroit, Michigan, and had been employed for some years in newspaper work on the New York dailies. The last salaried position of this kind that he filled was that of dramatic critic on the old *Evening Mail*, which was subsequently incorporated with the still older *Express* into the *Mail and Express*. He had begun to write plays from his earliest youth; but as he himself has since wisely said, it was not until he began to "build" them that he made any sort of headway. Prior to the production of "The Banker's Daughter" he was known chiefly as the author of "Saratoga," which might be termed the first of the modern millinery school of comedies.

Mr. Howard's first play, produced in Detroit in 1864, was adapted from "Fantine," the first part of Victor Hugo's "Les Miserables." The play differed from the book, however, in that Mr. Howard had provided for it a final act in which the child was brought back to the dying mother. Some years later, the author saw Jerome's picture of "The Duel After the Masquerade," and was much impressed with its tragic note. The last act of his adaptation from Hugo was entirely his own, and he determined to blend it with the duel idea in such a way as to make a complete drama.

At this time Augustin Daly had in his company both Clara Morris and Fanny Davenport, and it was with these players in view that Mr. Howard set about the construction of his masterpiece. When finished it was offered, under the title of "Lillian's Last Love," to Mr. Daly, with the suggestion that the part of *Lillian* should be given to Miss Morris, and that of *Mrs. Brown*, the widow, to Miss Davenport.

Mr. Daly having declined the play, Mr. Howard brought it to Mr. Palmer. The manager of the Union Square was greatly pleased with the comedy element in

the piece, but after much consideration rejected it because the serious or emotional part was altogether too long and weighty, almost an entire act being given over to a death scene. Somewhat later it was produced by Mrs. F. B. Conway at her Park Theater, in Brooklyn, with Gertrude Elliott in the chief part. It failed to make a pronounced success, and for some time thereafter it slumbered in its author's desk. Then it had another production, this time at the hands of a Chicago stock company, with like results.

A few years later Howard rewrote it, and the late J. H. McVicker put it on at his theater in Chicago. Shortly after this production, Mr. McVicker, meeting Mr. Palmer in New York, told him about the play, and advised him to accept it for his stock company. Impressed by the words of the veteran manager, Mr. Palmer re-read it carefully, and put it in rehearsal, but before he could place it on the stage his European agent acquired the rights of "The Celebrated Case" on condition that he should give it immediate production. And so the piece that was destined to become an American classic received another setback, and the French play went on for a run sufficiently long and prosperous to make the heart of the struggling native dramatist sore with envy.

BUILDING A SUCCESSFUL PLAY.

Mr. Palmer, however, had not abandoned the idea of producing the Bronson Howard piece. He called into consultation the late A. R. Cazauran, and for three weeks that experienced adapter discussed the play with the author and the manager in order to bring it to the greatest possible perfection. In its original form, almost an entire act was devoted to the death of the heroine. While it was agreed that the comedy part of the drama was admirable, this long scene was deemed altogether too somber, and it was decided that it should be either cut out altogether or materially changed. Howard was determined that *Lillian* should live, insisting that as a sort of dramatic compensation the lover should die. The others wished to sacrifice the husband. At last, wearied with fruitless arguments, the author asserted in positive tones that the husband must live and become reconciled to his wife.

"Then I say," cried Palmer, smiting the table with his fist, "that that husband must do something that will make him worthy of a woman's love!"

The justice of Mr. Palmer's contention

appealed to the well-trained mind of Mr. Cazauran, who accepted the suggestion, adding one of his own to the effect that at the very last the husband should appear as his wife's defender, and not as her enemy. These and other essential points having been agreed upon by the trio, Cazauran took "Lillian's Love" in hand. He changed it in such a way as to carry out his own and Mr. Palmer's ideas, and not only improved it vastly, but, wonderful to relate, did it in such a way as to please the author as well as the manager. When the new version was completed, Mr. Palmer rechristened it "The Banker's Daughter," under which name it was produced, with Sara Jewett and Maude Harrison in the parts originally intended for Miss Morris and Miss Davenport.

Despite the numerous changes to which the play had already been subjected, neither Mr. Palmer nor Mr. Howard considered that it was as good as it could be made, and it was subjected to a long course of rehearsals, during which innumerable alterations were made in the text. Mr. Palmer, Mr. Cazauran, and Mr. Howard supervised these rehearsals, bestowing the most careful attention on even the smallest details. The result was one of the most finished and even performances that our stage has ever known, and one which could scarcely be duplicated to-day in any stock company.

FAMOUS NAMES IN THE CAST.

Apart from its extreme importance in the development of the American drama, the production was, as I have already said, a most noteworthy one in the history of a playhouse famous for its great successes. Mr. Polk, Miss Harrison, and Miss Jewett scored great individual triumphs, and Charles R. Thorne was revealed to the public, for the first time, as an actor who scored rather by virtue of what his art suggested than by unrestrained emotional display. At no moment in the play did he rise to greater heights than when, with infinite tenderness, dignity, and manliness, he carried out Cazauran's suggestion that he should

appear at the last as the defender of his wife rather than as her foe.

Agnes Booth was originally cast for *Mrs. Brown*, but she returned the part to Mr. Palmer; whereupon Mr. Howard, having in mind a pretty but inexperienced young actress who had recently joined the company, exclaimed, in a moment of inspiration:

"Why not give it to that little Harrison girl?"

Mr. Palmer consented, and Mr. Howard devoted considerable time to coaching Maude Harrison in a part which she played so well that her name will always be identified with it.

Another actress whose career may be said to have begun in this play was Sarah Cowell, since widely known as Mrs. Sarah Cowell LeMoyné. Miss Cowell played the part of a maid, which was really three parts—two butlers and one maid—merged into one. She had ten entrances and five lines, and made a distinct hit by her natural and sympathetic acting in a scene that lasted but a very few moments. She discarded the high-heeled shoes, short skirts, and little apron with pockets which had always been the attributes of the stage maid, and which had excited the ridicule of Dickens years before, and dressed the part in a long skirt, with black house slippers and a white cap of the sort that maids actually wore at that period. For one act she put on a simple blue calico dress of the most ordinary sort; and it is related that when Mr. Palmer first saw her in the costume he was struck dumb with amazement, for it was the first time in his life that he had seen an actress make up for the part of a maid-servant with any eye to naturalness.

To comprehend the importance of Mr. Howard's great success in the autumn of 1878, we have only to study the history of the stage in the years directly following it—years in which the American drama grew stronger and stronger in the popular heart, and gave opportunities to Gillette, Belasco, de Mille, Mrs. Burnett, and many another playwright who has since achieved genuine success.

TO AN OLD LADY.

SPARED to muse a little yet,
The parted seams of love to mend,
To chat a little with a friend,
Still to remember and forget;

You dream beside the gate awhile,
And pick the roses of the fall;
You listen for a voice to call,
And watch the sun go down, and smile!
Mounce Byrd.

MRS. CORNELIUS VANDERBILT.

BY WILLIAM S. BRIDGMAN.

A YOUNG NEW YORK MATRON WHO IS SIGNALLY EQUIPPED FOR SOCIAL LEADERSHIP BY BIRTH AND TRAINING, BY TEMPERAMENT AND ABILITIES.

A SUPERFICIAL accounting of the success of Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt as a social leader is sure to be followed by the explanation that she has behind her the Vanderbilt name and the Vanderbilt millions. So she has, and there is no denying the potency of either, nor the fact that a woman backed by them may go far. But to cap these admissions there is another even as palpable. It is that some women are bound to go further than others.

There are, for instance, those worth millions who remain in the ranks with other millionaires, content to gather up such successes as may come their way and beckon to them. There are a few who step forth from the ranks and command success, extraordinary and swift, success that labels them, even among millionaires, as social leaders.

Out of this same stuff that has fashioned these few, the great generals of the world—the Hannibals and Napoleons, the Grants and Lees—have been made. Women endowed with the power and the training that enabled them to lead scientifically have become the social queens of history—the Maintenons, the Récamiers, the Dolly Madisons. Such women shine by their wit and beauty; they are the brilliant centers of salons; they entertain princes and are entertained by kings.

There are prophets who, wise in such matters, predict that in the social history of America, some day to be written, the name of a Vanderbilt will rank with that of Mrs. Astor as one of the two most famous leaders of New York society. The future historian will also find it necessary to relate, in his chronicles of the present period, that there was a feud in the great Vanderbilt family, a feud which was discussed from end to end of the land, and which threatened to militate against the success of one Cornelius, heir apparent to the headship of the house. It is enough to recall here that some six years ago, when the late Cornelius Vanderbilt died, he left

a will cutting off his eldest surviving son with an inheritance of a single million—which was afterwards augmented to seven or eight millions by a revision of the estate among the heirs. Even our youngest readers must have some recollection of this, and of the marriage of Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., to Grace Graham Wilson, a belle by all the charms by which a woman attains to such a position, but preeminently a belle by reason of being the clever daughter of triumphantly clever parents.

One may see by the surety of her advance that Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt was trained by classical standards to succeed. She had the opportunity to learn the art of success scientifically, from approved models, models similar to those that made Eugénie de Montijo, Empress of the French, famous as one of the most captivating of graceful women. Year after year, as a girl, Miss Wilson visited the courts of Europe under the best of auspices. On the yacht of her brother-in-law, the late Ogden Goelet, she long ago met the Emperor of Germany. She was presented at his court, and at the court of St. James. In her education nothing was left to chance. Her methods bear no resemblance to those of the young women who attain success unexpectedly by tumbling upon it haphazard.

Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt knows not only how to do things, but why she does them. This is what we mean when we say that her training has been scientific. It is her talent, her skill, her *savoir faire* as a woman, that captivate. These were the qualities by which Eugénie de Montijo captivated Napoleon III. He realized that he had met the woman who could grace his throne.

Mrs. Vanderbilt has at her finger-tips, or rather at her tongue's tip, what the French call *l'art de bien dire*. One may add that she has also the art of manners. She may not be extraordinarily talented as an essayist or philosopher, but she is essentially talented as a woman, talented enough to have become

already a leader in the social world without in any way effacing the importance of her husband. On the contrary, since his marriage he has taken an active interest in politics; he has been spoken of for the Berlin embassy, and as a possible candidate for Congress; he has gone into the military service as a captain in the Twelfth Regiment; he has entertained the Kaiser in German waters on board his steam-yacht the North Star—and withal he has lost not one jot of his extremely practical interest in the mechanics of railroading.

The mention of the Kaiser recalls an open secret. It is one to be proud of, so let us break off here to tell it. When Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt heard that the brother of the Emperor of Germany was to visit America, she recalled herself to his majesty. He remembered her, and graciously commanded that the prince should dine with her as soon as she expressed her desire to entertain him.

"Why is Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt to be his hostess?" asked the world of society. "Why is she selected?"

In trying to answer satisfactorily, one could scarcely do better than to quote the words of Ferdinand Brunetière, who, speaking of Mme. de Maintenon, says:

"With her qualities one may command fortune, and one may retain it when it comes."

Not by any means did Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt become a social leader by her marriage. Indeed, it has been said that her wedding-day divided New York society into those who approved, and were friends of the Wilsons, and those who disapproved, and were friends of the Vanderbilts. Matrimonially, the bride's family had already been brilliantly successful. The eldest daughter married the late Ogden Goelet, one of New York's greatest land-owners, and her daughter is now the Duchess of Roxburghe. The

second is the widow of Sir Michael Henry Herbert, who was a brother of the Earl of Pembroke, and who held at his death the high position of British ambassador at Washington. The eldest son married Miss Astor, the daughter of New York's present social leader.

If for no other purpose, this list of brilliant marriages is valuable to explain why Mrs. Richard T. Wilson is quoted so universally as one of the most remarkable of mothers—which is indeed to call her one of the most remarkable of women. Comparatively unknown to New York until a few years ago, though of an excellent Southern family, she has certainly marshaled her forces cleverly, and led them, as far as any one may see, for their best advantage. It doesn't in the least follow that because her children made what the world calls fine matches, they were not therefore love matches. Indeed, according to all the canons of romance, a young man who gives up an inheritance of some three score millions to marry the girl of his choice proves indisputably his right to the title of lover.

The renunciation of fifty or sixty millions of dollars seems so colossal a sacrifice that few would voluntarily have chosen it; but with Cornelius Vanderbilt it has proved to be the wisest step of his career. Beyond a certain point, money counts for nothing, and a wife of the type of Mrs. Vanderbilt means vastly more than superfluous wealth ever can. While in no sense belittling the genuine abilities of her husband, those who know her best understand most fully how much of strength, energy, and purpose she has added to his life. It is almost certain that he occupies to-day a bigger place in the world without the three-score millions than he would have filled with them under the conditions specified by his father.

BONDAGE.

I WATCHED a butterfly his wings display—
Two fairy palettes daubed with colors gay.
I wandered on, and when again I came,
Still was he there; the flower he wooed, the same.
A tiny thread, escaped from spider's grasp,
Had caught the flower and insect in its clasp;
The butterfly knew not what stayed his flight—
He thought the thread a dazzling ray of light!

* * * * *

Would you the human butterfly allure,
Your fetter must seem just as insecure!

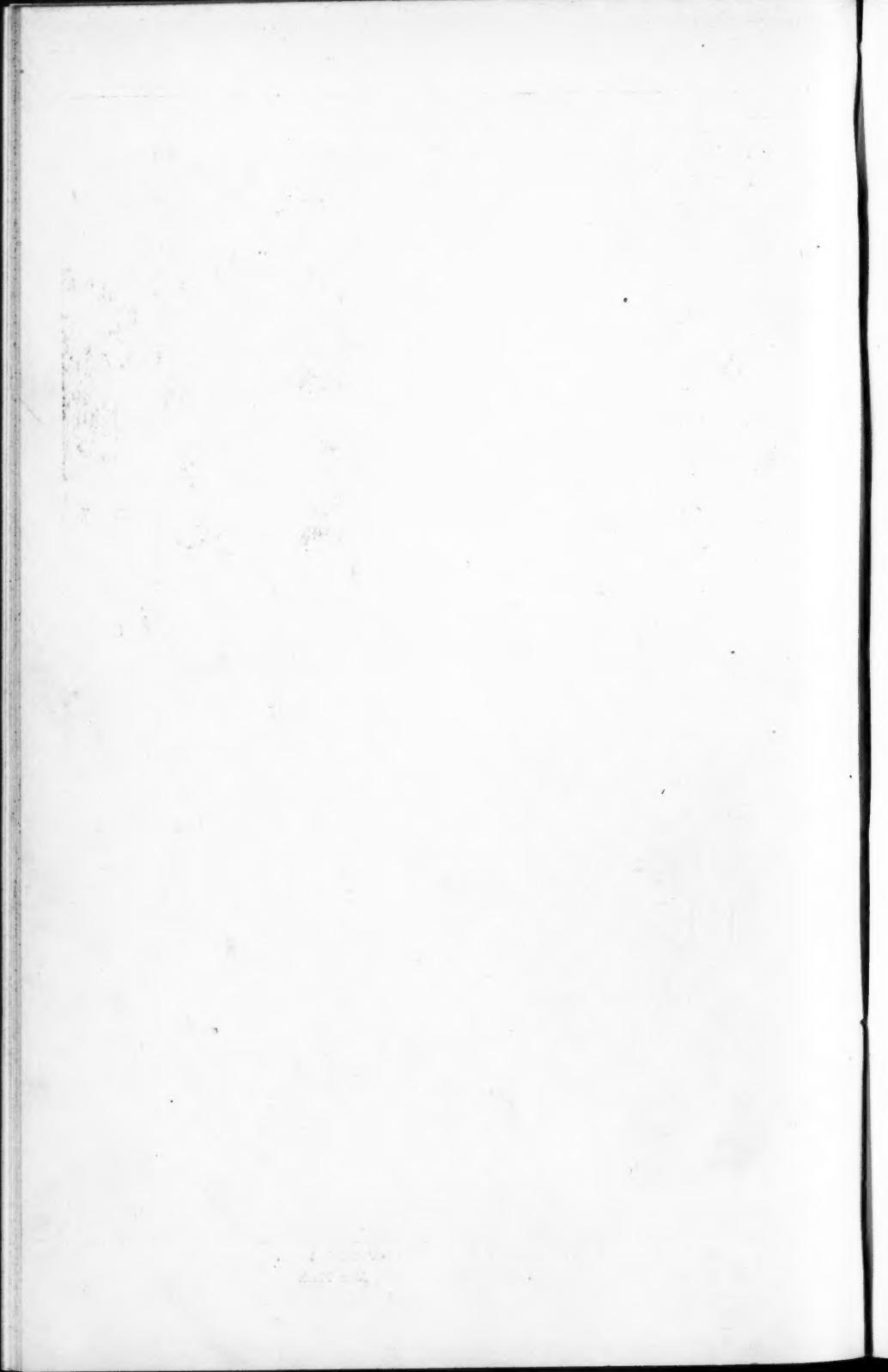
Walter Brooks.



MRS. CORNELIUS VANDERBILT OF NEW YORK.

From a photograph by Bradley, New York.

[See page 203.]



SYSONBY, THE RACE-HORSE OF 1905.

BY O'NEIL SEVIER.

JAMES R. KEENE'S ENGLISH COLT WHICH HAS BROKEN AMERICAN TURF RECORDS BY WINNING MORE THAN ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY THOUSAND DOLLARS THIS YEAR.

If you have among your friends or acquaintances any one who professes to know the thoroughbred and his works, and if you ask him which is the greatest race-horse alive to-day in the United States, or in any other country, he will say "Sysonby" without a moment's hesitation. And if you give him half a chance, he is pretty sure to add:

"And what is more, Sysonby is the best horse that ever was or ever will be. You may talk about your Hindoos, your Luke Blackburns, your Salvators, and your Hanovers, but not one of them could hold a candle to this fellow!"

Whether Sysonby is better than these famous champions were in their day, it is, of course, impossible for any man to say with certainty. They are not running now, and he has not met them. Comparing the racers of different periods is almost as inconclusive as comparing the great military commanders of widely separated epochs. Undoubtedly, however, none of Sysonby's predecessors on the turf of America or of Britain could have accomplished the tasks set before him with more graceful ease than he has shown in vanquishing all opposition this season.

Some turf folk profess to think that Harry Payne Whitney's three-year-old mare Artful is Sysonby's equal. The clever daughter of Hamburg was prevented by sickness from meeting her great rival in the race in which he clinched his title to the



THE START OF THE RACE FOR THE FUTURITY, AUGUST 27, 1904, ON THE SHEEPSHEAD BAY TRACK — SYSONBY STARTED A STRONG FAVORITE, BUT FINISHED THIRD TO ARTFUL AND TRADITION — IN THE ENGRAVING THE KEENE COLT IS AT THE EXTREME OUTSIDE, ON THE LEFT.

From a copyrighted photograph by the Pictorial News Company, New York.

primacy of his year—the Annual Champion Stakes, run at Sheepshead on the 9th of September. On that same course, in the autumn of 1904, Artful did defeat Sysonby in the Futurity; yet few discriminating students of form counted her the better two-year-old of the pair. The official adjuster of the Jockey Club, when he came to allot the weights last winter for certain spring and summer handicaps in which the two horses were entered, put heavier burdens on Mr. Keene's colt than he asked Mr. Whitney's mare to take up.

SYSONBY'S GREAT Winnings.

Sysonby has done much more racing than Artful. In the present year, he was up and about his business in the dewy morning of the season. He began his three-year-old career in the Metropolitan Handicap, the first "classical race" run at splendid new Belmont Park, and he has worked his passage at Sheepshead Bay, at Brighton, at Saratoga, and again at Sheepshead.

In the Metropolitan he ran a dead heat with a common little horse called Race King, which was not a very flattering beginning; but when he next appeared, at Sheepshead Bay, he reestablished himself in favor by galloping away with the historic twenty-thousand-dollar Tidal. Then he took the Commonwealth Handicap, worth some fifteen thousand dollars, the thirty-thousand-dollar Lawrence Realization, the seven-thousand-dollar Iroquois, and the fifteen-thousand-dollar Brighton Derby. Then he went to Saratoga and won the fifty-thousand-dollar Great Republic, beating Oiseau, one of the most formidable of his rivals of last year. He did not start in the Saratoga Cup, because it was run too close upon the heels of the Great Republic; but in September he came back to Sheepshead and capped his brilliant record by taking the twenty-thousand-dollar Century and the twenty-five-thousand-dollar Annual Champion.

His earnings so far this season aggregate more than one hundred and forty-three thousand dollars, by far the largest sum ever won by a three-year-old horse in America. The record made by Hanover, with a little less than ninety thousand dollars, had stood for almost twenty years before Sysonby broke it so decisively. Mr. Keene's colt also earned forty-one thousand dollars last year.

Since he has already, in two short seasons, won more money than nine out of ten of the great fliers of the past amassed in four or five, it seems safe to predict

that before he outlives his usefulness as a racer and retires to Mr. Keene's Castleton stud, he will earn a quarter of a million dollars. There will be Brooklyn and Suburban and Brighton Handicaps and advance and annual champion races next season and in seasons to come, and if ever a horse was qualified to win these rich races Sysonby is.

Sysonby's owner, and his trainer, James Rowe, fully believe him to be the fastest horse that ever stood on racing-plates. To Mr. Keene, a man who loves his horses as other men love their children, the remotest hint that his colt may not be the fleetest runner that ever lived is an affront. Rowe, who is equally enthusiastic, is a Virginian who began life as a stable-boy, and who has in turn been exercise-boy, circus rider, jockey, trainer, breeder, and starter. It was he who trained Luke Blackburn, and Longstreet, and Commando. Until recently he was disinclined to admit that any horse of these degenerate days could run as Luke Blackburn and Commando ran; but since Sysonby has taken up his weight and "gone on"—that is to say, has carried the whirlwind speed he used to show as a two-year-old over any distance that he has been asked to travel—Rowe has materially modified his views.

THE DAILY LIFE OF A CHAMPION RACER.

Many persons who know nothing of race-horses imagine that it costs more to keep a great horse like Sysonby than to maintain one not so formidable. As a matter of fact, it does not. Two dollars a day per horse is what a public trainer charges, and Sysonby could get along on that as well as another. While it is true that Rowe is careful to feed him the best alfalfa hay—which costs from forty to sixty dollars a ton in the East—and the finest and cleanest oats, it costs less to keep him than the trainer has to spend on such lesser lights of the Keene stable as Wild Mint and Delhi. He never has to pay veterinary bills for Sysonby. The reigning king of the turf is an absolutely sound horse. He never had a wind gall on one of his muscular, shapely legs; his hoofs are as clean and hard as flint, and not since he was a two-year-old has he so much as sneezed. He is plated by the same smith who plates the spotted pony that accompanies him of mornings in his constitutional; the pony's shoes cost quite as much as the great three-year-old's.

Sysonby enjoys only one luxury that is denied the other members of the

stable of which he is the bright particular star. He has his special attendant, while there is one man for every six or seven of the other animals. To say that this valet of Sysonby's is fond of his charge is putting it mildly. He dotes on the horse, and would delight to sleep in his stall if Rowe permitted him to indulge

when he is called to go out and do his gallop. Realizing that to be a good horse and keep on winning he must eat heartily and sleep regularly, he does both like clockwork. While Rowe is entitled to nothing but praise for the perfect condition of the horse and the cleverness with which he has been campaigned, it is



SYSONBY, WITH NICOL UP, RETURNING TO SCALE AFTER WINNING A RACE.

From a photograph by the Pictorial News Company, New York.

his affection to such an extravagant extent. He could do so with perfect safety. The champion racer is a gentleman, every ounce of him. No healthy two-year-old boy was ever gentler, and he is as playful as a Newfoundland pup. No matter how tired Sysonby may be, he is always ready to come to his stall door and rub noses with a caller, and he will stay there and play as long as the visitor can stand it. He plays roughly sometimes, as horses will, but he never did a vicious thing.

Sysonby is as well aware of his mission as are his handlers, and he is always ready for work. He never raises a row

no great exaggeration to say that his foreman could train Sysonby. Such a horse all but trains itself.

SYSONBY AN ENGLISH HORSE.

While all men admire Sysonby and glory in the splendid qualities which combine to make him the greatest three-year-old of his time, it is a question whether he is more of an honor or of a reproach to the American turf. For the fact is that this great colt who has made Oiseau, Agile, Broomstick, Cairngorm, Tradition, Tanya, and sundry other American fliers look so cheaply, is a foreigner. His



JAMES R. KEENE, THE OWNER OF SYSONBY (IN CENTER OF PICTURE), AND GENERAL STEPHEN SANFORD, A WELL-KNOWN BREEDER (WITH ARM RAISED), WATCHING MR. KEENE'S GREAT HORSE.

From a photograph by the Pictorial News Company, New York.

only claim to American citizenship is that he was foaled at Mr. Keene's blue-grass farm. His mother was brought there from England in foal. She is Optime, a daughter of Bend Or, the famous English Derby winner who was also the progenitor of Ormonde, Orme, and of many other horses famous on the British turf. His sire, Melton, a great racer in his day, is a son of Master Kildare, and has a pedigree a yard long.

The stamina and willingness to go on which missed the earlier Meltons seem to be concentrated in Sysonby. He can run all day. He does it, too, in such a smooth, frictionless way he never seems to be more than half trying. He usually wins his races by doing one very fast furlong. Whenever he is called upon, whether at the beginning or near the end of a long race, he can put in two hundred and twenty yards in something like eleven seconds, or eleven and a half. That invariably smothers all opposition, and he can loaf the rest of the way.

In the racing program Sysonby is described as a bay colt. Undoubtedly he was a bay in the beginning, but white hairs are appearing so rapidly and so plentifully in his rich, sappy coat that he is almost a roan now. While that color is not a particularly popular one with

the fastidious, his owner is not sorry that Sysonby is acquiring it. Roans have ever been noted for longevity and for virile toughness of fiber. Mr. Keene wants Sysonby for breeding purposes, and the changing of his coat would seem to indicate that there is at Castleton a long term of usefulness ahead of him.

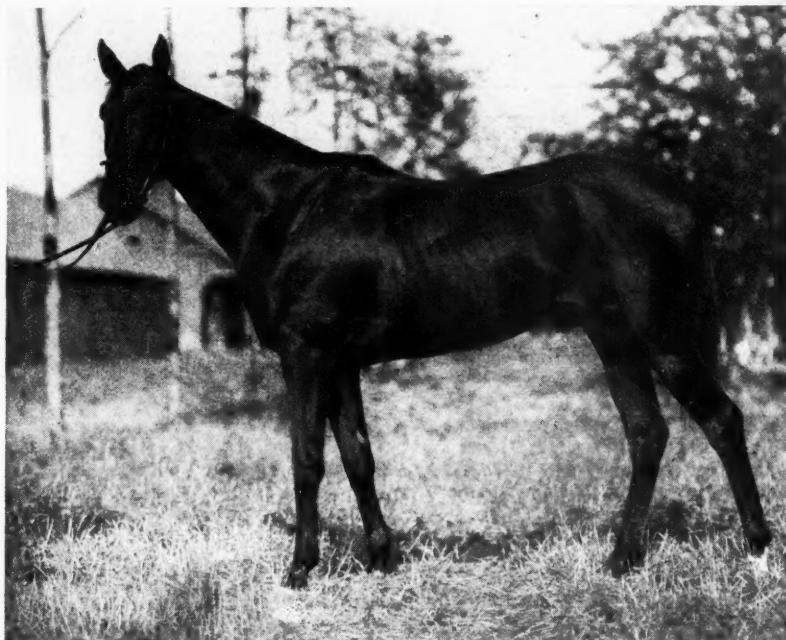
Although Sysonby was foaled at the Castleton Stud, Mr. Keene did not breed the colt. The late Marcus Daly, a man who made several millions in copper and silver in Montana, and spent part of them in exploiting certain theories of his with reference to the mating of thoroughbred strains, is responsible for Sysonby. Fate served this generous and kindly old miner cruelly by not permitting him to live to see the great colt race. Mr. Daly bought Optime in Great Britain, and mated her with Melton. Mr. Keene purchased the mare for sixty-six hundred dollars at the dispersal sale of the English division of Mr. Daly's breeding establishment.

SYSONBY AS A TWO-YEAR-OLD.

Sysonby was christened after an English country place of Mr. Keene's son, Foxhall Keene, situated near the racing town of Melton Mowbray, in honor of which his daddy was named. The colt

grew and thrived in old Kentucky, on succulent blue-grass and pure, bone-building limestone water, until the autumn of 1903, when he was taken to Brookdale farm, now the home of Harry Payne Whitney's stud, but then the wintering place of the Keene horses. He soon gave evidence of uncommon speed. Early in the spring of 1904, Mr. Keene, who is not ordinarily a betting man, but who is not averse to pulling off an oc-

that raced in the spring of 1904. And if Mr. Keene and his trainer had been able to put their plan through, it is highly probable that they would have got eight or ten to one for their money. They might easily have cleaned up a hundred thousand dollars, but the day before they were to have made their *coup*, Sysonby was inconsiderate enough to "buck" his shins. This made him sore, and he had to be put by for a spell.



SYSONBY, SON OF MELTON AND OPTIME. THE GREAT THREE-YEAR-OLD RACE-HORSE OF THE YEAR ON THE AMERICAN TURF.

From a copyrighted photograph by the Pictorial News Company, New York.

casional "killing," planned with his trainer to win a heavy bet on Sysonby.

"You keep quiet about his speed, Rowe," the veteran vice-chairman of the Jockey Club said, "and we will win enough money on the colt at Morris Park in May to pay the expenses of our stable for two years."

Rowe kept quiet, and by and by he was ready to drop Sysonby, an unheard-of maiden with an unfashionable foreign pedigree, into a five-furlong race down the Eclipse Hill of the famous old Westchester track with a bunch of two-year-olds that had been winning and had reputations. As Sysonby was destined to show later on, he could have given forty pounds and a beating to every youngster

Again, a month later, the young horse's intended débüt was prevented by an inopportune cold; and when he finally got to the post his class was known. The unsleeping and ubiquitous professional touts had found out what he could do. The best price that Mr. Keene and his friends could get in the colt's first race was a niggardly one to two, making any large winning impracticable.

This year Sysonby has been the bread-winner of the Keene establishment. Although his stable-mate Delhi won the Brooklyn Handicap, and Wild Mint took the Twin City, Mr. Keene would have to draw on his bank account to meet stable expenses and forfeits if Sysonby had not done so nobly by him.



THE KNOCKER.

BY EDWARD BOLTWOOD.

TREDENNICK was very glad when Corliss, the football captain, asked him to be head coach. The rosy outlook for an exceptional team made Tredennick, who at thirty had the college enthusiasm of a sub-freshman, as certain of success as if a winning score was snugly placarded on the fateful board at the end of the field.

It was not long before his sparkling confidence bubbled like wine in the young hearts of the sixty players assembled in the college town. He was a handsome, blond fellow with a brilliant football record. Seated by the captain's side at the head of the long training-table, he seemed at every meal to be the jovial toast-master of a banquet in honor of a victory already secured.

"Beat us?" he would say to Corliss. "It's going to take eleven De Witts and Heffelfingers to beat us!"

The team, keyed early to their top notch of effort, made high scores in the September games, and even Bill Spillane, the trainer, began to believe in Tredennick. The college at large was of his opinion to a man, and his derisive comments upon their chief rival were quoted daily at all the eating-clubs.

During the first week of October they played a small Western college which had had the temerity to score on them the year before. Tredennick put in his strongest eleven. Corliss ran up seventy points and disabled three of the best men.

Bill Spillane, professionally morose, buttonholed Tredennick after the game.

"Won't do," complained Bill. "I ain't stuck on the shape Corliss is in. I don't guess he's sleeping. He's getting too

much talk about turning out a world-beater. Look a here!"

Spillane indicated an editorial in the college weekly. It was a blatantly silly assertion of the chance of producing, that fall, an eleven unequaled in football history. The head coach recognized echoes of his own optimistic phrases, and bit his lip.

"Oh, I believe in encouraging the boys," he said; "and after all, Bill, there's no denying that we've got a star team."

"We've got one now," said the trainer, "but the big game's more'n a month off."

The next day the 'Varsity merely trotted through the signals, and Tredennick lined up two scrub elevens for the scrimmage work. Studley, a substitute full-back, limped out of the tangle of the first down and was promptly hustled to the side-lines.

"We must begin to be careful of our second string," Tredennick explained apologetically to Corliss.

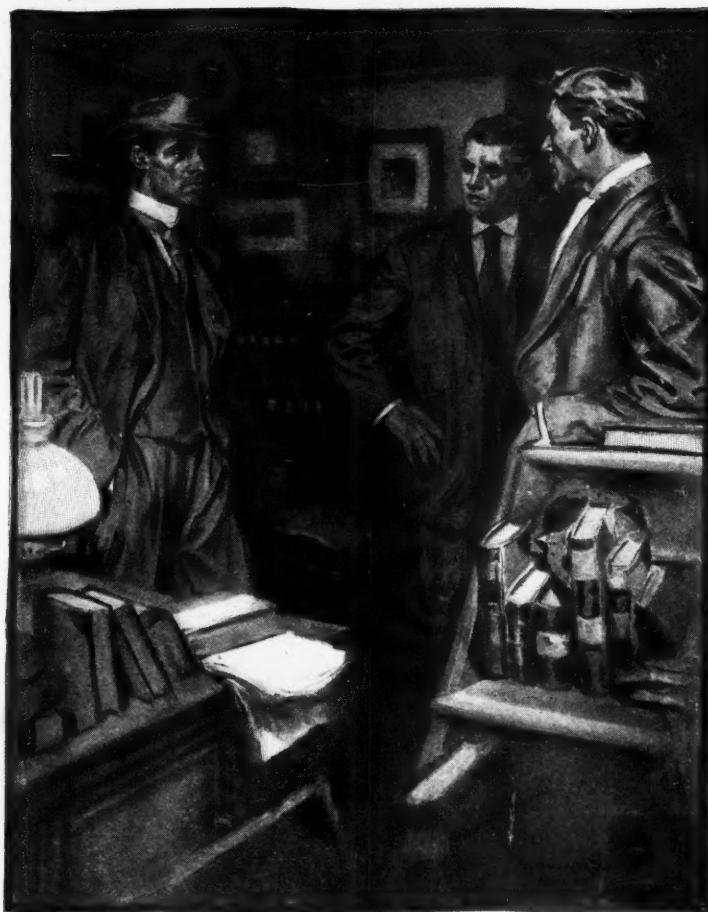
The captain nodded.

"I was thinking of canceling that game with the Brookfield Athletic Club," he said, a trifle shamefaced.

"Don't do it," advised Tredennick. "Those Brookfield people brag too much. We're after everybody's scalp this year."

It happened that the Brookfield people had a right to brag. At the end of the first half the score was five to nothing in their favor. Tredennick changed his line-up, replaced the panic-stricken substitutes with the crippled regulars, and barely pulled the game out of the fire after a scary twenty minutes.

"We're bound to have a little slump once in a while," Tredennick declared.



"THAT WAS A ROTTEN SHOWING YOU MADE THIS AFTERNOON."

"Look at what we did to those Westerners, will you?"

Corliss smiled wearily and stretched himself on the window-seat of his study, where he had gone with Tredennick in the evening.

"Those center men came precious near going to pieces," said the captain. "Dunscomb's over-trained."

"Better lay him off to-morrow, then. How about yourself?"

"Oh, I'm fit," sighed Corliss. Tredennick knew that he was not telling the truth. "I've been wondering," went on the captain, after a pause, "if we couldn't get Sutherland to come over from the city for a few days and coach the ends. If you don't mind——"

"Not a bit," broke in Tredennick heartily. "I'll wire him to-night."

He sat down at the desk, and Corliss pulled the electric messenger-call. To Tredennick the sharp whir of the crank sounded oddly like an emergency alarm in time of urgent distress. His nerves were acting queerly. They jumped when some one in the hall rapped at the door.

"Come in," said the captain.

"Good-evening, Corliss?"

"Hello, Scott!" cried Tredennick to the short, wiry, broad-shouldered man on the threshold. "Where in the world——"

"I landed yesterday," said Scott. "How are you, Tredennick?"

"And this is Corliss—our captain, you know."

The men shook hands heartily.

Scott, the newcomer, had a dark face with thin, straight lips, a bony nose, and



ROMEO DASHED MADLY ACROSS THE FIELD AND UPSET THE STOOPING QUARTER-BACK.

a thick chin which almost curved upward. The unpleasant effect was accentuated by the ill-fitting black clothes and the slouch hat which he did not remove.

"Scottie's one of our old war-horses," said Tredennick genially.

"The name's familiar enough," laughed Corliss. "You haven't been here in a good many years, have you, Mr. Scott?"

"In South America since ninety-five." The famous old half-back measured Corliss with a brief glance and turned to Tredennick. "That was a rotten showing you made this afternoon," he said.

"It might have been better," acknowledged the head coach, "but—"

"It ought to have been better," snapped Scott, and glanced again with his expressionless eyes at Corliss. "When you're sent through the line," he continued, "don't slow down before you hit it. You were like a girl going in swimming. What are you afraid of?"

Corliss flushed, and Tredennick interposed.

"We expect Sutherland to-morrow," he said. "I trust you'll stay over and help us with the coaching."

"I will if I'm wanted."

"We'd be glad if you could," supplemented Corliss lamely.

"All right," agreed Scott, and banged the door.

"Talks out, doesn't he?" said the coach, in reply to the captain's questioning look. "Why, a knocker like that will have everybody in the blue dumps in half an hour!"

Corliss assented mournfully. His apprehensions became troublesome after Scott's first appearance with the team. Young Studley owned a bull-terrier called Romeo, whose evil character had earned for him enthusiastic adoption as mascot. Romeo was therefore a celebrated dog, and he rode to the practise on the front seat of the players' barge.

While Sutherland was drilling an end run, Romeo dashed madly across the field and upset the stooping quarter-back. The spectators laughed and applauded. Scott picked up a sole-leather helmet and smashed Romeo over the head with it, and the terrier departed howling.

"Who owns that pup?" demanded Scott of the line of substitutes.

"I do, sir," said Studley, bewildered and angry.

"Keep him away from here after this!"

"But that's Romeo," Tredennick quietly informed Scott. "He's our pet."

"He's a nuisance just the same, isn't he?" grunted Scott.

"Maybe he was that time, but—"

"Then we're better off without Romeo," said Scott, and raised his voice to a rasping yell. "You, left guard!" he shouted. "When you get your hands on a man, can't you hold him? Bury that runner—bury him, you farmer!"

Dunscomb, the left guard, had been listed on two all-American teams, and he felt privileged to talk back.

"I thought," he began diffidently, "I only thought—"

"That'll do," Scott said. "Write me a letter about it in the morning. Don't waste wind now. You need it. Take your place!"

"Time's up for Dunscomb," called Tredennick, clicking his watch.

"What's that for?" expostulated Scott.

"Dunscomb's a little fine," announced the head coach.

"Fine my grandmother!" said Scott. "He's loafing. I'd play a loafer till he dropped."

The practise was unusually snappy and accurate. Corliss, who had worked hard, asked Scott's opinion of it.

"Oh, I liked it tip-top," remarked Scott.

The captain did not hide his gratification that the croaker was silenced. He exchanged proud smiles with Tredennick.

"Yes, I liked it," reiterated Scott. "It made me a boy again. It took me back to my prep school days. Honestly, Corliss, do you think your team could score on Andover?"

The squad held an indignant parliament in the shower-baths, and Scott received his official title.

"Knocker Scott!" proclaimed Studley, whacking a marble slab viciously with a wet towel. "Knocker Scott! I wish, by thunder, that Romeo had chewed a hole in him!"

The eleven uttered a fervent amen.

II.

THE October scores were unsteady, now high, now low, and the college became perturbed about its record-breaking team. Scott remained during the month. The squad played in a dogged, ill-tempered style; Corliss was visibly worried, and Tredennick's buoyant spirit wavered more than once. A mass-meeting was arranged in University Hall. There were to be speeches by captain and coaches, and, in the florid words of the

poster, the team was to be shown that "the college is with it, heart and soul."

Half an hour beforehand, Corliss went to Tredennick's room in the hotel and found a doctor taking his pulse.

"Malaria," said the coach. "I'm all in."

"A fortnight's rest may fix you up, Tredennick," decided the doctor. "Take off your clothes, go to bed, and forget football."

"That'll be easy, won't it?" laughed Tredennick mirthlessly.

The captain brought down his fist on the mantel, and his face, whiter even than Tredennick's, twitched.

"How's this for luck?" he groaned. "What's the use, anyhow?" The physician whistled appreciatively. He was an old football man. "And there's that meeting," Corliss went on. "The fellows will think it's funny if some coach isn't heard from. Sutherland won't be back till to-morrow."

"Scott," suggested the doctor.

"Oh, the devil!" blurted Corliss.

He discovered Scott down-stairs in the reading-room, and asked him to represent the coaches by a speech. The Knocker did not look up from his newspaper.

"This team needs work, not talk," said Scott.

The meeting was a flat and insipid failure. When it was the captain's turn to say something, his voice shook, his fingers trembled, and his halting words were almost despondent. The youthful audience was sensitive to these symptoms. Tredennick's illness was buzzed about the campus, and it was known that Corliss had sent a sheaf of telegrams, summoning all the veteran players in the graduate catalogue of the college to join the coaching staff.

The veterans rallied valiantly, but none of them could stay longer than a few days. The Knocker tacitly assumed command of the practise. His tongue scourged like a whip, and the players responded to it with ugly, sulking faces. In Tredennick's sick-room, Corliss, now half sick himself, protested.

"Doctor or no doctor, I'll have to rise and shine," answered the invalid. "That game must be won!"

"All we can do is our best," said Corliss. "If the other fellow's best is better than ours, we'll lose."

"Oh, that sounds like Scott!" grumbled Tredennick in disgust. "Don't get the idea that it's possible to lose. If you do, we're as good as whipped already."

The head coach was at the field in the afternoon. The squad made no attempt to conceal its joy, and cheered emphatically. Tredennick's first move was to instruct the scrub ends to tackle light when Corliss tried to circle them. The Knocker stared, pulled down his slouch hat over his eyes, and retired to a bench. Everybody grinned. Tredennick delivered a short address at the training-table after supper.

"I want you all to understand," he concluded, "that this team is going to be the best we ever turned out. It must be, that's all. If anybody says it isn't, he'll have to back water!"

He glanced argumentatively at Scott, but the Knocker did not respond. The glance was public property, and a series of delighted nudges ran around the table. No one was surprised when Scott left the next morning.

On the day of the game, a week or so later, the town was crammed with enthusiastic graduates. Old football men flocked to Tredennick for information. There was a persistent rumor that the team had no hope of winning, and wondering veterans interviewed the head coach.

"Nothing to it," declared Tredennick. "I was in hospital, you know. Since I've taken charge again, I think the boys' spirits have braced up. If they haven't, it's not my fault. Scott—well, he was a king at the game, but he took the backbone out of our lads for a while."

After an early lunch, the squad donned football armor for the last time and assembled in the trophy room of the gymnasium, a place redolent of victory and hung with the emblems of it. Tredennick made a stirring little address; so did Sutherland; so did a Western Congressman who had played center in other days, and who had a national reputation for fiery oratory. The speeches were all in the same key of glorified confidence. The Congressman even selected a vacant spot on the wall to be filled by the championship football that would be won that afternoon. It seemed almost superfluous to play the game. The youngsters trooped exultantly to the barges driven up to take them to the field.

Standing on the foot-board of the foremost barge, Tredennick saw a craning of necks inside and heard indignant whispers.

"What's the row?" he asked Corliss.

"Look at the front seat!" said Corliss petulantly. "Look at what we're carrying for a mascot instead of Romeo!"

Scott's fired off the dog and taken the place himself. It's a small thing, but just now, and with the fellows feeling as they do—”

Tredennick looked up and saw the Knocker perched between the driver and Bill Spillane.

“Yes,” agreed Tredennick bitterly. “The Knocker is a genius in his business; but before evening we'll have the best of him, Corliss. You can't lose—can't—can't!”

When the captain led his warriors through the gate of the fence that skirted the arena, the echoes of Tredennick's words filled his ears to the exclusion of the crashing shouts and songs of the thirty thousand spectators. The umpire, smiling mechanically, called the opposing captains to the center of the field to give them his interpretation of an ambiguous rule. Corliss listened and nodded. But this was what the umpire seemed to be saying:

“You can't lose—can't—can't!”

“Are you ready?” yelled the referee, after the men were placed.

“Ready, sir,” responded Corliss, but he was not sure. He was sure of one thing only—that it was impossible for him to lose.

He fought coolly, meeting the enemy's attack exactly as he and Tredennick had decided that it should be met, and directing his offense with precision. So carefully had his plans been prepared that he had a queer consciousness of having played the game before. When the other fellows had the ball, he was able to forecast what they would do with it. But his defense was inadequate. He realized this at once, and yet he was not much troubled. His team was playing the best it knew. His eleven made no slip; the machinery devised by Tredennick was working smoothly and without mishap, according to its inventor's specifications. The enemies' machinery seemed to Corliss to be their own concern, somehow, and not his.

Tredennick and the others had told him that he could not lose. Very well, then. He would do his part, and the result would take care of itself. When the whistle sounded for the finish of the half, each side had scored once, and the game, thus far, was a tie. Nobody had been hurt.

Corliss laughed as he hurried to the dressing-room. The grimy, steaming players gathered in a misty circle around Tredennick, Sutherland, and the Western orator. The Congressman

made a speech, prasing them briefly, but to the skies.

“The college is proud of you,” he affirmed. “Finish the second half like the first, and you're heroes!”

“That's right,” put in Sutherland triumphantly. “Show the other fellows that they can't win, however strong they are!”

Tredennick intercepted a puzzled, rather helpless look in the captain's eyes, and motioned him into a corner.

“What do they mean?” murmured Corliss. “Do you want us to play for a tie?”

The head coach attempted in vain to roll a cigarette with his nervous hands, but his voice was quite steady and confident, and his face lighted with enthusiasm.

“Certainly we'll bring off a tie,” he said heartily. “What makes you think we won't?”

“But,” stammered the captain, “a tie isn't a win. There are those three emergency plays we haven't used yet. There's that fake quarter-back kick. Shan't we—”

“Look here,” said Tredennick. “A tie score is a practical victory for us, the way things are going; so don't use any fakes or run any chances. Make it safe. A tie will satisfy everybody, Corliss; you can see that. It's no time for those risky scoring plays you spoke of. Make it safe!”

“All right,” faltered Corliss.

“Remember,” added Tredennick, “you haven't lost the game unless they win. And a tie is enough to— That you, Scott? What is it?”

The Knocker wore a disreputable old sweater of which the sleeves were pulled up to his elbows.

“Bill Spillane asked me to help him between halves,” said Scott. “Do the same men go in for the second?”

“Sure. Nobody was laid up.”

“No,” replied Scott, “but if I was—are you going to play the second half, Corliss?”

Poor Corliss winced at the imputation. Tredennick would have resented it stormily under ordinary circumstances, but now he felt a somewhat shameful qualm of self-reproach, because a veteran of renown was reduced to the rank of Bill Spillane's assistant rubber.

“If you have any advice, Scott,” he vouchsafed, “let's hear it. Time's almost up.”

“I reckon it's not my place to advise,” said Scott grimly. “If I had your job,

we'd have eleven new men lined up for the next kick-off. We'd have one new man, anyhow," and he glanced at Corliss, absolutely impersonally, as an oarsman might indicate his suspicion of a blade.

"We've held our own so far," maintained Tredennick, "and if we play safe—"

"Held our own!" snarled Scott. "We didn't call an even break holding our own in the days when we had real men on the team. As the game stands, we're licked. A licking isn't our own—or it didn't use to be. But there's one consolation. We can take on the high school. Maybe we can hold our own with them. This game is lost, unless the other fellows drop dead next half."

Tredennick, alarmed for Corliss, tried hard to laugh. The attempt was a failure. To his dismay he saw that several of the eleven had overheard Scott's bitter words. Big Dunscomb, with an ugly set to his jaw, clinched his fists slowly. Corliss dropped his head and shook it like an angry bull.

"Time's up," he said. "We won't make any changes this half, Mr. Scott!"

III.

A BROAD alleyway for vehicles intervened between the dressing-room and the playing-field.

"Look out!" said Studley, who was in the van of the squad at the door. "That chap's auto has got away from him—and good Lord! Romeo!"

A huge automobile, gay with the flags of the other college, was sliding rapidly along over the slippery mud. Squarely in its path was planted a belligerent terrier, barking above the clang of the gong, blind and wild with excitement. A colored streamer flew from his neck, and he did not mean to evade his duty of fighting all streamers of another color. The driver of the machine worked his levers furiously.

A man dived forward and grabbed the dog. The remorseless auto glided upon them. Some girls shrieked. When Corliss and Studley pushed through the crowd, they found Scott sitting on the ground, with Romeo growling safely between his knees.

"Hurt?" cried Corliss.

"Broke my ankle," muttered the Knocker. "That was a fool thing to do, wasn't it? But you see, sir," he said to the owner of the automobile, who was apologizing frantically, "you see it wouldn't do for your colors to run down our mascot—not to-day—not till the game's over. Lift me up, Corliss. Bill can fix me."

Spillane stretched the Knocker on a cot in the dressing-room, and a doctor kept him there. It was young Studley who ran to and from the gridiron, bringing Scott the amazing and glorious news. But Studley could not tell him all—how Corliss, remembering nothing except Scott's stubborn, combative face, forgot Tredennick's orders and dared every chance for a score; how Dunscomb passed the word along that if Knockers tackled autos, anything else ought to be easy; how the eleven, nerved by a desperate hope to make Scott take back his sneers, fought forty superb yards to a touch-down with a hair-raising audacity which reduced Tredennick to the verge of incoherent mania.

When the game was over, Corliss and his men, battered and victorious, went straight to Scott's couch. The Knocker propped himself on his forearm lugubriously.

"We want to—to thank you for—for pulling us together," ventured Corliss, with strange diffidence for a winning captain.

"Why didn't you kick on that second down?" demanded Scott. "Why didn't you give Dunscomb the ball on the ten-yard line? You ought to have doubled that score. You'll never learn the game, Corliss, if you live a thousand years!"

THE GIVERS.

O LORD, the beggar at my gate
Hath given unto me;
The blind who for Thy glory wait
Have holpen me to see;

And he who goeth with a crutch
Hath pointed me the way—
The weak are strong who feel Thy touch;
Their night is still Thy day!

Alwin West.

FAIR MARGARET.*

BY F. MARION CRAWFORD,

AUTHOR OF "MR. ISAACS," "CORLEONE," "IN THE PALACE OF THE KING," ETC.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS PREVIOUSLY PUBLISHED.

MARGARET DONNE is an English girl, whose parents are dead, and who lives with Mrs. Rushmore, an American lady, in Versailles. Margaret's mother, who was Mrs. Rushmore's close friend, was also an American, and when she married Professor Donne, of Oxford, she expected to inherit a fortune. Her father, however—Margaret's grandfather—met ill-luck, and died leaving nothing but a claim upon Alvah Moon, a California millionaire to whom he had assigned a valuable patent. Mrs. Rushmore has brought suit against Moon on Margaret's behalf, but there seems slight chance of success.

Margaret, who possesses a remarkably good voice, is determined to earn her own living, a project which Mrs. Rushmore strongly but vainly opposes. Her teacher, Mme. de Rosa, sends her to the famous prima donna, Mme. Bonanni, for advice. Generously admiring the girl's talent, the Bonanni introduces her to Schreiermeyer, manager at the Opéra, who, to her intense delight, offers her an engagement.

At the prima donna's house on the Avenue Hoche she also meets Constantine Logotheti, a Greek financier, who is deeply impressed with her beauty. Having secured an introduction to Mrs. Rushmore, Logotheti calls at the house in Versailles and proposes marriage to Margaret. Refusing, and pressed for her reason, she admits that there is "some one else." Her situation, which she does not explain further, is somewhat peculiar. There is a strong affection between her and a man whom she knows as Edmund Lushington, a successful young critic, but he has told her that that is not his real name, that he has a secret which he cannot disclose, and that they can never be more than friends. In visiting Mme. Bonanni she discovers his secret—he is the prima donna's son; but though she tells him that this need be no bar between them, and pleads with him not to leave her, he only repeats his farewell.

Logotheti, a man who is not in the habit of letting his plans fail, does not accept Margaret's refusal as an end of his hopes. Again calling at Mrs. Rushmore's, he surprises the American lady by telling her that he has purchased Alvah Moon's interest in the disputed patent, and by there and then giving her a check for five hundred thousand dollars in settlement of Margaret Donne's claim. He asks her to say nothing of his part in the transaction, and when Mrs. Rushmore informs Margaret of her good fortune she tells her that the money came from "a company." The English girl is now above the necessity of singing for a livelihood, but to Mrs. Rushmore's disgust she refuses to throw up her engagement.

Lushington, meanwhile, has not left Paris. He takes another lodging, disguises himself, and watches Logotheti's house. He sees Margaret go to lunch there with Mme. de Rosa, and finds that the girl is using the rich Greek's motor-car in going to and fro between Versailles and her rehearsals. Further, he makes the unpleasant discovery that the man who drives the car, ostensibly Logotheti's chauffeur, is really the Greek himself, the disguise being assumed in order to deceive the punctilious Mrs. Rushmore.

XV (*Continued*).

USHINGTON also ascertained that after one more rehearsal at the Opéra, Margaret did not go there again. The newspapers informed him very soon that Schreiermeyer had got his own company together and had borrowed the stage of an obscure theater in the outskirts of Paris for the purpose of rehearsals. It had been an advantage for the young prima donna to sing two or three times with the great orchestra of the Opéra, but the arrangement could not continue. Margaret's début was to be in July in the opera-house of a Belgian city.

Lushington was certain that Margaret had been at least once again to Logotheti's house with Mme. De Rosa, but he did not believe that she had stayed to

luncheon, for she had not remained in the house much over half an hour.

During all this time he made no attempt to communicate with her, and was uncomfortably aware that Logotheti was having it all his own way. He yielded to a morbid impulse in watching the two, since no good could come of it for himself or Margaret. Almost every time he went out on the Versailles road he knew that he would see them together before he came back, and he knew equally well that he could do nothing to separate them. He wondered what it was that attracted such a woman as Margaret Donne to such a man, and with a humility which his friends and enemies would have been far from suspecting in him he honestly tried to compare himself with Logotheti and to define the points in which the latter had the advantage.

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Very naturally, he failed to discover them. In spite of what philosophers tell us, most of us know ourselves pretty well. The conclusive and irrefutable proof of this is that we always know when we are not telling, or showing, the truth about ourselves, as, for instance, when we are boasting or attributing to ourselves some gift, some knowledge, or some power which we really do not possess. We also know perfectly well when our impulses are good and when they are bad, and can guess approximately how much courage we have in reserve for doing the one, and how far our natural cowardice will incline us to do the other. But we know very little indeed about other people, and almost always judge them by ourselves, because we have no other convenient standard. A great many men are influenced in the same general way by the big things in life, but one scarcely ever finds two men who are similarly affected by the little things from which all great results proceed. Mark Antony lost the world for a woman, but it was for a woman that Tallien overthrew Robespierre and saved France.

So Lushington's comparison came to nothing at all, and he was no nearer to a solution of his problem than before.

Then came the unexpected, and it furnished him with a surprisingly simple means of comparing himself with his rival in the eyes of Margaret herself.

There are several roads from Paris to Versailles, as every one knows, leaving the city on opposite sides of the Seine. Hitherto Logotheti had always taken the one that leads to the right bank, along the Avenue de Versailles to the Porte St. Cloud. Another follows the left bank by Bas Meudon, but the most pleasant road goes through the woods Fausses Reposes.

One morning, when he knew that there was to be a rehearsal, Lushington bicycled out by the usual way without meeting the motor-car. It naturally occurred to him that Logotheti must have returned by another road. Whether he would bring Margaret out again by the same way or not was of course uncertain, but Lushington resolved to try the Fausses Reposes on the chance of meeting the car, after waiting in Versailles as long as he thought the rehearsal might last.

He set out again about half-past one. The road is in parts much more lonely than the others, especially in the woods, and is much less straight; there are sharp turns to the right and left in several

places. Lushington did not know the road very well, and hesitated more than once, going slowly and fast by turns, and at the end of half an hour he felt almost sure that he had either lost his way or that Logotheti was coming back by another route.

XVI.

MARGARET knew by this time that Logotheti was really very much in love; she was equally sure that she was not, and that when she encouraged him she was yielding to a rather complicated temptation that presented elements of amusement and of mild danger. In plain English, she was playing with the man, though she guessed that he was not the kind of a man who would allow himself to be played with very long.

There are not many young women who could resist such a temptation under the circumstances, and small blame to them. Margaret had done nothing to attract the Greek, and she was too unsophisticated to understand the nature of her involuntary influence over him. He was still young, he was unlike other men, and he was enormously rich; a little familiarity with him had taught her that there was nothing vulgar about him below the surface, and he treated her with all the respect she could exact when she chose to put herself in his power. The consequence was that she sometimes could not resist making little experiments, just to see how far he would run on the chain by which she held him. Besides, she was flattered by his devotion.

It was not a noble game that she was playing with him, but in real life very few young men and women of two-and-twenty are "noble" all the time. A good many never are at all; and Margaret had at least the excuse that the victim of her charms was no simple, sensitive soul with morbid instincts of suicide, like the poor youth who cut his throat for *Lady Clara Vere de Vere*, but a healthy millionaire of five-and-thirty who enjoyed the reputation of having seen everything and done most things in a not particularly well-spent life.

Besides, she ran a risk, and knew it. The victim might turn at any moment, and perhaps rend her. Sometimes there was a quick glance in the almond-shaped eyes which sent a little thrill of not altogether unpleasant fear through her. She had seen a woman put her head into a wild beast's mouth, and she knew that the woman was never quite sure of get-

ting it out again. That was part of the game, and the woman probably enjoyed the sensation and the doubt, since playing for one's life is much more exciting than playing for one's money. Margaret began to understand the lion-tamer's sensations, and not being timid she almost wished that her lion would show his teeth. She gave herself the luxury of wondering what form his wrath would take when he was tired of being played with.

He was already approaching that point on the day when Lushington was looking out for him on the road through the Fausse Reposes woods. When they were well away from the city, he slackened his speed as usual, and began to talk.

"I wish," he said, "that you would sometimes be in earnest. Won't you try?"

"You might not like it," Margaret answered carelessly. "For my part, I sometimes wish that you were not quite so much in earnest yourself."

"Do I bore you?"

"No. You never bore me, but you make me feel wicked, and that is very disagreeable. It is inconsiderate of you to give me the impression that I am a sort of Lorelei, coolly luring you to your destruction! Besides, you would not be so easily destroyed, after all. You are able to take care of yourself, I fancy."

"Yes. I think my heart will be the last of me to break." He laughed and looked at her. "But that is no reason why you should try to twist my arms and legs off, as boys do to beetles."

"I wish I could catch a boy doing it!"

"You may catch a woman at it any day. They do to men what boys do to insects. Cruelty to insects or animals? Abominable! Shocking! There is the society, there are fines, there is prison, to punish it! Cruelty to human beings? Bah! They have souls! What does it matter if they suffer? Suffering purifies the spirit for a better life!"

"Nonsense!"

"That is easily said. But it was on that principle that Philip burned the Jews, and they did not think it was nonsense. The beetles don't think it funny to be pulled to pieces, either. I don't. A large class of us don't, and yet you women have been doing it ever since Eve made a fool and a sinner of the only man who happened to be in the world just then. He was her husband, which was an excuse, but that's of no consequence to the argument."

"Perhaps not; but the argument, as

you call it, doesn't prove anything in particular, except that you are calling me names!" Margaret laughed again. "After all," she went on, "I do the best I can to be—what shall I say?—the contrary of disagreeable. You ask me to let you take me to my rehearsals, and I come day after day, risking something, because you are disguised. I don't risk much, perhaps—Mrs. Rushmore's disapproval. But that is something, for she has been very, very good to me, and I wouldn't lose her good opinion for a great deal. And you ask me to lunch with you, and I come—at least, I've been twice to your house, and I've lunched once. Really, if you are not satisfied, you're hard to please! We've hardly known each other a month."

"During which time I've never had but one idea. Don't raise your beautiful eyebrows as if you didn't understand!" He spoke very gently and smiled, though she could not see that.

"You've no idea how funny that is!" laughed Margaret.

"What?"

"If you could see yourself and hear yourself at the same time! With those goggles, and your leather cap and all the rest, you look like the frog footman in 'Alice'—or the dragon in 'Siegfried.' It does very well as long as you are disagreeable, but when you speak softly and throw intense expression into your voice"—she mimicked his tone—"it's really too funny, you know! It's just as if Fafner were to begin singing '*Una furtiva lagrima*' in a voice like Caruso's! Siegfried would go into convulsions of laughter, instead of slitting the dragon's throat."

"I wasn't trying to be picturesque just then," answered Logotheti, quite unmoved by the chaff. "I was only expressing my idea. I've known you about a month. The second time we met I asked you to marry me, and I've asked you several times since. As you can't attribute any interested motive to my determination——"

"Eh?"

"I said, to my determination——"

"Determination? How that sounds!"

"It sounds very like what I mean," answered Logotheti in an indifferent tone.

"But really, how can you 'determine' to marry me if I won't agree?"

"I'll make you," he replied with perfect calm.

"That sounds like a threat," said Margaret, her voice hardening a little, though she tried to speak lightly.

"A threat implies that the thing to be done to the person threatened is painful or at least disagreeable, doesn't it? I'm only a Greek, of course, and I don't pretend to know English well! I wish you would sometimes correct my mistakes. It would be so kind of you!"

"You know English quite as well as I do," Margaret answered. "Your definition is perfect."

"Oh! Then would it be painful or disagreeable to you to marry me?"

Margaret laughed, but hesitated a moment.

"It's always disagreeable to be made to do anything against one's will," she answered.

"I'm sorry," said Logotheti coolly, "but it can't be helped."

She was not quite sure how it would be best to meet this uncompromising statement, and she thought it wiser to laugh again, though she felt quite sure that at the moment there was that quick gleam in his eyes, behind the goggles, which had more than once frightened her a little. But he was looking at the road again, and a moment later he had put the car at full speed along a level stretch. That meant that the conversation was at an end for a little while. Then an accident happened.

A straight rush up an easy incline toward a turning ahead, and the deep note of the horn; round the corner to the right, close in; the flash of a bicycle coming down on the wrong side, and swerving desperately; a little brittle smashing of steel; then a man sprawling on his face in the road as the motor-car flew on.

Logotheti kept his eyes on the road, one hand went down to the levers, and the machine sprang forward at forty miles an hour.

"Stop!" cried Margaret. "Stop! You've killed him!"

Full speed. Fifty miles an hour now, on another level stretch beyond the turn. No sign of intelligence from Logotheti. Both hands on the wheel.

"Stop, I say!" Margaret's voice rang out clear and furious.

Logotheti's hands did not move. Margaret knew what to do. She had often been in motor-cars, and had driven a little herself. She was strong and perfectly fearless. Before Logotheti saw what she was going to do, she was beside him, she had thrown herself across him, and had got at the brake and levers. He was too much surprised to make any resistance; he probably would not have

tried to hinder her in any case, as he could not have done so without using his strength. The car was stopped in a few seconds; he had intuitively steered it until it stood still.

"How ridiculous!" he exclaimed. "As if one ever stopped for such a thing!"

Margaret's eyes flashed angrily, and her answer came short and sharp.

"Turn back at once," she said, and she sat down beside him on the front seat.

He obeyed, for he could do nothing else. In running away from the accident, he had simply done what most chauffeurs do under the circumstances. His experience told him that the man was not killed, though he had lain motionless in the road for a few moments. Logotheti had seen that the car had struck the hind wheel of the bicycle without touching the man's body. Moreover, the man had been on the wrong side of the road, and it was his fault that he had been run into. Logotheti had not meant to give him a chance to make out a case.

But now he turned back, obedient to Margaret's command. Before she had stopped the car it had run nearly a mile from the scene of the accident. When it reached the spot again, coming back at a more moderate pace, nearly five minutes had elapsed. She found the man leaning against the rail fence that followed the outer curve of the turning. It was the man they had so often met on the other road, in his square-toed kid boots and ill-fitting clothes; it was Edmund Lushington, with his soft student's hat off, and his face a good deal scratched by the smashing of his tortoise-shell-rimmed spectacles. They had been tied behind with a black string, and the rims of them, broken in two, hung from his ears.

His nose was bleeding profusely, as he leaned against the fence, holding his head down. He was covered with mud, his clothes were torn, and he was as miserable, damaged, and undignified a piece of man as ever dreaded being taken at disadvantage by the idol of his affections. He would have made a pact with the powers of evil for a friendly wall or a clump of trees when he saw the car coming back. There was nothing but the fence.

The car stopped close beside him. He held his handkerchief to his nose, covering half his face as he looked up.

"Are you hurt, monsieur?" Margaret asked anxiously in French.

"On the contrary, mademoiselle," Lushington answered through the hand-

kerchief, and it sounded as if he had a bad cold in the head.

"I am afraid—" Margaret began, and then stopped suddenly, staring at him.

"You were on the wrong side of the road, *monsieur*," said Logotheti in an assertive tone.

"Perfectly," assented Lushington, holding his nose and turning half away.

"Then it was your fault," observed Logotheti.

"Precisely," admitted the other. "Pray don't stop. It's of no consequence!"

But he had betrayed himself unconsciously, in the most natural way. His spectacles were gone, and by covering the lower part of his face with his handkerchief he had entirely concealed the very great change made by shaving his beard and mustache. While he and Logotheti had been speaking, Margaret had scrutinized his features and had made sure of the truth. Then she believed that she would have recognized him by his voice alone. Between the emotion that followed the accident and the extreme anxiety his position caused him, the perspiration stood in beads on his forehead. Margaret smiled maliciously, for she remembered how often they had passed him on the road, and realized in an instant that he had disguised himself to watch her doings. He should pay for that.

"You look hot," she observed in English, fixing her eyes on him severely.

He blushed to the roots of his hair, though he had been rather pale. Logotheti, whose only preoccupation hitherto had been to get away as soon as possible, now stared at him, too. Margaret's tone, and her sudden change to the use of English, did the rest. He recognized Lushington, but remembered that he himself was completely disguised in his chauffeur's dress and mask; so he said nothing.

Lushington writhed under Margaret's eyes for a moment; but then his English courage and coolness suddenly returned, the color subsided from his face, and his expression hardened, as far as the necessary handkerchief permitted her to see it.

"Yes," he said, "I'm Lushington. I can only repeat that the accident happened by my fault. I'm used to taking the left side in England, and I lost my head. M. Logotheti need not have run away, for it would never have occurred to me to make a complaint."

He looked straight at Logotheti's gog-

gles as he spoke, and Margaret began to feel uncomfortable.

"I supposed that you had recognized me," observed the Greek coldly. "That is, no doubt, why you have taken the trouble to disguise yourself and watch me of late."

"That was the reason," answered Lushington, facing his adversary, but conscious that the necessity for holding his nose put him at a disadvantage as to his dignity.

"It was very well done," said the Greek with gravity. "I should never have known you."

"Your own disguise is admirable," answered the Englishman, with cool politeness. "If I had not seen you without your mask the other day I should not have recognized you."

"Shall we go on?" inquired Logotheti, turning to Margaret.

"No," she answered rather sharply. "Are you hurt?" she inquired, looking at Lushington again.

He was busy with his nose, which he had neglected for a few moments. He shook his head.

"I won't leave him here in this state," Margaret said to Logotheti.

The Greek made a gesture of indifference, but said nothing. Meanwhile Lushington got so far as to be able to speak again.

"Please go on," he said. "I can take care of myself, thank you. There are no bones broken."

Logotheti inwardly regretted that his adversary had not broken his neck, but he had tact enough to see that he must take Margaret's side or risk losing favor in her eyes.

"I really don't see how we can leave you here," he said to Lushington. "Your bicycle is smashed. I had not realized that. I'll put what's left of it into the car."

He jumped out as he spoke, and before Lushington could hinder him he had hold of the broken wheel. But Lushington followed quickly, and while he held his nose with his left hand, he grabbed the bicycle with the other. It looked as if the two were going to try which could pull harder.

"Let it alone, please," said Lushington, speaking with difficulty.

"No, no!" protested Logotheti politely, for he wished to please Margaret. "You must really let me put it in."

"Not at all!" retorted Lushington. "I'll walk it to Chaville."

"But I assure you you can't!" re-

torted the Greek. "Your hind wheel is broken to bits. It won't go round. You would have to carry it."

And he gently pulled with both hands.

"Then I'll throw the beastly thing away!" answered Lushington, who did not relinquish his hold. "It's of no consequence!"

"On the contrary," objected Logotheti, still pulling. "I know about those things. It can be made a very good bicycle again for next to nothing."

"All the better for the beggar who finds it!" cried the Englishman. "Throw it over the fence!"

"You English are so extravagant," said the Greek in a tone of polite reproach, but not relinquishing his hold.

"Possibly, but it's my own bicycle, and I prefer to throw it away."

Margaret had watched the contest in silence. She now stepped out of the car, came up to the two men and laid her hands on the object of contention. Logotheti let go instantly, but Lushington did not.

"This is ridiculous," said Margaret. "Give it to me!"

Lushington had no choice, and besides, he needed his right hand for his nose, which was getting the better of him again. He let go, and Margaret lifted the bicycle into the body of the car herself, though Logotheti tried to help her.

"Now, get in," she said to Lushington. "We'll take you as far as the Chaville station."

"Thank you," he answered. "I am quite able to walk."

He presented such a lamentable appearance that he would have hesitated to get into the car with Margaret even if they had been on good terms. He was in that state of mind in which a man wishes he might vanish into the earth like Korah and his company, or at least take to his heels without ceremony and run away. Logotheti had put up his glasses and shield, over the visor of his cap, and was watching his rival's discomfiture with a polite smile of pity. Lushington mentally compared him to Judas Iscariot.

"Let me point out," said the Greek, "that if you won't accept a seat with us, we, on our part, are much too anxious for your safety to leave you here in the road. You must have been badly shaken, besides being cut. If you insist upon walking, we'll keep beside you in the car. Then, if you faint, we can pick you up."

"Yes," assented Margaret with a touch of malice, "that is very sensible."

Lushington was almost choking.

"Do let me give you another handkerchief," said Logotheti sympathetically. "I always carry a supply when I'm motoring—they are so useful. Yours is quite spoilt."

A forcible expression rose to Lushington's lips, but he checked it. At the same time he wondered whether anybody he knew had ever been caught in such a detestable situation. But Anglo-Saxons generally perform their greatest feats of arms when they are driven into a corner or have launched themselves in some perfectly hopeless undertaking. It takes a Lucknow or a Balaclava to show what they are really made of. Lushington was in a corner now; his temper rose and he turned upon his tormentors. At the same time, perhaps under the influence of his emotion, his nose stopped bleeding. It was scratched and purple from the fall, but he found another handkerchief of his own, and did what he could to improve his appearance. His shoulders and his jaw squared themselves as he began to speak, and his eyes were rather hard and bright.

"Look here," he said, facing Logotheti, "we don't owe each other anything, I think, so this sort of thing had better stop. You've been going about in disguise with Miss Donne, and I have been making myself look like some one else in order to watch you. We've found each other out, and I don't fancy that we're likely to be very friendly after this. So the best thing we can do is to part quietly and go in opposite directions. Don't you think so?"

The last question was addressed to Margaret. But instead of answering at once she looked down and pushed some little lumps of dry mud about with the toe of her shoe, as if she were trying to place them in a symmetrical figure. Lushington turned to Logotheti again and waited for an answer.

Now Logotheti did not care a straw for Lushington, and cared very little, on the whole, whether the latter watched him or not; but he was extremely anxious to please Margaret and play the part of generosity in her eyes.

"I'm very sorry if anything I've said has offended you," he said in a smooth tone, answering Lushington. "The fact is, it's all rather funny, isn't it? Yes, just so! I'm making the best apology I can for having been a little amused. I hope we part good friends, Mr. Lushington? That is, if you still insist on walking."

Margaret looked up while he was

speaking and nodded her approbation of the speech, which was very well conceived and left Lushington no loophole through which to spy offense. But he responded coldly to the advance.

"There is no reason whatever for apologizing," he said. "It's the instinct of humanity to laugh at a man who tumbles down in the street. The object of our artificial modern civilization is, however, to cloak that sort of instinct as far as possible. Good-morning."

After delivering this Parthian shot he turned away with the evident intention of going off on foot.

None of the three had noticed the sound of horses' feet and a light carriage approaching from the direction of Versailles. A phaeton came along at a smart pace and drew up beside the motor. Margaret uttered an exclamation of surprise, and the two men stared with something approaching to horror. It was Mrs. Rushmore, who had presumably taken a fancy for an airing as the day had turned out very fine. The coachman and groom had both seen Margaret and supposed that something had happened to the car.

Before the carriage had stopped Mrs. Rushmore had recognized Margaret, too, and was leaning out sideways, uttering loud exclamations of anxiety.

"My dear child!" she cried. "Good heavens! An accident! These dreadful automobiles! I knew it would happen!"

Portly though she was, she was standing beside Margaret in an instant, clasping her in a motherly embrace and panting for breath. It was evidently too late for Logotheti to draw his glasses and shield over his face, or for Lushington to escape. Each stood stock-still, wondering how long it would be before Mrs. Rushmore recognized him, and trying to think what she would say when she did. For one moment it seemed as if nothing were going to happen, for Mrs. Rushmore was too much preoccupied on Margaret's account to take the slightest notice of either of the others.

"Are you quite sure you're not hurt?" she inquired anxiously, while she scrutinized Margaret's blushing face. "Get into the carriage with me at once, my dear, and we'll drive home. You must go to bed at once! There's nothing so exhausting as a shock to the nerves! Camomile tea, my dear! Good old-fashioned camomile tea, you know! There's nothing like it! Clotilde makes it to perfection, and she shall rub you thoroughly! Get in, child! Get in!"

Quick to see the advantage of such a sudden escape, Margaret was actually getting into the carriage, when Mrs. Rushmore, who was kindness itself, remembered the two men and turned to Logotheti.

"I will leave you my groom to help," she said in her stiff French.

Then her eyes fell on Lushington's blood-stained face, and in the same instant it flashed upon her that the other man was Logotheti. Her jaw dropped in astonishment.

"Why—good gracious—how's this? Why—it's M. Logotheti himself! But you"—she turned to Lushington again—"you can't be Mr. Lushington—good Lord—yes, you are, and in those clothes, too. And—what have you done to your face?"

As her surprise increased she became speechless, while the two men bowed and smiled as pleasantly as they could under the circumstances.

"Yes, I'm Lushington," said the Englishman. "I used to wear a beard."

"My chauffeur was taken ill suddenly," said the Greek without a blush, "and as Miss Donne was anxious to get home I thought there would be no great harm if I drove the car out myself. I had hoped to find you in so that I might explain how it happened, for, of course, Miss Donne was a little—what shall I say?—a little—"

He hesitated, having hoped that Margaret would help him out. After waiting two or three seconds, Mrs. Rushmore turned on her.

"Margaret, what were you?" she asked with severity. "I insist upon knowing what you were."

"I'm sure I don't know," Margaret answered, trying to speak easily, as if it did not matter much. "It was very kind of M. Logotheti, at all events, and I'm much obliged to him."

"Oh, and pray, what has happened to Mr. Lushington?"

"I was on the wrong side of the road, and the car knocked me off my bicycle," added Lushington. "They kindly stopped to pick me up. They thought I was hurt."

"Well—you are," said Mrs. Rushmore. "Why don't you get into the automobile and let M. Logotheti take you home?"

As it was not easy to explain why he preferred walking in his battered condition, Lushington said nothing. Mrs. Rushmore turned to her groom, who was English.

"William," she said, "you must have a clothes-brush."

William had one concealed in some mysterious place under the box.

"Clean Mr. Lushington, William," said the good lady.

"Oh, thank you—no—thanks very much," protested Lushington.

But William, having been told to clean him, proceeded to do so, gently and systematically, beginning at his neck and proceeding thence with bold curving strokes of the brush, as if he were grooming a horse.

Instinctively Lushington turned slowly round on his heels, while he submitted to the operation, and the others looked on. They had ample time to note the singular cut of his clothes.

"He used to be always so well dressed!" said Mrs. Rushmore to Margaret in an audible whisper.

Lushington winced visibly, but as he was not supposed to hear the words he said nothing. William had worked down to the knees of his trousers, which he grasped firmly in one hand while he vigorously brushed the cloth with the other.

"That will do, thank you," said Lushington, trying to draw back one captive leg.

But William was inexorable, and there was no escape from his hold. He was an Englishman, and was therefore thorough; he was a servant, and he therefore thoroughly enjoyed the humor of seeing his betters in a pickle.

"And now, my dear," said Mrs. Rushmore to Margaret, "get in and I'll take you home. You can explain everything on the way. That's enough, William. Put away your brush."

Margaret had no choice, since fate had intervened.

"I'm very much obliged to you," she said, nodding to Logotheti; "and I hope you'll be none the worse," she added, smiling at Lushington.

Mrs. Rushmore bent her head with dignified disapproval, first to one and then to the other, and got into the carriage as if she were mounting the steps of a throne. She further manifested her displeasure at the whole affair by looking straight before her at the buttons on the back of the coachman's coat after she had taken her seat. Margaret got in lightly after her, and she scarcely glanced at Logotheti as the carriage turned; but her eyes lingered a little with an expression that was almost sad as she met Lushington's. She was conscious of a reaction of feeling; she was sorry that she had helped to make him suffer, that she had been amused by his

damaged condition and by his general discomfiture. He had made her respect him in spite of herself, just when she had thought that she could never respect him again; and suddenly the deep sympathy for him welled up, which she had taken for love, and which was as near to love as anything her heart had yet felt for a man.

She knew, too, that it was really her heart, and nothing else, where he was concerned. She was human, she was young, she was more alive than ordinary women, as great singers generally are, and Logotheti's ruthless masculine vitality stirred her and drew her to him in a way she did not quite like. His presence disturbed her oddly, and she was a little ashamed of liking the sensation, for she knew quite well that such feelings had nothing to do with what she called her real self. She might have hated him and even despised him, but could never have been indifferent when he was close to her. Sometimes the mere touch of his hand at meeting or parting thrilled her and made her feel as if she were going to blush. But she was never really in sympathy with him as she was with Lushington.

"And now, Margaret," said Mrs. Rushmore after a silence that had lasted a full minute, "I insist on knowing what all this means."

Margaret inwardly admitted that Mrs. Rushmore had some right to insist, but she was a little doubtful herself about the meaning of what had happened. If it meant anything, it meant that she had been flirting rather rashly and had got into a scrape. She wondered what the two men were saying now that they were alone together, and she turned her head to look over the back of the phaeton, but a turn of the road already hid the motorcar from view.

Meanwhile Mrs. Rushmore's face showed that she still insisted, and Margaret had to say something. As she was a truthful person it was not easy to decide what to say, and while she was hesitating Mrs. Rushmore expressed herself again.

"Margaret," said she, "I'm surprised at you. It makes no difference what you say. I'm surprised."

The words were spoken with a slow and melancholy intonation that might have indicated anything but astonishment.

"Yes," Margaret remarked rather desperately, "I don't wonder. I suppose I've been flirting outrageously with them both. But I really could not foresee that one would run over the other and

that you would appear just at that moment, could I? I'm helpless. I've nothing to say. You must have flirted when you were young. Try to remember what it was like, and make allowance for human weakness!"

She laughed nervously and glanced nervously at her companion, but Mrs. Rushmore's face was like iron.

"Mr. Rushmore," said the latter, alluding to her departed husband, "would not have understood such conduct."

Margaret thought this was very probable, judging from the likenesses of the late Ransom Rushmore which she had seen. There was one in particular, an engraving of him when he had been president of some big company, which had always filled her with a vague uneasiness. In her thoughts she called him the "commercial missionary," and was glad for his sake and her own that he was safe in heaven.

"I'm sorry," she said, without much contrition. "I mean," she went on, correcting herself, and with more feeling, "I'm sorry I've done anything that you don't like, for you've been ever so good to me."

"So have other people," answered the elder woman with an air of mystery and reproof.

"Oh, yes, I know! Everybody has been very kind—especially Mme. Bonanni."

"Should you be surprised to hear that the individual who bought out Mr. Moon and made you independent, did it from purely personal motives?"

Margaret turned to her quickly in great surprise.

"What do you mean? I thought it was a company. You said so."

"In business, one man can be a company, if he owns all the stock," said Mrs. Rushmore sententiously.

"I don't understand those things," Margaret answered, impatient to know the truth. "Who was it?"

"I hardly think I ought to tell you, my dear. I promised not to. But I will allow you to guess. That's quite different from telling, and I think you ought to know, because you are under great obligations to him."

"You don't mean to say—" Margaret stopped, and the blood rose slowly in her face.

"You may ask me if it was one of those two gentlemen we have just left in the road," said Mrs. Rushmore. "But mind, I'm not telling you!"

"M. Logotheti!" Margaret leaned back and bit her lip.

"You've made the discovery yourself, Margaret. Remember that I've told you nothing. I promised not to, but I thought you ought to know."

"It's an outrage!" cried Margaret, breaking out. "How did you dare to take money from him for me?"

Mrs. Rushmore seemed really surprised now, though she did not say she was.

"My dear!" she exclaimed, "you would not have had me refuse, would you? Money is money, you know."

The good lady's inherited respect for the stuff was discernible in her tone.

"Money!" Margaret repeated the word with profound contempt and a good deal of anger.

"Yes, my dear," retorted Mrs. Rushmore severely. "Yes, money. It is because your father and mother spoke of it in that silly, contemptuous way that they died so poor. And now that you've got it, take my advice and don't turn up your nose at it."

"Do you suppose I'll keep it, now that I know where it comes from? I'll give it back to him to-day!"

"No, you won't," answered Mrs. Rushmore, with the conviction of certainty.

"I tell you I will!" Margaret cried. "I could not sleep to-night if I knew that I had money in my possession that was given me—given me like a gift—by a man who wants to marry me! Ugh! It's disgusting!"

"Margaret, this is ridiculous. M. Logotheti came to see me and explained the whole matter. He said that he had made a very good bargain and expected to realize a large sum by the transaction. Do you suppose that such a good man of business would think of making any one a present of a hundred thousand pounds? You must be mad! A hundred thousand pounds is a great deal of money, Margaret. Remember that."

"So much the better for him! I shall give it back to him at once!"

Mrs. Rushmore smiled.

"You can't," she said. "You've never even asked me where it is, and while you are out of your mind I shall certainly not tell you. You seem to forget that when I undertook to bring suit against Alvah Moon you gave me a general power of attorney to manage your affairs. I shall do whatever is best for you."

"I don't understand business," Margaret answered, "but I'm sure you have no power to force M. Logotheti's money upon me. I won't take it."

"You have taken it and I have given a receipt for it, my dear, so it's of no

use to talk nonsense. The best thing you can do is to give up this silly idea of going on the stage, and just live like a lady on your income."

"And marry my benefactor, I suppose!" Margaret's eyes flashed. "That's what he wants—what you all want—to keep me from singing! He thought that if he made me independent I would give it up, and you encouraged him! I see it now. As for the money itself, until I really have it in my hands it's not mine; but just as soon as it is I'll give it back to him, and I'll tell him so to-day."

The carriage rolled through the pretty woods of Fausses Reposes, and the sweet spring breeze fanned Margaret's cheeks in the shade. But she felt fever in her blood, and her heart beat fast and angrily, as if it were a conscious creature imprisoned in a cage. She was angry with herself and with every one else, with Logotheti, with Mrs. Rushmore, with poor Lushington for making such a fool of himself just when she was prepared to like him better than ever. She was sure that she had good cause to hate every one, and she hated accordingly, with a good will. She wished that she might never spend another hour under Mrs. Rushmore's roof, that she might never see Logotheti again, that she were launched in her artistic career, free at last and responsible to no one for her actions, her words or her thoughts.

But Mrs. Rushmore began to think that she had made a mistake in letting her know too soon who had bought out Alvah Moon, and she wondered vaguely why she had betrayed the secret, trying to account for her action on the ground of some reasonably thought-out argument, which was quite impossible, of course. So they both maintained a rather hostile silence during the rest of the homeward drive.

XVII.

UNTIL the carriage was out of sight, Logotheti and Lushington stood still where Margaret had left them. Then Lushington looked at his adversary coolly for about four seconds, stuck his hands into his pockets, turned his back, and deliberately walked off without a word. Logotheti was so little prepared for such an abrupt closure that he stood looking after the Englishman in surprise till the latter had made a dozen steps.

"I say!" said the Greek, calling after him then and affecting an exceedingly English tone. "I say, you know, this won't do."

Lushington stopped, turned on his heel and faced him from a distance.

"What won't do?" he asked coolly.

Seeing that he came no nearer, Logotheti went forward a little.

"You admitted just now that you had been playing the spy," said the Greek, whose temper was getting beyond his control, now that the women were gone.

"Yes," said Lushington, "I've been watching you."

"I said spying," answered Logotheti; "I used the word 'spy.' Do you understand?"

"Perfectly."

"You don't seem to. I'm insulting you. I mean to insult you."

"Oh!" A faint smile crossed the Englishman's face. "You want me to send you a couple of friends and fight a duel with you? I won't do anything so silly. As I told you before Miss Donne, we don't owe each other anything to speak of, so we may as well part without calling each other bad names."

"If that is your view of it, you had better keep out of my way in future."

Logotheti laid his hand on the car to get in as he spoke. Lushington's face hardened.

"I shall not take any pains to do that," he answered. "On the contrary, if you go on doing what you have been doing of late, you'll find me very much in your way."

Logotheti turned upon him savagely.

"Do you want to marry Miss Donne yourself?" he asked.

Lushington, who was perfectly cool now that no woman was present, was struck by the words, which contained a fair question, though the tone was angry and aggressive.

"No," he answered quietly. "Do you?"

Logotheti stared at him.

"What the devil did you dare to think that I meant?" he asked. "It would give me the greatest satisfaction to break your bones for asking that!"

Lushington came a step nearer, his hands in his pockets, though his eyes were rather bright.

"You may try if you like," he said. "But I've something more to say, and I don't think we need fall to fistcuffs on the highroad like a couple of bargees. I've misunderstood you. If you are going to marry Miss Donne, I shall keep out of your way altogether. I made a mistake, because you haven't the reputation of a saint, and when a man of your fortune runs after a young singer it's not usually

with the idea of marrying her. I'm glad I was wrong."

Logotheti was too good a judge of men to fancy that Lushington was in the least afraid of him, or that he spoke from any motive but a fair and firm conviction; and the Greek himself, with many faults, was too brave not to be generous. He turned again to get into the car.

"I believe you English take it for granted that every foreigner is a born scoundrel," he said with something like a laugh.

"To tell the truth," Lushington answered, "I believe we do. But we are willing to admit that we can be mistaken. Good-morning!"

He walked away, and this time Logotheti did not stop him, but got in and started the car in the opposite direction without looking back. He was conscious of wishing to kill the cool Englishman, and though his expression betrayed nothing but annoyance, a little color rose and settled on his cheek-bones; and that bodes no good in the faces of dark men when they are naturally pale.

He reached home, and it was there still; he changed his clothes, and yet it was not gone; he drank a cup of coffee and smoked a big cigar; and the faint red spots were still there, though he seemed absorbed in the book he was reading.

It was not his short interview with Lushington which had so much moved him, though it had been the first disturbing cause. In men whose nature, physical and moral, harks back to the savage ancestor, to the pirate of northern or southern seas, to the Bedouin of the desert, to the Tartar of Bokhara or the Suliote of Albania, the least bit of a quarrel stirs up all the blood at once, and the mere thought of a fight rouses every masculine passion. The silent Scotchman, the stately Arab, the courtly Turk, are far nearer to the fanatic than the quick-tempered Frenchman or the fiery Italian.

For a long time Constantine Logotheti had been playing at civilized living, and especially at the more or less gentle diversion of civilized love-making; but he was suddenly tired of it all, because it had never been quite natural to him, and he grew bodily hungry and thirsty for what he wanted. The round flushed spots on his cheeks were the outward signs of something very like a fever which had seized him within the last two hours. Until then he would hardly have believed that his magnificent artificial calm could

break down, and that he could wish to get his hands on another man's throat, or take by force the woman he loved and drag her away to his own lawless East.

He wondered now why he had not fallen upon Lushington and tried to kill him in the road. He wondered why, when Margaret had been safe in the motor-car, he had not put the machine at full speed for Havre, where his yacht was lying. His artificial civilization had hindered him, of course! It would not check him now, if Lushington were within arm's length, or if Margaret were in his power. It would be very bad for any one to come between him and what he wanted so much, just then, that his throat was dry and he could hear his heart beating as he sat in his chair.

He sat there a long time because he was not sure what he might do if he allowed himself the liberty of crossing the room. If he did that, he might write a note, or go to the telephone, or ring for his secretary, or do one of fifty little things whereby the train of the inevitable may be started in the doubtful moments of life.

It did not occur to him that he was not the arbiter of his actions in that moment, free to choose between good and evil, which he, perhaps, called by other names just then. He probably could not have remembered a moment in his whole life at which he had not believed himself the master of his own future, with full power to do this, or that, or to leave it undone. And now he was quite sure that he was choosing the part of wisdom in resisting the strong temptation to do something rash which made it a physical effort to sit still and keep his eyes on his book. He held the volume firmly with both hands, as if he were clinging to something fixed, which secured him from being made to move against his will.

One of fate's most amusing tricks is to let us work with might and main to help her on, while she makes us believe that we are straining every nerve and muscle to force her back.

If Logotheti had not insisted on sitting still that afternoon nothing might have happened. If he had gone out, or if he had shut himself up with his statue, beyond the reach of visitors, his destiny might have been changed, and one of the most important events of his life might never have come to pass.

But he sat still with his book, firm as a rock, sure of himself, convinced that he was doing the best thing, proud of his strength of mind and his obstinacy, per-

flectly pharisaical in his contempt of human weakness, persuaded that no power in earth or heaven could force him to do or say anything against his mature judgment. He sat in his deep chair near a window that was half open, his legs stretched straight out before him, his flashing patent leather feet crossed in a manner which showed off the most fantastically over-embroidered silk socks, tightly drawn over his lean but solid ankles.

From the wall behind him the strange face in the encaustic painting watched him with drooping lids and dewy lips that seemed to quiver; the ancient woman, ever young, looked as if she knew that he was thinking of her, and that he would not turn round to see her because she was so like Margaret Donne.

His back was to the picture, but his face was to the door. It opened softly, he looked up from his book, and Margaret was before him, coming quickly forward. For an instant he did not move, for he was taken unawares. Behind her, by the door, a manservant gesticulated apologies—the lady had pushed by him before he had been able to announce her. Then another figure appeared, hurrying after Margaret; it was little Mme. de Rosa, out of breath.

Logotheti got up now; and when he was on his feet, Margaret was already close to him. She was pale, and her eyes were bright, and when she spoke he felt the warmth of her breath in his face. He held out his hand mechanically, but he hardly noticed that she did not take it.

"I want to speak to you alone," she said.

Mme. de Rosa evidently understood that nothing more was expected of her for the present, and she sat down and made herself comfortable.

"Will you come with me?" Logotheti asked, controlling his voice.

Margaret nodded; he led the way and they left the room together. Just outside the door there was a small lift. He turned up the electric light, and Margaret stepped in; then he followed and worked the lift himself. In the narrow space there was barely room for two; Logotheti felt a throbbing in his temples, and the red spots on his cheek-bones grew darker. He could hear and almost feel Margaret's slightest movement as she stood close behind him while he faced the shut door of the machine.

He did not know why she had come; he did not guess why she wished to be alone

with him; but that was what she had asked, and he was taking her where they would really be alone together. It was not his fault. Why has she come?

When a terrible accident happens to a man, the memory of all his life may pass before his eyes in the interval of a second or two. I once knew a man who fell from the flying trapeze in a circus in Berlin, struck on one of the ropes to which the safety net was laced, and broke most of his bones. He told me that he had never before understood the meaning of eternity; but that ever afterward, for him, it meant the time that had passed after he had missed his hold and before he struck and was unconscious. He could associate nothing else with the word. Logotheti remembered, as long as he lived, the interminable interval between Margaret's request to see him alone and the noiseless closing of the sound-proof door when they had entered the upper room, where Aphrodite stood in the midst and the soft light fell from shaded windows.

Even then, though her anger was hot and her thoughts were chasing one another furiously, Margaret could not repress an exclamation of surprise when she first saw the statue facing her in its bare beauty, like a living thing.

Logotheti laid one hand very lightly upon her arm, and was going to say something, but she sprang back from his touch as if it burnt her. The color deepened in his dark cheeks, and his eyes seemed brighter and nearer together. When a woman comes to a man's house and asks to be alone with him, she need not play horror because the tips of his fingers rest on her sleeve for a moment. Why had she come?

Margaret spoke first.

"How did you dare to settle money on me?" she asked, standing back from him.

Logotheti understood for the first time that she was angry with him, and that her anger had brought her to his house. The fact did not impress him much, though he wished she were in a better temper. The sound of her voice was sweet to him, whatever she said.

"Oh?" he ejaculated with a sort of thoughtful interrogation. "Has she told you? She agreed to say nothing about it. How very annoying!"

His sudden calm was exasperating, for Margaret did not know him well enough to see that below the surface his blood was boiling.

(To be continued.)

THE STAGE

THE CUSTOM-MADE PLAY.

The crying need of the English-speaking stage to-day is plays and audiences. We have actors and theaters to burn. Why is it that going to the play is a bore to most New York men? Is it not because they sense the fact that they are being catered to as if they were so many children eager for painted toys? Everything is artificial, made to order, from the plays that are written to match

a star's hair or his nasal twang to the actors that are turned out of training-schools in droves.

Take "De Lancey," Augustus Thomas' new comedy for John Drew. It is far and away behind other Thomas plays, simply because it was written along a yardstick laid up and down Mr. Drew's personality. The result is that nothing except Mr. Drew seems real. The rest of the cast are mere puppets dangling from strings that vibrate to the move-



CHRISTIE MACDONALD, PRIMA DONNA IN THE NEW COMIC OPERA, "TWO-NINE-O-FIVE,"
BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS AND MANUEL KLEIN.

From her latest photograph by Hall, New York.



THELMA FAIR AS ARANKA IN "THE ROLICKING GIRL."

*From a photograph by the Otto Sarony Company,
New York.*

ments of the star. Take "Arizona," "The Earl of Pawtucket," "The Other Girl," "Mrs. Leffingwell's Boots"—these were one and all the spontaneous offshoots of Mr. Thomas' fancy, and at least half of them were buffeted about from manager to manager before they found a purchaser. Once marketed, actors were engaged to fit the parts, with the result of symmetrical performances and satisfied audiences.

The fact that custom-made plays are by no means essential to the success of a star has been proved afresh this autumn by the hit of Edna May in "The Catch of the Season," designed in the first instance for Seymour Hicks and Ellaline Terriss. And take the hits of the last New York season—"The College Widow," "Leah Kleschna," "The Heir to the Hoorah," and "The Music Master." Of these four, only one, the last-named, was specially prepared for the leading character who played it.

Suppose Shakespeare and Sheridan had been required to write to order for players of their day, would their work have lasted into the twentieth century?

But there's little use in grumbling. Managers save trouble by ordering pieces written to suit their stars, so they will probably keep on doing it.

BUTTING INTO THE BILL.

Reverting to "The Catch of the Season"—now in its second year of consecu-



NELLIE MCCOY AS DAISY FALLOWFIELD IN "THE
EARL AND THE GIRL."

From a photograph by Marceau, New York.



MAY AND FLORA HENGLER, WHO NOW SING AND DANCE IN VAUDEVILLE.

From their latest photograph by Marceau, New York.

tive playing in London—it follows the fashion of most of the musical plays built for English audiences in having something like half a dozen men stand as its responsible creators, while eight more are named on the program as contributors of extra numbers. The business of writing extra songs for musical comedies has become quite a lucrative one. The author not only receives pay for his work in the first instance, but has the income from its sale in the lobbies and music-stores. This, in the event of a hit, sometimes reaches a very handsome figure.

In this connection, a bit of history concerning Benjamin Hapgood Burt, author of "Little Girl, You'll Do," sung in "The Catch of the Season," and of "The Indians Along Broadway," in "The Rollicking Girl," will show the uninitiated how neophytes get into the game of metropolitan theatricals. Some five years ago, Mr. Burt, a Vermont boy scarcely out of his teens, took it into his head that he wanted to go on the stage. He came to New York with absolutely no acquaintances to aid him in his ambition. Strolling past the stage door of Weber & Fields' one matinée day, he decided to

wait until Joe Weber came out and to "brace him for a job" then and there.

When the comedian appeared, Burt halted him on the sidewalk with his request.

"Can you sing?" asked Weber, taking

dee." He got only twelve dollars a week—eighteen when the company went on the road—but the experience procured him a better post the following season with Henrietta Crosman in "Mistress Nell" and "As You Like It."



FLORENCE ROCKWELL, LEADING WOMAN WITH RICHARD MANSFIELD, WHOSE NEW PRODUCTION FOR THE SEASON IS SCHILLER'S "DON CARLOS."

From her latest photograph by Morrison, Chicago.

in the fellow's goodly proportions and regular features.

"Yes," answered Burt.

"Step in on the stage and let's hear you," said Weber.

The test was satisfactory, and Burt was engaged as one of the four men who formed the background for the multitudinous chorus of girls in "Fiddledee-

About this time, fired with a new ambition, Burt sat down at the piano and produced a topical song. As he knew something of music, it was not so difficult to do this as to sell it after it was written.

"Let me see," he told himself, "what piece now on the boards needs an interpolated number to give it a boost? Ah, I have it! 'Miss Simplicity' isn't doing



OLGA NETHERSOLE, TO TOUR AMERICA IN "A CASE OF DIVORCE."

From her latest photograph by Reutlinger, Paris.



THE BARRYMORE BROTHERS, JACK (ON THE LEFT) AND LIONEL, (ON THE RIGHT), WHO ARE TO SUPPORT THEIR SISTER ETHEL IN THE BARRIE PLAY, "ALICE SIT-BY-THE-FIRE."

From their latest photographs by Sarony, New York.

as much for Frank Daniels as it might. I wonder how I can get to him!"

He knew the probable fate of a letter asking for an appointment to play a song on approval. Comic opera stars receive bushels of these every week. To beard the lion in his lair was the best way, and with his experience with Weber to fortify him, Burt lay in wait on the Rialto for his prey. The little comedian soon hove in sight, and going boldly up to him — Burt, by the way, towers considerably above both Weber and Daniels — the Vermonter announced that he had written a song which he thought would suit.



LOVELL TAYLOR, WHO IS THE NEW YORK GIRL WITH RAYMOND HITCHCOCK IN
"EASY DAWSON."

From a photograph by Windleatt, Chicago.

Naturally Daniels was surprised, and no doubt this very fact, throwing him off the beaten track for "turn-downs," caused him to accede to the stranger's request for a hearing. The result was purchase of "Living Your Own Life" and a subsequent order for a second song, which in turn brought requests from other managers and a connection with an established publishing-house. This firm pays Burt a salary to have an option on everything he writes, so that the boards resound to his tread no more.

Some makers of musical comedies — among them Harry B. Smith, the libret-



GRACE ELLISTON, LEADING WOMAN IN "THE LION AND THE MOUSE," THE NEW PLAY BY CHARLES KLEIN, AUTHOR OF "THE MUSIC MASTER."

From her latest photograph—Copyright by DuPont, New York.



ANNE SUTHERLAND, LEADING WOMAN IN GEORGE ADE'S NEW COMEDY, "THE BAD SAMARITAN."

From a photograph by Hall, New York.

tist, and Victor Herbert, the composer—object to the introduction of extra numbers into their productions.

A HIT, A MISS, AND A GLANCING BLOW.

It is Victor Herbert and Harry B. Smith who have furnished Lulu Glaser with the most successful vehicle she has had since "Dolly Varden." Possibly Miss Glaser, disagreeing with Shakespeare, may have decided that there is much in a name. At any rate, *Dolly* she is again, but this time an American one who rolls her R's in a fashion that comes altogether natural to the star from Pittsburg.

"Miss Dolly Dollars" is the name of the new piece, which is dubbed modestly "musical comedy," but which leans in spots toward the higher dignities of comic opera. It has a distinct automobile flavor, Miss Glaser making her first entrance in a motor drawn by a farmer's horse, and sprinkling her talk throughout with the vernacular of the garage.

Oddly enough, the catchiest songs go to others than the star, which differentiates the piece greatly from the other "Dolly." To be sure, she participates in the number getting the most encores—that of the eight friendly rivals bidding for her hand—but even in this the most tuneful phrases fall to the men.

By way of joyous novelty, there is no knockabout comedian, with strident tones and wobbly legs. Instead we have the private secretary to an English lord, set down on the house-bill as "an educated fool." The part is played in just the right key by R. C. Herz, who was *Steve Carley*, brother to the heroine, with Maxine Elliott in "Her Own Way."

Miss Elliott, by the way, seems doomed to stepmothers under the Clyde Fitch régime. He gave her one in "Her Own Way," and in his latest vehicle for her use, "Her Great Match," *Jo's* stepmother furnishes all the axle-grease for the movement of the play. As a villain she is an out-and-outer, and would be no disgrace to the stage of the Third Avenue Family Theater. It is one of Fitch's bad habits to strike some discordant note that

spoils the harmony of a whole play. In "The Girl With the Green Eyes" it was the bathos of the scene in which the heroine mounted a parlor chair to turn on the gas, that she might die amid genteel surroundings. In "Her Great Match" he has laid the foundation of a capital society play, and then capped it with melodramatic upper works.

But if Mr. Fitch turned out a hurried hodge-podge in "Her Great Match," it must be admitted that he had a strong temptation to do slop work. No shortcomings of the author can prevent Maxine Elliott from looking supremely handsome from end to end of the play. The fame of her beauty has gone forth so widely that unless she should be cast as *Meg Merrilles*, or in some equally disarming rôle, audiences would gather to see her in almost anything. And of very few players can this be said. Maude Adams is one of the few. In her case it is not beauty, but personal charm and magnetism, that win the public.

The best acting in "Her Great Match" comes from Mathilde Cottrelly, as the aunt of the prince who wants to marry the American girl. Miss Cottrelly is a German, who came over to this country some twenty years ago and for a season or two managed the Thalia Theater on the Bowery as a German playhouse. She is best known on our local stage as the creator of *Mme. Vinard* in "Trilby."

"Her Great Match," though not so good as "Her Own Way," is worth seeing, and Miss Elliott will probably continue to play it for many months to come. That is more than can be said for her husband, Nat Goodwin, in his London importation, "Beauty and the Barge," of which great things were expected, as it was one of the very few productions that made a hit last season across the water. Two years ago Mr. Goodwin had a similar deplorable experience. Opening at the Garrick in "Her Own Way," his wife made such a hit that she had to move to three other theaters in succession before Gotham would suffer her to depart. Shortly afterward Mr. Goodwin inaugurated the New Amsterdam Theater as *Bottom* in a really fine presentation of the "Midsummer Night's Dream," and not even the desire to inspect the new and richly decorated house sufficed to bring in enough people to pay the bills.

The verdict of the critics and the public in the case of "Beauty and the Barge" must have struck Charles Frohman, Mr. Goodwin's manager, with no small bewil-

derment. For years past he has banked on a London success making good in New York. In fact, he seems to have had no other policy in his selection of wares for the American market. He never takes risks on his own judgment of plays, be they native or foreign. He turned down Augustus Thomas' "Arizona," but when the rejected drama made a ten-strike under other management he promptly ordered "Colorado" from the same pen. This failed dismally, and Thomas was *persona non grata* to the American play magnate until "On the Quiet" took the town by storm with Willie Collier, when Mr. Frohman commissioned him to write another farce. This, "The Other Girl," as luck would have it, won out.

About the only instance in which Mr. Frohman gambled on a piece was when he took Clyde Fitch's "Captain Jinks" for Ethel Barrymore. He had already turned down Fitch's best play, "The Climbers," whose production by Amelia Bingham had not yet brought the young dramatist to the front. That winter, with three big hits on the New York boards at once, the Fitch stock soared high in the Frohman offices, and four pieces were ordered, to be delivered hot off the griddle. Of these, "The Girl With the Green Eyes" made only a medium success, while "The Bird in the Cage," "Glad of It," and "The Coronet of a Duchess" were total failures.

"Beauty and the Barge" was hopelessly un-American. Its first act was the deadliest thing ever put behind the foot-lights. The rest was laughable in spots, but nothing more. So completely did Mr. Frohman count on Mr. Goodwin's fame and the London hit to carry the play, that in the cast of eighteen there were only two other names known to metropolitan playgoers. It was withdrawn after only a fortnight's stay at the Lyceum, and the collapse gave young Joe Wheelock an unexpectedly early chance to come to town with "Just Out of College." The selection of this comedy by George Ade—first called "The 'Varsity Man"—is another instance where Mr. Frohman banks on an author's fame achieved under other auspices.

ROBERT LORAINES'S LUCK.

In George Bernard Shaw's "Man and Superman" Robert Loraine has found a new comedy, an appreciative audience, and himself. It was a trilogy of achievements shared with the public.

Into the rôle of *John Tanner*, one of Shaw's most delightful, most impossible, and most audacious characters, Loraine has injected a spontaneity and a fervor that make it far and away his greatest achievement. In this one part we have Shaw and *Tanner* and Loraine at their best, and we defy any auditor to sit through three acts of Shaw or *Tanner* or Loraine and leave the theater without having sated his sense of humor, his desire for philosophy, or his thirst for domesticity.

"Man and Superman" can scarcely be called a play. The plot is trivial, and the movement of its characters really amounts to little or nothing. Its whole charm lies in its brilliant and impudent dialogue, the audacity of *John Tanner*, the tremendous certainty of *Ann Whitefield*, and the cursed bigotry of *Roe buck Ramsden*.

The story of "Man and Superman" is the story of every palace, every tenement-house, every hovel in the world. It begins with false accusation against a woman who has not had an opportunity to defend herself; and as it proceeds it comes about that her motherhood, at which all her friends snarled innuendoes and scandal, is the natural sequence of a happy marriage, which, for reasons satisfactory to the bride and groom, was withheld from publicity for perhaps too long a time. That circumstance is the primary incident, and around it *John Tanner* fumes, defies, foams, and spouts his unconventional ideas on life and manners. Inverting the accepted theory, he regards women as the pursuers and men as the pursued. With all the intensity of an intense nature he gives forth defiance to the former, and with equal vehemence and fury he has his fling at the latter. New Yorkers have never seen a better piece of acting, a more effervescent characterization than Robert Loraine gives us of this man. He has made of Shaw's comedy such a success that G. Bernard himself, always opposed to that which the whole public approves, may come to detest "Man and Superman."

In the rôle of *Violet Robinson* Clara Bloodgood recalls her early triumphs in parts built for flippant and irresponsible women. As *Ann Whitefield*, whose mission was to pursue and capture *Tanner*, Fay Davis gives us something extremely graceful but not sufficiently ingenuous. She is guilty of the error of consciousness—a state of mind that the high class "pursuer" is able to conceal. As *Roe buck Ramsden*, a fanatical old

party with a leaning toward Spencer and Huxley, Louis Massen is a perfect filing-cabinet for *Tanner's* witticisms. They were handed out so fast to the old gentleman that it would require a card index system to keep track of them.

From any point that one cares to view "Man and Superman" it is a delightful and invigorating performance, not only giving amusement, but inspiring thought. The season of 1905-'06 is already marked as a red letter one for Shaw, *Tanner*, and Loraine.

THE PLEASING "PRINCE CHAP."

A new dramatist has appeared on the horizon—a refreshing dramatist, a human, naïve, original dramatist. His name is Edward Peple, and he comes to us with "The Prince Chap." It is a play that beckons to parents, whispers to lovers, and leads the bachelor by the hand into the land of romance. It is a simple, ingenuous story of a dying woman who petitions a young sculptor to take care of her child after she is gone. The sculptor, himself a hungry vagabond struggling against hope, drops his clay long enough to receive the legacy into his arms and to win from her lisping lips the title of the Prince Chap. He assumes the obligations of a foster-father when the child is five, and at eighteen he becomes her king.

Mr. Peple has displayed courage in writing a play around three stages of a woman's life, and in presenting his heroine as a child of five, as a child of eight, and a woman of eighteen. And yet he has bridged these chasms so naturally, and selected his three characters with such care, that the idea succeeds in spite of its audacity.

In the first act Helen Pullman plays the rôle of *Claudia* at five years of age. Edith Speare, in the second act, is *Claudia* at eight, while Grayce Scott, in the third act, gives us the woman of eighteen. The two children rendered the better account of themselves.

Cyril Scott, in the part of the foster-father, was never more deserving of his laurels. His is a finished, artistic, and sympathetic performance, full of tenderness, rich in emotion, and a lesson to any parent who has the good fortune to see it. We forget his farce comedy and his flippant light opera. "The Prince Chap" discloses him in a new phase, and gives us a glimpse of power that we long suspected him to possess.

Thomas A. Wise as *Runion*, the butler,

is delightful. If we could find more *Runions* in private life the household question would be solved for good.

If the laughter of the young and the tears of the mature are any criterion, their mingling in "The Prince Chap" means that Peple has struck the true fount of humor and pathos.

POST-MORTEMES ON "THE BAD SAMARITAN."

Within the first month of the new season there were three plays at leading New York theaters which failed so completely that they were withdrawn in two weeks. One of these was "Beauty and the Barge," another "Mary versus John," and the third George Ade's "The Bad Samaritan."

The collapse of the Ade boom was the most amazing item in the trio. And yet you could find plenty of wiseacres along the Rialto who would tell you—after the fact—that a frost was due for Ade after his run of fine weather. Others aver that "The Bad Samaritan" would be running yet if it had preceded, instead of following, "The County Chairman" and "The College Widow." Certain it is that the new comedy is based on a capital idea and contains some of the brightest and most typical bits of Ade's humorous philosophy. At the risk of stirring up a hornets' nest, we would suggest that "The Bad Samaritan" may possibly have succumbed to an overdose of stage management.

"Whoop her up!" "Keep things moving!" we can figure George Marion continually insisting.

This was all very well in "The College Widow," where boys will be boys, but in the present instance the story was constantly interrupted by an onrush of people with perfectly irrelevant things to say and do. No wonder the play seemed to be without form and void, when one came to sum it up.

Although George Marion got the biggest reception on the opening night at the Garden—and why shouldn't he? The theater was full of actors, and Marion handles all the Savage engagements—the most hearty applause went to Harry Stone for his work in the last act, after some of the critics who roasted the play next morning had gone home. Stone used to be with De Wolf Hopper in "El Capitan" and "Panjandrum." The winter before last he sang with Virginia Earl in "Sergeant Kitty." He wanted to give up the stage, and for a year he wasted his time upon a patent coin-

counter. Then Savage offered him the part of the veterinarian who blossoms out as an expert in the slang of the day, and he has made such a hit that he will probably be kept too busy counting his own coin on salary day to trouble himself about devices for adding up that of other people. Anne Sutherland, who has a splendid speaking voice, was leading woman last winter in an up-town New York repertoire company.

HALL CAINE'S LATEST MISFORTUNE.

It is to be regretted that *Oscar Stephansson*, Mr. Caine's prodigal son, did not stay away from home indefinitely. His reappearance at the old homestead works a hardship on his parents, and gives the public small reason for rejoicing. The new play is not so vigorous as "The Christian" or so picturesque as "The Eternal City," while it is just as cheaply sentimental, as trickily sensational, and as false to real life, as either of the previous Caine productions.

"The Prodigal Son" tells the story of a ne'er-do-well young Icelander who wins away his brother's intended bride. Their wedding-tour includes Monte Carlo, and the bride's sister accompanies them. The bridegroom speedily discovers that his sister-in-law is getting him into her toils—in other words, that she is retaliating upon him his treachery to his brother. The trio return to Iceland, where, in spite of the cool climate, the domestic temperature reaches the boiling-point. The wife dies, leaving a baby daughter, and her husband, the prodigal, rushes back, with his sinning relative, to Monte Carlo and the gaming tables. There he leads a most unhappy existence, owing to his inability to pick the winning numbers.

Presently a director of the Casino invites him to become a dealer, and intimates that it will pay him to do a little crooked work occasionally. Thereupon this Hall Caine hero, this white soul who has stolen his brother's wife and eloped with his sister-in-law, this perfect gentleman who has incidentally committed a few forgeries and other peccadilloes, hits the wicked director in the mouth with a glove and spurns the insulting proposition. In the last act he has become a famous musician, and sneaks back to Iceland incognito to lift a mortgage on his aged mother's homestead. From first to last it is a wild, weird story, with impossible and uninteresting characters, upon which the efforts of a good cast are sadly wasted.

THE CZARS OF RUSSIA FROM IVAN TO NICHOLAS.

FOURTH PAPER—THE CRIMEAN WAR.

BY EDGAR SALTUS.

THE STRANGE TRIO OF ROMANOFFS WHO FOLLOWED THE GREAT CATHERINE—PAUL, THE MANIAC; ALEXANDER, THE BENEVOLENT HYPOCRITE; AND NICHOLAS, THE CRAZY TYRANT, WHOSE REIGN ENDED WITH THE DISASTERS OF THE CRIMEAN WAR.

IT is recorded of Domitian that night after night he stood on the terrace of his palace, watching the red moon wane white, companioned only by those fantastic dreams that poets and madmen share. Once Pallas passed in her chariot, waved him farewell, and disappeared, borne by black horses across the black sky.

The record is reproduced because it silhouettes the Russian Emperor Paul, who resembled Domitian, not merely in madness but in method. Domitian's unique joy was the chase and capture of flies. Paul had the same morose love for minutiae. He issued edicts on fashion. If you were a civilian, you learned that you were forbidden to wear a large neck-cloth. If you were a soldier, you learned that you must wear a peruke. Whether soldier or civilian, you learned that to Paul, as he passed, you must kneel in the mud. You learned that it had pleased "God and the Czar" so to order. Edicts not similar, but cognate, were issued by Domitian. "Your God and master so orders it" was the formula he used in addressing the senate and people of Rome.

Paul, on succeeding his mother, Catherine, who loathed him, was spoiling for a row, anxious for a fight with England, eager—in default of anything better—for a personal encounter with any brother monarch whose views differed from his own. While Catherine lived he had been held off, held down, sat on. Maternal ambitions concerning him related almost solely to his death. The lady had summarily disposed of her husband. She was quite capable of doing as well by her son; but Paul, who hated her as frankly as she loathed him, circumvented her. He lived and reigned—to people Asia! The droves he sent to Siberia for a whim, for nothing at all,

not even for the pleasure of it, surpass computation. In these details his resemblance to Domitian lapses. It begins again at once.

Paul was mad. He was also a despot. If a despot be bad, a mad despot must be worse. Either variety patient Russia could endure. Ivan the Terrible and Peter the Terrific were both sane; yet had they not been, it is difficult to conjecture how they could have succeeded in being more demoniac than they were. But though patient Russia had endured them, and, with her superstitious awe of the sovereign, could have endured Paul, the court and army rebelled. In barracks and bedchambers there were plots. At the first inkling of them Paul, already unfathomably suspicious, highly umbrageous, as all madmen are, barricaded himself. When Pallas waved her hand at Domitian he did the same.

THE TAKING OFF OF PAUL (1801).

In the account of the Roman episode there is a shiver in each line. You get the voices of hundreds, drunk with fury, frenzied with delight. There is the sudden pretorian rush, the clatter through the palace of the Cæsars, Domitian's struggle with the rebels, the fall of the emperor, pierced by seven knives. In the palace of the Czars there was a similar clatter. The conspirators broke into the halls. Save where they were, all other issues were barred. Paul, a rat in a trap, tried to crawl up a chimney. Already they were at him. They pulled him out; one of them struck him with the hilt of a sword, at which Paul caught, cutting his fingers off in the effort. Then at once he was down, pierced through and through.

The account, as you may see, is the same except that no delight is mentioned. But in Russia nothing whatever regard-

ing it is mentioned. In history, as history is written there, the murder of Paul is omitted. His death is ascribed to apoplexy, as his putative father's was to colic. That is one reason for the absence of delight. There is another. In those days delight was rare.

The earth then was oscillating beneath the tread of an ogre greater than any that had been, a human volcano beside whom no nation could live. Hugo, with his usual sobriety, said that Napoleon inconvenienced God. Napoleon would have taken the remark quite seriously. Humor he contrived to lack. That saving grace Satan alone among fiends possesses. This demon did not inconvenience the Infinite, but he disturbed the equilibrium of the world. In the echoes of his passage you get the crash of falling cities, the cries of the vanquished, the death rattle of nations, the surge and roar of seas of blood. In their reverberations Napoleon looms, dragging destruction after him, hurling it like a bomb in the face of kings cowering still from the spectacle of the French Revolution, of which he was the appalling issue.

At the time of Paul's death this pugilist was in training for a bout with England. He went at Austria instead, and sent the old Germanic empire sprawling. It was the turn of Prussia next. She too was knocked out. Then came a scrap with Russia, who already at Austerlitz had been punished, and who, in the person of Alexander I—the successor of Paul, the latter's wife's son—thought it well to come to terms with the slugger.

The idea was judicious. It was fruitful, also. It gave the Czar an opportunity to get his fingers on Sweden and to rob her of more than he left. But though judicious and also fruitful, it was impermanent. Napoleon wanted another talk with him. The conversation occurred all along the road to Moscow and back. For climax it had Elba, with Waterloo for finale. Then "coldly on the dead volcano slept the gleam of dying day."

The tenor of the conversation was quite on the lines of Peter's chat with Charles XII. Before the Swede Peter beckoningly retreated, inviting him to come and eat him up. At Pultowa Peter gobbled him. Alexander was just as enticing. With alluring retreats and a follow-me-lads expression, his army backed to Moscow, burned it for the ogre's greeting, and from there chased

him on to Paris. It was war, it was magnificence, and unparalleled in both. Alexander, though, was not single-handed at it. Precisely as Napoleon had arrayed himself against Europe, Europe arrayed herself against him. When he fell it was not because of his defeats—it was because of the sheer magnitude of his triumphs, because before vanquishing all he had not conquered peace.

THE REIGN OF ALEXANDER I (1801-1825).

In the great débâcle, Alexander greatly rose. He acquired the palms of a hero, the aureole of a saint, a dignity quite epic, before which the flunkies of history have solemnly salaamed. A Greek of the Lower Empire, Napoleon called him; which, being interpreted means a crook. In his composition the burglar tastes of Catherine fused with a psalm-singing hypocrisy of his own. Whether he collaborated in the murder of his mother's husband one may surmise, and, at this date, never know. But that he was cognizant of the plot is certain.

And why not? It put him on a throne that had been built for usurpers. There was Catherine I, a scullion boosted there by a pastry-cook. There was Anne, who sealed it with an axe. There was Elizabeth, who bundled the lawful occupant out. There was the Northern Semiramis, who not only prevented an emperor from utilizing it, but held off her son, to whom it belonged. Alexander had therefore a few precedents in his favor. He had something else. Who his father was he did not know. He did know that it was not Paul.

Paul was uglier than the ugliest Kal-muck. Fancy a middle-aged cherub in whiskers and an overcoat, and you can see Alexander, who accentuated this charmful appearance with manners equally charming. Indulgently he agreed to rule in accordance with the law—which he made. Benevolently he built schools and universities—on paper. Magnanimously he interrupted the peopling of Asia, the functions of the torture chambers, not omitting meanwhile to stuff his pockets with everything he could lay his hands on—with Finland, of which he robbed Sweden, and with the swag of further burglaries in the south and east; therat promising a lift to Prussia and leaving her in the lurch, doing quite as well by Austria, hocus-pocusing everybody, including history, the world, and his wife, hoodwinking Napoleon—and it was an archcrook who could do that—deceiving even himself,

ending his robber rule in mystic projects and lunatic beliefs.

Alexander was the silver lining between Paul, who was mad, and Nicholas, who was madder. But every silver lining has its cloud. At the start he had brains, a will of his own, the power to use it, the ability to make Russia as preponderant in Europe as Peter had made her preponderant in the north. During the better part of his reign he drove the empire into history straight along, at a clinking pace, with the ease of a whip tooling a drag. Personally he had his graces. In spite of a quite medieval idea of his own dignity, he could unbend, and, when he did, he charmed. Though a robber, he was a big one. Though a crook, he was great. Even in hypocrisy he contrived to be large. He inspired confidence, and very naturally, he was a confidence man. There is the silver lining.

Here is the cloud. Bossuet had defined a heretic as a person who has ideas of his own. Alexander adopted that very advanced view. Already, in connection with the course of the stars, Paul had forbidden the use of the word revolution. Alexander ukased the Copernican system out of the realm. He made it a felony to think. Like Paul, he was mad. The army was sane. In tramping after Napoleon the officers had seen strange things—liberty, which they did not know could be, freedom, which had been unimagined. In the barracks another plot was hatched. Alexander was to be offered honey at the point of a sword—either a constitution or the fate of Paul. He was to have his choice. Alexander, adroitly dying, got ahead of the conspirators as he had of every one else. It was the turn of Nicholas. To the roar of cannon he waded through blood to the throne.

THE MAD TYRANT NICHOLAS (1825-1855).

Nicholas, titularly the First, was Alexander's half-brother. Like him, he was unlike Paul. But there was nothing cherubic in his appearance. He had the face of the fallen, the scowl of a superior fiend, the sinister demeanor of the despot. His conversation was less notable. His mind, a rendezvous of zeros, functioned, he believed, altitudinously and only. He had other beliefs, principally that he was the direct and incarnated emanation of the divine, the source from which everything proceeded and to which all returned—as such not merely autocrat but omnipotent. In his veins there was not a drop of Romanoff or even of Russian blood. He was the son of a German

drab and an Alsatian grenadier. Anywhere else, except where he happened to be, he would have been clapped in a strait jacket.

But though at this distance you see the lunatic, close to he resembled Ivan. The measure of his strength was the terror that he inspired. That terror was immediate, poignant, historic. The revolutionists that had been hovering around Alexander got in his way. Fancy a shepherd contemplating bleating sheep. That was his attitude. For a moment only. Some were promptly transformed into cannon food, some were put into the Neva through holes cut in the ice, some peopled Asia. The crime of the rank and file was not that they were sheep, but that they were parrots. They had cried, "The Constitution forever!" Then they had asked: "But who is this Constitution? Is she the emperor's wife?"

Even otherwise, what business was it of theirs? Under Nicholas the drama of Russian history was quite like a play at which you were permitted to assist, but given any disturbance on your part, any remarks, any criticism, any whispering, anything whatever except applause, and out you went, bounced into a sudden grave, or, less fortunately, into a living one. Russia soon discovered that. So did Poland.

Poland still lived, still prayed, murmured occasionally; occasionally, too, fevered with hope, she bandaged her wounds in national rags and sang. The song was of her past. In earlier days Muscovy had been her vassal. As Russia rose, Poland fell. Three butchers tripped her. Sharpening their knives, Catherine, the Austrian emperor, the Prussian king, agreed that her body and blood should be a sacrament of communion. Mutilated, dismembered, but not dead, Poland crawled through time to the feet of Nicholas. He stamped on her.

In the atrocities of Caligula there was a reason. He wanted to leave a name that history would preserve. In the atrocities of Nicholas there was also a reason. From history he wanted a name erased. He wanted to exterminate a nation. He deigned to decree—the term is official—that millions should change their language for his, abjure their religion for him. He deigned further to provide a catechism of the worship due to himself. At any objection, the knout, transplantation, the galleys. Poles were driven in hordes to Tartary, or, more expeditiously, to death. Ten thousand children were taken from their parents, engulfed in

Russia, lost there. Rather than have them go, other children were killed by their parents outright. Like Caligula, Herod also left a name. That of Nicholas exceeds it.

The crime of the revolutionists was that they had tried to think. Poland's crime was that she had succeeded. Nicholas was determined that there should be no thought in Russia save such as issued from the zeros in his head. Any other variety he regarded as atheism. That may seem naïve, yet is it not endearing? He had other traits quite as lovable. To prevent the entrance of foes Ivan ran a ring of forts about the realm. To prevent the entrance of light Nicholas put around it a screen. Against ideas he quarantined it. Within, Ivan made a park, Nicholas a camp. Petersburg became a parade ground of soldiery constantly defiling, a bivouac in which everything was exacted, nothing permitted, and before which, gun in hand, Nicholas paced like a sentry, challenging enlightenment, calling "*Qui vive?*" at the world, guarding the past, ordering progress begone.

A very ignorant, a very brutal, and—at this distance—a very amusing person, Nicholas nonetheless was a real figure, not a lay one, an iron man, liberty's exterminating angel, a human being that annihilated the goddess wherever she appeared. In that was his glory, such as it is, and, such as it was, for thirty years he sustained it over Russia awed and Europe coerced. For thirty years, Ivan to the people, he was Agamemnon among kings.

Europe, if coerced, could think. It occurred to her that a specter might be but a bugaboo. Not so with Russia. Submissive she lay at the feet of this parodomaniac, who in his *defilirium tremens* knew but one joy, the sight of troops constantly marching past; and but one consolation, the conviction that he was the great I Am. The conviction was an illusion which Europe presently proceeded to ablate. The shock of the loss of it killed him. The story of it all is called the Crimean War.

THE BLUNDER OF THE CRIMEAN WAR.

That inglorious scramble, into which England entered with the stern spirit of a policeman and France with the vendetta views of a bandit, began over a trifle, a question of therapeutics. Nicholas declared that the Sultan was a Sick Man. The diagnosis was his own. By way of regimen he proposed to break

into the patient's room, first finish, then rob him. But though the diagnosis was his, the second story treatment was Peter's. As an aerie for the eagles, the latter had earnestly indicated the advantages of Stamboul. Since Petrine days the roost has been the great goal of Slav ambition. It was one, though, which England could not countenance. The Dardanelles Russian, the Mediterranean would be a Muscovite lake, and Turkey a carpet to the Indus. England could not permit that, nor, if you please, France either.

But France, once the most belligerent and now the most bourgeois of nations, had her hand forced. The bait of revenge for the ogre's defeat was properly dangled before her. The dangling was done by Louis Napoleon, Napoleon the Little, who already had deceived everybody twice—first in pretending he was a fool, and second in pretending he wasn't. Revenge was not his object. He wanted to get into society and take his wife there. More exactly, it was the lady who wanted him to do both. Had it not been for Eugénie, France would not have entered into that campaign or into the subsequent and fatal argument with Prussia.

So much for Helen. Now for Agamemnon.

Asiatically, with Tartar contempt, this German asked the Frenchman if he remembered what Russia had done to the ogre. Then the allies went at him. Sebastopol was their objective point, but their object was less certain. The troops did not know whether they were for or against the Sick Man, who, either way, was quite as real to them as the man in the moon. The chiefs, better informed, were not on that account overburdened with intelligence. They thought the serfs would rise, the Romanoffs vanish. They thought they had but to blow on Sebastopol and it would topple. Official Russia had an equal disdain of the allies. "We have only to shy our hats at the imbeciles," she remarked. Half a century later she had even an inferior opinion of the Japs. "Monkeys with the brains of birds" they were grand-dually described. Yet though she was less happy in her characterization of the allies, she was more happy with them than with the Japs. After efforts prodigious and protracted the sum total of the coalition's work was the reduction of a single citadel.

That citadel, Sebastopol, the arsenal of the empire, the conning-tower from which the eagles eyed Stamboul, held,

behind a veil of forts, the fleet that was to make the Sick Man sicker. Once the arsenal taken and the fleet destroyed, the patient was safe. So argued the allies. Into the Euxine they sailed, on the sacred Chersonese they landed. From heights above the Alma, a river a bit to the north of Sebastopol, the Russians blazed at them. The allies saw the blaze, crossed the river, climbed the heights, got at the blazers, and, instead of eating them, let them run, which they did—to Sebastopol—bewildered at such consideration. To show that they were less easy than they looked, the allies got around to Balaklava, on the other side of the arsenal, tried to pound it from there, pounded it, or tried to, from the sea, failing in each effort, finding that instead of a walk over they were up against an army now hungry to get at them.

That army at which, when in position, the Light Brigade made a dash so magnificent and yet so mad that Bosquet cried "It is not war," and Tennyson added "Some one had blundered"—that army, turning tail, got the allies at Inkerman into a rough and tumble, a free fight, hand to hand, in the dark, in the rain, in which it was licked, but only because the allies were the bigger gluttons. Of generalship there was none. On the part of the English, tactics were simple. It was "Up boys and at 'em." French tactics were not more complicated, nor were the Russian more ornate. Of course it was fine, a sort of sublimated Donnybrook Fair, a likely scrimmage, one that it paid to be in, and, if that were not your luck, then one of which the accounts made very agreeable reading—so agreeable, in fact, that, in looking them over now, you would, if you did not know better, believe that the Russians were Titans and suspect that the allies were gods.

Meanwhile the siege progressed—a curious siege, one which involuted, doubled itself, presenting an oddity, the spectacle of beleaguerers as beset as the besieged, of forces contending with other foes than each other, of incompetence pitted against corruption. Ultimately, in desperation perhaps, anyway after routs and heroics, after adventures intrepid and intolerable, ramparts were scaled, redoubts were taken, Sebastopol fell. Like Moscow it was burned. Its sables were shriveled, its fortress dumb, the wings of the eagles were clipped.

Or at least so you would have fancied. But not a bit of it. To consent to peace after a defeat had never been the policy of the crown. Nor on this occasion was there peace until a town had been taken from the Turks. There, designs on the Sick Man ended. For the time being, that is. Twenty years later Russia was at him again. She was at his door. But for the police she would have done him. As it was, she got away with a lot of his goods. Said Salisbury admiringly:

"We put our money on the wrong horse."

That of course was all very well, measurably satisfactory even. But at the time there was, to talk French, a different guitar. Russia, humiliated by the presence of hostile legions on her sacred Chersonese, dismayed in the Crimea as she was to be in the East, startled by the fall of bastions which official corruption had undermined, aghast at the cries of soldiers to whom that corruption had been the direst foe, bereft of her belief in imperial might, awoken from her dream of Jerusalem delivered, aroused from her secular slumber, arraigned autocracy at the bar of God. She likened it to the rule of khans that came from hell, and who, obviously, had omitted to return there. Of the national disgrace an accounting was demanded, and, with it, absolutism's abolition, an entire elimination of the tragic, omnipotent farce.

Nicholas, the iron man, sank back. Done for already by the ablation of his pet illusion, it may be that he had lost his nerve. A cartoonist pictured General February turning traitor and laying a frigid finger on the emperor's heart. Nicholas had no heart. What he had had was a thoroughly mistaken idea of his own importance. It had gone. In its place came fear.

Fear plucked at his sleeve, stared at him, shoved him to bed, then to his grave, nodded good riddance, turned to his heirs and stalked them. Over, beneath, above, and about them it set a tyranny more terrible than their own. The terror of it never leaves the present incumbent. His father it drove mad. His grandfather it tortured till he was bombed to bits.

Hitherto Czars had been serene. With Nicholas I czaral serenity ceased. His reign began in a revolution. It ended in another. The latter has lasted until to-day.

STORIETTES

Ways That Are Dark.

I.

WUN LUNG's smile, besides being good-natured and expansive to a degree, was of that ultra-modern sort that is guaranteed not to come off. And since the arrival of the five o'clock train at Carter's Bend, the narrow slit in the lower portion of the Celestial's face had extended onward and upward till it threatened to meet and form a merger with those other slits, narrow and long, in which were set his shrewd little eyes.

"What's ticklin' you, Lung?" queried Dr. Morris, who had dropped in for his laundry. "Knocked 'em out at fan-tan again last night, eh?"

This was intended as a joke, for of the score of Chinamen in the camp he was the only one who never frequented the Chinese gambling-house. But Lung's smile not only deepened at the doctor's query; it seemed to go clear through.

"My blother come," he said proudly.

"I didn't know you had a brother," exclaimed the doctor.

"Twin," smiled Lung.

"Bless me! So they have 'em in China, too, do they? Where is your brother?"

Wun Lung slippared-slappered his way to a calico-curtained doorway that led to a rear room, and clattered out something in a voice that sounded like a short roll of chop-sticks beaten on one of his own dragon-fingered suey bowls. A face appeared in response—a face which was the counterpart, smile included, of his own.

"Alle samee look," said Lung gleefully as the twin came forth from the curtains and stood beside his brother.

The doctor nodded.

"I suppose your name must be Two Lung," he remarked facetiously.

"Wun Lee," the celestial responded politely.

"Melican name, him blackward," laughed Wun Lung.

"Come to make you a visit, has he, Lung?" the doctor queried.

Lung's smile broadened.

"Him bling lil gal."

"Oh, I see; brought his wife, eh? That's good!"

Wun Lung shook a long-cued negative. "You no savey. My blother bling me lil gal—me, me!"

He poked his blue silk blouse with a yellow, well-groomed finger. The doctor removed his glasses and stared down at his pudgy friend.

"What? You're not going to get married, are you?" he demanded.

"Me get maled to-night," Lung said proudly.

Once more he slippered his way to the curtain and called shortly but softly. There was a tiny patter on the other side of the swinging red calico, and the next instant a little face peered out at them through the narrow slit. The doctor had not seen many Chinese women, and he had never dreamed they could be so pretty. The girl's head was a marvel with its wondrous folds and rolls of hair, black as midnight, burnished like lacquer, and pompadoured and dressed with exquisite detail. There was a suspicion of rouge in the center of each olive cheek, and her mouth would have shamed a rosebud. Her eyes were black and velvety and they flashed inquisitorily about the room.

"This lil gal," said Lung contentedly.

"Bless me!" ejaculated the doctor. "I—I wish you much joy," he added in some confusion, not being accustomed to congratulating Chinese lovers.

He saluted the little oriental vision in the doorway with a low bow, and took a rather reluctant departure.

II.

A MAN came swiftly along the boardwalk, flashing alert eyes at the dingy fronts that lined the street. He stopped suddenly before Wun Lung's door, opened it quietly, and went in.

Wun Lung was sorting collars and cuffs and chatting gaily with his brother. The "lil gal" had disappeared.

"Are you Wun Lung?" asked the man briskly.

"Me Wun Lung," replied the proprietor, smiling as usual.

"You're the man I want, then," said the stranger, giving his lapel a business-like turn that revealed a badge. "Let me see your papers."

It would have taken a lightning eye to notice any change in Lung's features.

"My blother, him just come—maybe you want see him papers," he suggested suavely, and nodded in the direction of his twin, who in his turn smiled blandly and began to feel about in his blouse.

"No, I don't want to see his papers. They're all right, as I happen to know. So are the girl's he brought with him. My business here is with you. It's your papers I want to see!"

Still did Wun Lung lavish his unfathomable smile, but the yellow hand that rested out of sight under a roll of wrapping-paper clutched till the nails bit the flesh.

"Me live in Blend long time—tlee year," he began. "Tlee year an'—"

"Cut that out," interrupted the officer impatiently, "and get your papers, if you have any!"

With the sweet forbearance of one who is a martyr to stupidity, Wun Lung smiled upon his threatening visitor and deftly fingered his collars and cuffs. He even began the wrapping of another package, and shoved the laundry aside for more room, thus revealing a big medical volume that Dr. Morris had absent-mindedly left. At that moment, as if in answer to the sudden wish that lit the downcast almond eyes, the doctor himself came puffing back for his book. The smile that had wrinkled the Chinaman's face left it. The mask might slip a little now that the good friend whom he wanted more than anything else in the world was at his side.

The doctor's keen eyes took in the situation; it was what he had been afraid of from the first.

"Anything wrong, Lung?" he asked.

The officer replied.

"I must see his papers, if he has any. But he probably hasn't. He's one of a lot that were landed at Guaymas for the Mexican Central. Some of them were smuggled across the line, and we've had the devil's own time running 'em down!"

With the celerity that an emergency sometimes inspires, the doctor's mind swept back over Wun Lung's three years in Carter's Bend. He recalled the poorly clad Chinaman whom he had hired to work about his house and barn. The work was well done, he remembered that distinctly. And then there was the day when Lung had fished his little granddaughter out of the irrigating ditch. True, it would be a poor sort of man who would not wade out into water four feet deep and snatch a child from drowning;

but a less faithful man than Lung might not have been on hand at the minute. Lung was always there. As a reward, the doctor had given him a hundred dollars, with which he had started the laundry.

And he had succeeded, after the manner of most of his countrymen. He was quiet and temperate and courteous and kind, and above everything else he minded his own business. He attended the little Methodist mission down on Agate Street as regularly and with as much sincerity as most of its members. Everybody in camp liked him.

The doctor had no crow to pick with the Chinese Exclusion Act. He believed it a wise law and essential. But he sometimes wondered why there were no exclusion acts for certain types of other nationalities. There were foreigners at the Bend—the scum of Mexico and of southeastern Europe—who came and went without molestation; and yet their children's children would do well if they ever attained to Wun Lung's standard of citizenship. Was it really quite fair?

He had always suspected that Lung had been smuggled in. The vast ignorance that showed in the Chinaman's face when he was quizzed about it had convinced the doctor that the Chinaman was unable to show the proper documents to secure his residence in the United States. And at first the knowledge had hurt the good man's conscience a bit, making him feel little less than *particeps criminis*. But that was before Lung had pulled Baby Morris out of the water.

True, too, Lung had very probably bought the "lil gal" Chinese wooings, the doctor had heard, were more or less barbarous arrangements—as barbarous, perhaps, as some of our American divorcements. But that was their own affair, and both Lung and the girl were manifestly quite happy and contented. It was a shame to part them on their wedding night!

"Let me talk with Lung," the doctor said to the officer. "I have known him a long time, and he will talk more freely to me than to you. I have picked up a little of his lingo."

The officer nodded, not too agreeably, and the doctor beckoned the two Chinamen into the office-like space behind the high counter, where, seated on stools, they were hidden from view. But before Lung's friend could speak, his brother began to talk, softly and eloquently, with many movements of the body and sly smiles, while Lung listened, protest written large on his features. The "lil gal"

put her frightened face through still another curtain, and stared at them, troubled and anxious.

As Wun Lee continued to talk, the doctor smiled approvingly and heartily, and shook him by the hand as if he had been a fellow practitioner and not the laundryman's yellow brother. But then Dr. Morris had just discovered that Wun Lee was white—very white indeed.

Wun Lung was obdurate, however, and it took a good deal of talking before he acquiesced. When he at last surrendered to Wun Lee's proposition, the doctor strolled out to where the officer waited.

"He'll go with you all right," he said. "He sees it's no use to make a fight. Seems pretty tough, but of course you can't make any exceptions."

Then he offered the man a good cigar, and they smoked until the two Chinamen came out.

"Me go, all light," said the prisoner. He was ready, he went on to say. He could not marry the "lil gal" now, and his brother had consented to stay and look after his business. His smile was gone, and he was frankly miserable. He spoke haltingly of justice, and again of the "lil gal," who came and looked at him with mournful eyes while they said good-by in their own choppy tongue. The doctor swore softly at the pity of it, and then the officer led his man away.

The 'Frisco Flier went by in twenty minutes, and they caught it, the doctor seeing them off. When the last wreath of smoke had faded from the split sides of the mountain, he went back to the laundry. The proprietor was once more sorting his collars and cuffs, and the "lil gal," curled up just inside the red calico hangings, nibbled serenely on a bit of confection that looked exactly like a piece of dried beetroot. An air of perfect tranquillity breathed through the modest establishment.

"That was a close shave, Lung," the doctor said, dropping down for a minute by the door.

Wun Lung smiled—it was his best old smile, entirely unimpaired.

"Plitty good ting have twin blother," he observed, and cast an amused look down at the flowing nether garments and native shoes which such a little while ago had adorned his brother's legs and feet, before they were exchanged for the American trousers and shoes which were Lung's only concessions to the fashion-plates of his clandestinely adopted country.

The "lil gal" nibbled her sweets and

nodded her head with its wonderful folds and coils, and looked at the doctor with eyes that were scarcely older in wisdom than his own baby daughter's.

The doctor laughed in spite of himself.

"For ways that are dark, and tricks that are vain," he quoted half unconsciously as he went down the street.

William Chester Estabrook.

The Fugitive.

THE fog was driving in, topping the edge of the cliff like a herd of gray mist-monsters, and crawling on across the scanty pastures of Trader's Bay. The time was early evening, and the season late October. The men of the bay had returned only a few days before from the Labrador fishing. Two of them stood in the streaming mist, out of sight of the cluster of cabins. One was Jake McMann, a big fellow with an insolent eye and a curling brown beard. The other was young Nicholas Dever, the gentlest youth in the harbor. Like all the Devers of Trader's Bay, his hair was flaming red in color.

"What I wants to tell you," said McMann, "be this: If I sees you 'round Skipper Dent's girl again, I'll bat you dead. Just now I'll give you a taste o' my belt to learn you not to try sailin' to win'ward o' your betters!"

He drew the heavy belt from his waist and made a grab at the other's shoulder. The injustice of this was too much for even Dever's mild temper. The few calls he had made at Dent's cabin had been to see the skipper, not the girl. He drew aside from McMann's big paw, and dodged the screaming swoop of the buckled strap. Mad with fear and righteous indignation, he sprang at his bulky enemy and planted both fists, with all the weight of his body behind them, square on the bearded jaw. With a curse of surprise and anger McMann reeled back over the edge of the cliff.

Nicholas crouched there for fully a minute, staring into the driving fog and listening to the booming of the surf below the white curtain. Then, uttering an inarticulate cry, he turned and ran inland across the scanty pastures.

And so Nicholas Dever became a fugitive, with the horror of his deed always at his heart and fear of the law at his heels. He slunk along the coast, between the empty sea and the voiceless wilderness for days, sometimes, without sighting a human habitation. He was hard put to it for food. He hunted like a wild

beast, creeping after hare or grouse, and at last leaping upon the quarry with a club. Day by day his strength dwindled; but his terror knew no diminution.

One morning in November he was picked up by a schooner bound for St. John's. Privation, fear, and loneliness had reduced him to a state verging upon insanity. He was found wading along the edge of the tide, laughing to himself. Six hours between warm blankets, and some liquid food, did wonders for him.

"Where d'ye hail from, lad?" asked the skipper.

Dever was on his guard in an instant.

"Dunk's Cove, skipper," said he.

"Then your name is Pike, or Tobin, or Kelly, for sure," said the master of the fore-and-aft.

"Aye, my name be Pat Tobin, sir," lied Nicholas with furtive eyes on the skipper.

"However did you happen to be wanderin' 'round that-a-way?"

"I don't rightly remember, sir."

"I'll take you safe to St. John's, boy," the old fisherman assured him. "Good grub an' lots o' company will soon clear your memory."

In St. John's Nicholas signed on for a voyage to Brazil under the name of Pat Tobin. He went aboard the barkentine Nellie G. at night, and never left her once during the eight days she lay against the charter party's wharf and snatched in her cargo between squalls of rain. She carried dried codfish in wooden "drums"—the only freight from Newfoundland to the Brazils.

Safe on the high seas, the tragedy of Trader's Bay continued to haunt him. Fear of detection—fear of the long arm of the law—dogged his feet, aloft and astern. His sleep was embittered by dismal dreams. His messmates found him an uncongenial comrade. They hinted to one another that the condition of his upper rigging was not what it should be. For all that, he was a capable and willing seaman. Despite the light in his pale eyes he was the best helmsman aboard the barkentine and the smartest man aloft.

Now, the boatswain of the Nellie G. knew Dunk's Cove by heart. He whispered the word that never a Tobin, since the voyage of the ark, had been guilty of foxy hair.

"That poor devil," said he, "don't even know his name. I'm not sayin' he don't hail from Dunk's Cove, mind you, for maybe he do. Like enough he be a Kelly. But he ain't no Tobin, that's sure, wid them rorry-borryalis whiskers."

From Brazil the barkentine headed north and raced for Barbados, with sand ballast in her hold. In Bridgetown the captain found orders awaiting him to load with molasses. He entered the stagnant Careenage and moored against the stone wharf. All day the deck rang with the mallets of the coopers, and the whole ship reeked with the fumes of the leaking molasses. The crew worked "shore time"—from six to six. After supper they were at liberty to leave the vessel and seek amusement in those squalid fringes of the town known to sailors.

Nicholas, who trembled at the sight of every negro policeman that he happened to spy from the Nellie G., had no heart for rollicking. He had swung his hammock under one of the life-boats, and every night as soon as his supper was eaten and his pipe smoked out, he climbed to his high retreat and brooded over the affair of Trader's Bay.

On the third night after his arrival in Barbados, just when sleep was creeping over him, he felt a prod from below. He looked over the edge of his hammock. Under him stood the boatswain, grand in his shore clothes and bowler hat, with his collarless and tieless shirt-front agleam in the moonlight. He held a capstan-bar in his hand.

"Come ashore, Pat," he whispered.

Nicholas shook his head.

"Go 'long with your foolin', boy," continued the boatswain. "What for do you lay up there like a hidin' criminal? Come ashore when your superior officer axes you."

Nicholas dropped to the deck. Was he suspected? His heart thumped desperately at the thought.

"That's right, Pat," said the other, smacking him on the back with a heavy hand. "Come ashore an' mix with the boys. Sure, they'll be thinkin' you be ashamed o' somethin' if you lay aboard all the time. They'll take you for a thief."

Dever's heart quieted at that. A thief—that was nothing so terrible!

"I'm with you, bo'sun," said he.

Diving into the forecastle, he pulled on his best trousers and a clean shirt, and perched a cap on the back of his caroty head. Later, with the boatswain's arm linked in his, he traversed the narrow streets in fear and trembling. At the sight of a white tunic, black face, and white helmet, his eyes fairly bulged.

At the back door of the Rose of Devon he was greeted by two others of the Nellie G.'s crew. All entered the half-lit interior and took seats at a beer-wet table.

The air was heavy with the smoke of rank tobacco. At a neighboring table sat other seafaring men. One of them was thumping the board with a hairy fist and talking boastfully in a husky, insolent voice. The smoky lamp hung above him. He turned his head—and Nicholas beheld the bearded face of Jake McMann.

Nicholas leaned back in his chair. For a little while the room seemed to spin around, and the voices of his messmates sounded far away. When he recovered himself sufficiently to join again in the conversation, he found the boatswain's sharp eyes fixed upon him.

"Be you feelin' queer, Pat?" asked that worthy.

Nicholas read something in the boatswain's look which suggested a course of action. His mother wit, which had helped him before, came again to his aid.

"Yes, I feels queer," he replied. "What be I a-doin' here?"

"Come back aboard," urged his friend. Nicholas leaned close to the boatswain. He wanted to make sure that his eyes were not tricking him.

"Who be that big chap?" he whispered, pointing a cautious thumb at McMann.

"Jake McMann, o' the tops'l schooner Elk," replied the boatswain. "She sails for home to-morr'y."

On the way back to the Nellie G., Nicholas worked his brain for all it was worth. Upon arriving safely aboard he staggered and fell to the deck. It was well done. The skipper happened to be near, in pajamas and slippers, smoking a cigar. He and the boatswain carried the lad aft to the main hatch.

"Is he drunk?" asked the skipper, with danger in his eye.

"No, sir," replied the boatswain, "he ain't drunk. I've been after thinkin' all along that the poor boy's head wasn't quite ship-shape; an' to-night his brains has begun to work, I reckon."

Presently Nicholas opened his eyes and widened them with a fine air of wonder.

"How d'ye feel, Tobin?" inquired the skipper.

"My name be Nick Dever," replied the seaman.

"You're Pat Tobin, that's who you are, my lad," retorted the skipper; "sixty days out o' St. John's, aboard the Nellie G., an' don't let me catch you intoxicated again, d'ye hear?"

The boatswain expostulated with the captain, assuring him that the young man had taken nothing to drink save a mug of beer.

"I be Nicholas Dever o' Trader's Bay," murmured the man on the hatch. "I has had a queer dream, too, about sailin' an' sailin' an' winchin' out a cargo o' drums in Pernambuco."

The skipper looked at the boatswain.

"All the Devers o' Trader's Bay be foxy, sure," said the boatswain. "Me sister married a Dever."

"Remarkable!" exclaimed the skipper. "I've read something like it in books. There was one chap—a Devonshire man like myself—who forgot his name for a matter o' ten years, and didn't remember it till a mate hit him over the head with a belayin'-pin. I'll tell Mr. Murphy to put it down in the log!"

The story of Nicholas Dever's lapse of memory and sudden recovery of it is still told aboard Newfoundland vessels and in the harbors of Conception Bay. Jake McMann has heard it and has made no comments, but he suspects something of the truth. However, it would never do for that man of muscle, the terror of a dozen forecastles, to admit that Nick Dever once knocked him over the edge of a rock into six inches of water.

Nicholas continues to sail the high seas. He is a boatswain now. He shouts chanties, and hauls on the end of ropes with one hand. He tells many yarns, but on the subject of his brief mental derangement he is strangely uncommunicative. His shipmates feel that, quite naturally, it is a delicate subject.

Theodore Roberts.

An Arrested Proposal.

He ought to have waited at least till their second run. Before they had gone a mile in his new automobile, she insisted on taking charge of the affair herself, and that was the beginning of all the trouble.

But it wasn't the end. Instead of helping her by contributing a few easy, cheerful words that one could listen to and answer with half a mind, he must needs begin a tale that turns all else into an interruption, if you care.

The girl was just getting used to handling the levers. She thought she could manage a man and a machine at the same time. She had known how to answer the other men without thinking. But a new automobile and this particular man were a trifle too much. When a man goes ahead with his untimely declarations you cannot grab him by the arm and put on brakes. On the other hand, a runaway motor, no matter how well-

made the machine, would hardly respond to a smile or a word, as a well-trained man will.

"Perhaps you don't think it's very safe to ride with a woman for driver," said Miss Fenno, without taking her eyes from the road.

"I think it's the unsafest thing a man can do," answered John Worcester.

Miss Fenno was silent, and the young man continued, half to himself:

"I suppose I should have thought of that before I started out in the first place."

"You can drop me at the garage around the corner," suggested the girl in a matter-of-fact tone. "Then you can pick up a good chauffeur."

"I wasn't speaking of this particular ride," explained Worcester. "I said, 'in the first place.' That's where I saw you first. Since then there has been no use trying to keep out of danger. I don't want to."

He paused a moment. Miss Fenno's eyes appeared to be fixed on the road, but if an elephant had tried to cross she would hardly have seen it. John Worcester went on with his parable.

"Do you know where I saw you first," he asked, "and what I thought? You don't, but I do. That was long before Mrs. Newcome introduced us. Do you want to hear—Camilla?"

She wanted to hear so much that she forgot what she was about. She let the machine run ahead faster and faster, never noticing the speed. Bicycle policeman Taplenty noticed it, however, and called to them to stop. They went on, not to defy the policeman, but because their hearts were beating so fast that the machine seemed slow by contrast.

Taplenty was not in love. He had just been reprimanded for letting the commissioner's own automobile pass him at an unlawful rate of speed, so now he made a violent effort and caught the two handsome young criminals.

"I shall have to place you under ar-r-rest!" he said, glaring at John Worcester.

The girl by Worcester's side looked at the policeman curiously.

"You always arrest the chauffeur, don't you?" she demanded.

"Yes, ma'am," was the reply.

"Well, I'm the chauffeuse. Arrest me, if you please!"

"Miss Fenno," exclaimed John, "this does not concern you at all. I will go with you, officer. Kindly allow me to get a carriage for the lady."

The policeman looked perplexed. Miss Fenno put a hand on the lever, and this time her mind was on it as well.

"Lead the way to the station, officer," she said in a firm voice.

To the station they went, and in spite of Worcester's protest, Camilla Fenno, unmarried, twenty-four years old, of 1144 West End Avenue, was duly entered in the sergeant's blotter as an offender against the law.

Magistrate Winter was sitting in the Harlem Court when the two followed the policeman up to the bridge. The magistrate was just disposing of a wife-beater, whose long-suffering spouse begged for the privilege of "trying him again." The doubtful boon was granted her, and Camilla, with John at her side, took the poor woman's place. Magistrate Winter noted with a smile the attractive faces of the prisoner and her companion.

"Well, sir, you haven't been courting this lady with a club, I hope!"

Camilla could not take offense at the court's humorously benignant tone. He did not seem to be in any haste, but leisurely read the papers in the case. He looked at Camilla again over his glasses, and then asked the policeman to describe the incident.

"They was going at a rate exceedin' the legal speed, your honor, and when I called to them to stop they kept on. But when I got 'em, this here young lady wanted to be arrested instead of the man. So, as she was driving the machine, I had to accommodate her. That's how it was, your honor."

"Is that so, madam?" inquired Magistrate Winter. "Are you the prisoner? What excuse have you for running away from this good policeman?"

"Your honor," began the girl in a low, clear tone. "I confess we—I mean I—don't know how fast I was going. It was the first time I ever tried to run this kind of a motor-carriage, and my attention—I was not as careful as I should have been."

"Your attention wandered, did it? If you will pardon me, madam, I should like to say that I envy this young man if he can cause your attention to wander in his direction," and he bowed in a charming manner. Camilla blushed. "It appears, then," the magistrate continued, "that the fault is the young man's. I should like to know what he said that was so interesting, so that I might consider judicially the extenuating circumstances. Suppose you tell me!"

"Is not your honor's mind wandering

as far from the law as mine did from the automobile?" asked Camilla.

The magistrate bowed again.

"Madam, you and I ought to exchange places," he said. Then, turning to the policeman, he inquired in a dryer tone: "How far did the defendant go after you first saw her?"

"Two blocks."

"Did you have any means of timing the speed?"

"No, sir."

"Then the court orders that the young man, who is the cause of all this trouble, shall take the brave young woman who would not see him arrested, as she believed unjustly, and, having conveyed her to a quiet spot in the park at a rate of speed not to exceed five miles an hour, shall then dismount and conclude his distracting remarks, whatever they were. And furthermore be it known that any policeman who interrupts their conversation shall be reprimanded from this bench. Case dismissed!"

The court attendants all grinned, and the audience on the benches tittered till the clerk rapped for order. For a moment crime and degradation were forgotten, and the perfume of youth and love sweetened the court-room. Then the young pair were gone and the magistrate turned regretfully toward the row of drunks.

"Isn't he a dear old tease?" asked Camilla as they got into the automobile outside the court. "What kind of a judge is he, any way? What would he have done if he had found me guilty?"

"He would have held you for trial in a hundred dollars' bail."

It took John some time to satisfy her curiosity regarding the courts. They had entered the park before he finished.

"We must obey the magistrate," he said as they reached a quiet spot. There was not a nurse maid or a policeman in sight. "Camilla, his honor did not hold you for trial, but I certainly shall if you plead guilty to loving me. And it will be the longest trial that ever was. Won't you plead guilty?"

"Where was it that you saw me first?" she asked with seeming irrelevance.

"It was on a Madison Avenue car, on the last day of June, a year ago. I sat on the front seat facing backward, and you came in and sat down opposite me. You allowed me just one good look at your face, and then you bent down to tie your shoe. It would have been the easiest thing in the world for me to tie it for you. I wanted to do it, I can't tell

you how much. I knew, though, from the look in your eye that you would have made the conductor stop the car, and then—but never mind about then. It's now that I love you. You captured me on a trolley-car and you've run away with me in an automobile. Now, what are you going to do with me?"

"You offered to let the policeman arrest you," she meditated. "If I had wanted to get rid of you I might have let them lock you up. I didn't, you see."

"Oh, Camilla, hang courts and autos. Do you love me?"

"Oh, John, bless you, yes! I believe the judge knew it before you did!"

Robert Jermain Cole.

The Very Plain Girl.

SHE began by being a very plain child—and not knowing it. The brook and the wind didn't care, and *Ethel Newcome* and *Sidney Carton* and *Rosalind* and *D'Artagnan* never told. There was nothing to make her conscious of her own body. She lived the life of the spirit, and her spirit was beautiful—she knew that. An exquisite sensitiveness to beauty of every kind was one of the ironical endowments which fate had bestowed upon her; yet the little mirror in her farmhouse chamber gave her no disquietude, for she instinctively saw, instead of the face reflected there, the soul that walked with the winds, and shared the "four gray walls and four gray towers" with the *Lady of Shalott*.

But there came a day when she went away to school among other girls and boys just beginning to think themselves men and women. Then the mirror told another tale. She saw the stout, heavy figure, the broad, square-jawed face with its dull complexion and thin, rough hair—and she hated it as an alien thing. It was only by degrees that she realized her powerlessness to escape it. Her inner life, the beautiful life, was so much more real that it seemed it must be the significant fact, rather than the pitiful failure which heredity had allotted as its abiding-place. But gradually, inexorably, the conviction was forced home that other people could not see the inner life, that to them the libelous charges of the mirror were as the very truth.

She made friends; she was popular after a fashion, because of her bright wits and helpful good nature. She was far too spirited to withdraw into isolation with her misfortune, and made the most of such hold as she had upon her

companions. But she never lost consciousness of the difference. The boys crowded around her in chapel to go over a difficult passage in the Vergil lesson, and the girls gaily claimed her ready aid in making up jingles for the valentine party. But the boys walked home from school with other girls, and it was only natural that she should be "post-mistress" at the party, because she had no escort to remain unattached while she served in that capacity.

She was not too pathetically neglected. Dick Atwater danced with her once because he liked her, and once because he was sorry for her, but he danced four times with Lottie Brandon because she had a face like an apple-blossom, and six times with Leila Hare because of the joy of being so near the rounded grace of the girl's body, the warmth of lip and cheek, and the dusky sheen of her hair.

The very plain girl sat and smiled upon the dancers, and tossed witicisms about with the valentines. She walked home with a couple who were going past her gate, and found her roommate sitting on the front steps, very close to Burt Andrews. The girl would have moved, but Burt held her fast and looked up impishly across the fluff of her hair.

"I suppose you think this is wicked," he said.

The very plain girl looked down at them, her foot on the step.

"I guess I'd better not tell you what I think," she replied inscrutably.

Burt's eyes snapped.

"I'd give five dollars to see a man put his arm around you!"

"You couldn't hire one with five to try it," she retorted, and ran up to her room, the boy's delighted laugh in her ears.

She lighted the lamp, set it on the bureau, and gazed mercilessly into the glass—white to the lips with rage.

"It isn't fair, it isn't fair!" she cried. "My soul isn't fat—hers is, if anybody could see it! I wouldn't let Burt Andrews put his arm around me if he wanted to, but I've got to know that he couldn't want to if he tried, nor anybody else, either—and I've got to joke about it to the end of my days!" She turned out the lamp, and whirled into the middle of the room, standing with clenched hands and lifted chin, tense in the darkness. "You hadn't any right to make me so. Make me over now. Let me look like myself, or stop my wanting things!"

The very plain girl grew into a very plain woman, always fat, always dull of

skin and thin of hair, with wrinkled knuckles and stubbed fingers, and a shade of down on her upper lip. And she never stopped wanting things, because she was a woman. Instead of that she found more things to want.

She woke Leila Hare on her wedding-day and helped her dress, because Leila loved her and would have no one else with her on that morning. She saw Dick's eyes as he waited for his bride, and she smiled as the very plain girl had smiled at the dancers years before. But after they were gone she did not pray to be made over. She had learned the futility of prayers.

She had learned to hear the pupils describe her as "the homely teacher" as distinguished from "the pretty teacher," and she had learned to know, thoroughly and completely, that no man would ever look upon her with desire, neither of the deep and abiding sort that sets one woman above all the world, nor even the passing pleasantness of being near any pretty woman. She was a very plain woman, and she knew it. She even smiled as she recalled the eagerness with which the very plain girl had hunted up "*Jane Eyre*" after hearing casually that it was known as the book with a plain heroine, and the disappointment with which she had put it down.

"Nonsense! She was little, little and elfish and fascinating. If she had been fat, now, Charlotte Brontë might have had something to brag about!"

She fashioned little garments for Leila's baby, and no one but herself ever knew that the fleecy wool of which they seemed knitted was really the raveled heart-strings of the "auntie" who was no kin. And on a summer morning, nine years later, when Leila's son was spending a blissful season at auntie's farm home, she found him rolling in the dust in front of the neighboring hotel, stoutly pommeling a lad of his own age, whose mother, the acknowledged belle and beauty of the season, shrieked at them from the veranda. When the combatants were separated, and auntie gravely sought the cause of such unseemly conduct, her boy shook his dusty head and produced justification.

"He's a liar. He said his mamma was the beautifulest lady on the Ridge, and she ain't—'cause you're here, auntie!"

The honest brown eyes gazed confidently up into the face of the very plain woman, for they saw with the eyes of the spirit and saw realities.

Grace Goodale.